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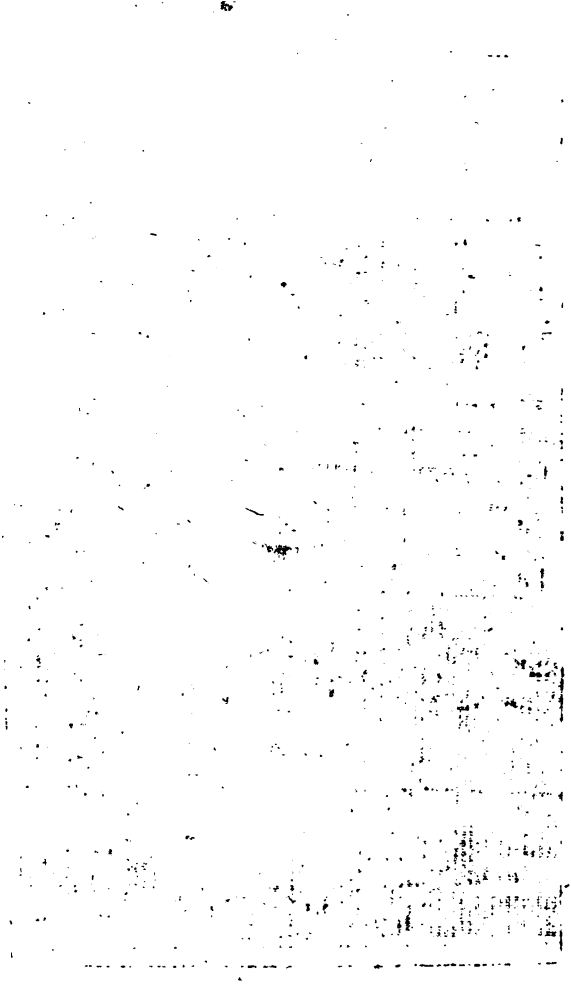

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The SECOND PART of

Miſcellany Poems.

Containing Variety of New

TRANSLATIONS

OF THE

ANCIENT POETS:

Together with Several

ORIGINAL POEMS.

By the Moſt Eminent Hands.

Publiſh'd by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

------*Non deficit alter*
Aureus; & ſimili frondeſcit virga metallo. Virg.

The FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for JACOB TONSON at *Shakeſpear's Head* over-againſt *Katharine-Street* in the *Strand.* M DCC XVI.

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The

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The SECOND PART of

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

----Si Quis tamen Hæc quoque, Si Quis Captus Amore Leget ——

The THIRD EDITION.

With a KEY to both PARTS.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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TO THE

READER.

IN the Year 1680 *Mr.* Dryden *undertook the Poem of* Abſalom *and* Achitophel, *upon the Deſire of King* Charles *the Second. The Performance was applauded by every one; and ſeveral Perſons preſſing him to write a Second Part, he, upon declining it himſelf, ſpoke to Mr.* Tate *to write one, and gave him his Advice in the Direction of it; and that Part beginning Page* 13, *line* 27.

Next theſe, a Troop of buſie Spirits preſs,

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and ending Page 18, *Line* 34,

To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.

containing near two Hundred Verses, were intirely Mr. Dryden's *Compositions, besides some Touches in other places. You will find at the End of this Part, a true Key to both the Parts.*

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The SECOND PART of

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE Men, like Beasts, each others Prey were made,
Since Trade began, and Priesthood grew a Trade,
Since Realms were form'd, none sure so curst as those
That madly their own Happiness oppose;
There Heaven it self, and God-like Kings, in vain
Show down the *Manna* of a gentle Reign;
While pamper'd Crowds to mad Sedition run,
And Monarchs by Indulgence are undone.
Thus *David*'s Clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy Faction aw'd the wanting Throne.
For now their Sov'reign's Orders to contemn
Was held the Charter of *Jerusalem*,
His Rights t' invade, his Tributes to refuse,
A Privilege peculiar to the *Jews*;
As if from Heav'nly Call this Licence fell,
And *Jacob*'s Seed were chosen to Rebel!

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Achitophel with Triumph sees his Crimes
Thus suited to the Madness of the Times;
And *Absalom*, to make his Hopes succeed,
Of flattering Charms no longer stands in need;
While fond of Change, though ne'er so dearly bought,
Our Tribes out-strip the Youth's Ambitious Thought;
His swiftest Hopes with swifter Homage meet,
And crowd their servile Necks beneath his Feet.
Thus to his Aid while pressing Tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his Streamers in the Air.
The Charms of Empire might his Youth mis-lead,
But what can our besotted *Israel* plead?
Sway'd by a Monarch, whose serene Command
Seems half the Blessing of our promis'd Land.
Whose only Grievance is excess of Ease;
Freedom our Pain, and Plenty our Disease!
Yet, as all Folly would lay claim to Sense,
And Wickedness ne'er wanted a Pretence,
With Arguments they'd make their Treason good,
And righteous *David*'s Self with Slanders load.
That Arts of foreign Sway he did affect,
And guilty *Jebusites* from Law protect,
Whose very Chiefs, convict, were never freed,
Nay we have seen their Sacrificers bleed!
Accusers Infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of Sense they did contain,
But soon they launcht into th' unfathom'd Tide,
And in the Depths they knew disdain'd to Ride,
For probable Discoveries to dispence,
Was thought below a pension'd Evidence;
Mere Truth was dull, nor suited with the Port
Of pamper'd *Corah*, when advanc'd to Court.
No less than Wonders now they will impose,
And Projects void of Grace or Sense disclose.
Such was the Charge on pious *Michal* brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in Thought,
The best of Queens, and most obedient Wife,
Impeach'd of curst Designs on *David*'s Life!

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His Life, the Theme of her eternal Pray'r,
'Tis scarce so much his Guardian Angels Care.
Not Summers Morns such Mildness can disclose,
The *Hermon* Lilly, nor the *Sharon* Rose.
Neglecting each vain Pomp of Majesty,
Transported *Michal* feeds her Thoughts on high.
She lives with Angels, and as Angels do,
Quits Heav'n sometimes to bless the World below.
Where, cherish't by her Bounties plenteous Spring,
Reviving Widows smile, and Orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious *Israel*'s Crimes at height,
Are threatned with her Lord's approaching Fate,
The Piety of *Michal* then remain
In Heaven's Remembrance, and prolong his Reign.
Less Desolation did the Jest pursue,
That from *Dan*'s limits to *Beersheba* flew,
Less fatal the repeated Wars of *Tyre*,
And less *Jerusalem*'s avenging Fire.
With gentler Terrour those our State o'er-ran,
Than since our Evidencing Days began!
On every Cheek a pale Confusion sat,
Continu'd Fear beyond the worst of Fate!
Trust was no more, Art, Science, useless made,
All Occupations lost, but *Corah*'s Trade.
Mean while a Guard on modest *Corah* wait,
If not for safety, needful yet for State.
Well might he deem each Peer and Prince his Slave:
And Lord it o'er the Tribes which he could save:
Ev'n Vice in him was Virtue——what sad Fate
But for his Honesty had seiz'd our State?
And with what Tyranny had we been curst,
Had *Corah* never prov'd a Villain first!
I have told his Knowledge of th' Intrigue in gross
Had been, alas, to our Deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' Experience got,
To husband well, and make the best of's Plot;
And therefore like an Evidence of skill,
With wise Reserves secur'd his Pension still;

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Nor quite of future Pow'r himſelf bereft,
But Limbo's large for Unbelievers left.
And now his Writ ſuch Reverence had got,
'Twas worſe than Plotting to ſuſpect his Plot.
Some were ſo well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themſelves to help the founder'd Swearers out.
Some had their Senſe impos'd on by their Fear,
But more for Int'reſt ſake believe and ſwear:
Ev'n to that height with ſome the Frenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their Danger not prove true.
Yet, than all theſe a Viler Crew remain,
Who with *Achitophel* the Cry maintain;
Not urg'd by Fear, nor through miſguided Senſe,
(Blind Zeal, and ſtarving Need had ſome pretence)
But for the *Good Old Cauſe* that did excite
Th' Original Rebels Wiles, Revenge and Spight.
Theſe raiſe the Plot, to have the Scandal thrown
Upon the bright Succeſſour of the Crown,
Whoſe Virtue with ſuch Wrongs they had purſu'd,
As ſeem'd all hope of Pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private Ends their Zeal is built,
The cheated Crowd applaud and ſhare their Guilt.
Such Practices as theſe, too groſs to lye
Long unobſerv'd by each diſcerning Eye,
The more judicious *Iſraelites* Unſpell'd,
Though ſtill the Charm the giddy Rabble held.
Ev'n *Abſalom* amidſt the dazling Beams
Of Empire, and Ambition's flattering Dreams,
Perceives the Plot (too foul to be excus'd)
To aid Deſigns, no leſs pernicious, us'd.
And (Filial Senſe yet ſtriving in his Breaſt)
Thus to *Achitophel* his Doubts expreſt.
Why are my Thoughts upon a Crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd, can be but half enjoy'd?
Not ſo when Virtue did my Arms require,
And to my Father's Wars I flew intire.
My Regal Pow'r how will my Foes reſent,
When I my Self have ſcarce my own Conſent?

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Give me a Son's unblemiſht Truth again,
Or quench the Sparks of Duty that remain.
How ſlight to force a Throne that Legions guard!
The Task to me; to prove Unjuſt, how hard!
And if th' imagin'd Guilt thus wound my Thought,
What will it when the Tragick Scene is wrought?
Dire War muſt firſt be conjur'd from below,
The Realm we'd Rule, we firſt muſt Overthrow;
And when the Civil Furies are on wing
That blind and undiſtinguiſht Slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach the King?
Oh! rather let me Periſh in the Strife,
Than have my Crown the Price of *David*'s Life!
Or if the Tempeſt of the War he ſtand,
In Peace, ſome vile officious Villain's Hand
His Soul's anointed Temple may invade,
Or, preſt by clamorous Crowds, my Self be made
His Murtherer; rebellious Crowds, whoſe Guilt
Shall dread his Vengeance till his Blood be ſpilt.
Wbich if my Filial Tenderneſs oppoſe,
Since to the Empire by their Arms I roſe,
Thoſe very Arms on me ſhall be employ'd,
A new Uſurper Crown'd, and I Deſtroy'd:
The fame Pretence of Publick Good will hold,
And new *Athitophels* be found as bold
To urge the needful Change, perhaps the Old.
He ſaid. The Statesman with a Smile replies,
(A Smile that did his riſing Spleen diſguiſe)
My Thoughts preſum'd our Labours at an End,
And are we ſtill with Conſcience to contend?
Whoſe Want in Kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the Crowd.
Far in the doubtful Paſſage you are gone;
And only can be ſafe by preſſing on.
The Crown's true Heir, a Prince ſevere and wiſe,
Has view'd your Motions long with jealous Eyes:
Your Perſon's Charms, your more prevailing Arts,
And mark'd your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.

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Whoſe Patience is th' effect of ſtinted Pow'r,
But treaſures Vengeance for the fatal Hour,
And if remote the Peril he can bring,
Your preſent Danger's greater from the King.
Let not a Parent's Name deceive your Senſe,
Nor truſt the Father in a jealous Prince!
Your trivial Faults if he could ſo reſent,
To doom you little leſs than Baniſhment,
What Rage muſt your Preſumption ſince inſpire?
Againſt his Orders your Return from *Tyre?*
Nor only ſo, but with a Pomp more high,
And open Court of Popularity,
The Factious Tribes---And this Reproof from thee?
(The Prince replies) O Statesman's winding Skill,
They firſt condemn that firſt adviſ'd the Ill!
Illuſtrious Youth (return'd *Achitophel*)
Miſconſtrue not the Words that mean you well.
The Courſe you ſteer I worthy Blame conclude,
But tis becauſe you leave it unpurſu'd.
A Monarch's Crown with Fate ſurrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on Death that miſs the Prize.
Did you for this expoſe your ſelf to ſhow,
And to the Crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious Progreſs next ordain,
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous Train.
With Fame before you like the Morning Star,
And Shouts of Joy ſaluting from afar?
Oh from the Heights you've reach'd but take a View,
Scarce leading *Lucifer* cou'd fall like you!
And muſt I here my Ship-wrackt Arts bemoan?
Have I for this ſo oft made *Iſrael* groan!
Your ſingle Intereſt with the Nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the Scale where your Deſires were laid!
Ev'n when at Helm a Courſe ſo dang'rous mov'd
To Land your Hopes, as my Removal prov'd,
I not diſpute (the Royal Youth replies)
The known Perfection of your Policies,
Nor in *Achitophel* yet grudge or blame,
The Privilege that Statesmen ever claim;

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Who private Intereſt never yet purſu'd,
But ſtill pretended 'twas for others good:
What Politician yet e'er ſcap'd his Fate,
Who ſaving his own Neck not ſav'd the State?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous Wind that veer'd,
With ſhifted Sails a ſev'ral Courſe you ſteer'd.
What Form of Sway did *David* e'er purſue,
That ſeem'd like Abſolute, but ſprung from you?
Who at your Inſtance quaſht each penal Law,
That kept diſſenting Factious *Jews* in awe;
And who ſuſpends ſuch Laws, may abrogate,
That done, form New, and ſo enſlave the State.
Ev'n Property, whoſe Champion now you ſtand,
And ſeem for this the Idol of the Land,
Did ne'er ſuſtain ſuch Violence before,
As when your Counſel ſhut the Royal Store;
Advice, that Ruine to whole Tribes procur'd,
But ſecret kept till your own Banks ſecur'd.
Recount with this the tripple Cov'nant broke,
And *Iſrael* fitted for a Foreign Yoke;
Nor here your Counſels fatal Progreſs ſtaid,
But ſent our levied Powers to *Pharaoh*'s Aid.
Hence *Tyre* and *Iſrael*, low in Ruins laid,
And *Egypt* once their Scorn, their common Terrour
Ev'n yet of ſuch a Seaſon we can dream, [made.
When Royal Rights you made your darling Theme.
For Pow'r unlimited cou'd Reaſons draw,
And place Prerogative above the Law;
Which on your fall from Office grew Unjuſt,
The Laws made King, the King a Slave in Truſt:
Whom with State-craft (to Int'reſt only true)
You now accuſe of Ills contriv'd by you.
To this Hell's Agent——Royal Youth, fix here,
Let Int'reſt be the Star by which you ſteer.
Hence to repoſe your Truſt in me was wiſe,
Whoſe Int'reſt moſt in your Advancement lyes.
A Tye ſo firm as always will avail,
When Friendſhip, Nature and Religion fail;

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On ours the Safety of the Crowd depends,
Secure the Crowd, and we obtain our Ends,
Whom I will cauſe ſo far our Guilt to ſhare,
Till they are made our Champions by their Fear.
What Oppoſition can your Rival bring,
While Sanhedrims are jealous of the King?
His Strength as yet in *David*'s Friendſhip lyes,
And what can *David*'s Self without Supplies?
Who with Excluſive Bills muſt now diſpence,
Debar the Heir, or ſtarve in his Defence.
Conditions which our Elders ne'er will quit,
And *David*'s Juſtice never can admit.
Or forc'd by Wants his Brother to betray,
To your Ambition next he clears the way;
For if Succeſſion once to Nought they bring,
Their next Advance removes the preſent King:
Perſiſting elſe his Senates to diſſolve,
In equal Hazard ſhall his Reign involve.
Our Tribes, whom *Pharaah*'s Pow'r ſo much alarms,
Shall riſe without their Prince t'oppoſe his Arms;
Nor boots it on what Cauſe at firſt they join,
Their Troops once up, are Tools for our Deſign,
At leaſt ſuch ſubtle Covenants ſhall be made,
Till Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Aſſociations of Myſterious Senſe,
Againſt, but ſeeming for, the King's Defence:
Ev'n on their Courts of Juſtice Fetters draw,
And from our Agents muzzle up their Law.
By which, a Conqueſt if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn Game at worſt, and we ſecure our Stake.
He ſaid, and for the dire Succeſs depends
On various Sects, by common Guilt made Friends.
Whoſe Heads, though ne'er ſo diff'ring in their Creed,
I'th' point of Treaſon yet were well agreed.
'Mongſt theſe, extorting *Iſhban* firſt appears,
Purſu'd b'a meager Troop of Bankrupt Heirs.
Bleſt Times, when *Iſhban*, he whoſe Occupation
So long has been to Cheat, Reforms the Nation!

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Ishban of Conſcience ſuited to his Trade,
As good a Saint as Uſurer e'er made.
Yet *Mammon* has not ſo engroſt him quite;
But *Belial* lays as large a Claim of Spight;
Who, for thoſe Pardons from his Prince he draws,
Returns Reproaches, and cries up the Cauſe.
That Year in which the City he did ſway,
He left Rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his Ambition once was found ſo bold,
To offer Talents of Extorted Gold;
Cou'd *David's* Wants have ſo been brib'd to ſhame
And ſcandalize our Peerage with his Name;
For which, his dear Sedition he'd forſwear,
And e'en turn Loyal to be made a Peer.
Next him, let Railing *Rabſheka* have place,
So full of Zeal he has no need of Grace;
A Saint that can both Fleſh and Spirit uſe,
Alike haunt Conventicles and the Stews:
Of whom the Queſtion difficult appears,
If moſt i' th' Preachers or the Bawds Arrears.
What Caution cou'd appear too much in him
That keeps the Treaſure of *Jeruſalem*!
Let *David's* Brother but approach the Town,
Double our Guards (he cries) *We are undone.*
Proteſting that he dares not Sleep in's Bed
Leſt he ſhou'd riſe next Morn without his Head.
Next theſe, a Troop of buſie Spirits preſs,
Of little Fortunes, and of Conſcience leſs;
With them the Tribe, whoſe Luxury had drain'd
Their Banks, in former Sequeſtrations gain'd;
Who Rich and Great by paſt Rebellions grew,
And long to fiſh the troubled Streams anew.
Some future Hopes, ſome preſent Payment draws,
To ſell their Conſcience and eſpouſe the Cauſe.
Such Stipends thoſe vile Hirelings beſt befit,
Prieſts without Grace, and Poets without Wit.
Shall that falſe *Hebronite* eſcape our Curſe,
Judas, that keeps the Rebels Penſion-Purſe;

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Judas that pays the Treaſon-writer's Fee,
Judas that well deſerves his Nameſake's Tree;
Who at *Jeruſalem*'s own Gates erects
His College for a Nurſery of Sects.
Young Prophets with an early Care ſecures,
And with the Dung of his own Arts manures.
What have the Men of *Hebron* here to do?
What part in *Iſrael*'s promis'd Land have you?
Here *Phaleg* the Lay-*Hebronite* is come;
'Cauſe like the reſt he cou'd not live at Home;
Who from his own Poſſeſſions cou'd not drain
An *Omer* even of *Hebronitiſh* Grain,
Here ſtrues it like a Patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd Subjects, alter'd Property:
An Emblem of that buzzing Inſect juſt,
That mounts the Wheel, and thinks ſhe raiſes Duſt.
Can dry Bones live? or *Skeletons* produce
The Vital Warmth of Cuckoldizing Juice?
Slim *Phaleg* cou'd, and at the Table fed,
Return'd the grateful Product to the Bed.
A Waiting-man to Trav'ling Nobles choſe,
He, his own Laws, wou'd ſawcily impoſe;
'Till Baſtinado'd back again he went,
To learn thoſe Manners he to teach was ſent.
Chaſtiz'd he ought to have retreated Home,
But he reads Politicks to *Abſalom*.
For never *Hebronite*, though kick'd and ſcorn'd,
To his own Country willingly return'd.
----But leaving famiſh'd *Phaleg* to be fed,
And to talk Treaſon for his daily Bread,
Let *Hebron*, nay let Hell produce a Man
So made for Miſchief as *Ben-Jochanan*,
A *Jew* of Humble Parentage was He,
By Trade a Levite, though of low Degree:
His Pride no higher than the Deſk aſpir'd,
But for the Drudgery of Prieſts was hir'd
To Read and Pray in Linen Ephod brave,
And pick up ſingle Shekels from the Grave.

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Married at last, but finding Change come faster,
He cou'd not live by God, but chang'd his Master:
Inspir'd by Want, was made a Factious Tool,
They got a Villain, and we lost a Fool.
Still violent, whatever Cause he took,
But most against the Party he forsook.
For Renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
Are bound in Conscience to be double Knaves.
So this Prose-Prophet took most monstrous Pains,
To let his Masters see he earn'd his Gains.
But as the Dev'l outwits all his Imps a Shame,
He chose th' *Apostate* for his proper Theme;
With little Pains he made the Picture true,
And from Reflexion took the Rogue he drew.
A wondrous Work, to prove the *Jewish* Nation
In every Age a Murmuring Generation,
To trace 'em from their Infancy of Sinning,
And shew 'em Factious from their first Beginning.
To prove they cou'd Rebel, and Rail, and Mock,
Much to the Credit of the Chosen Flock;
A strong Authority which must convince,
That Saints own no Allegiance to their Prince.
As 'tis a Leading-Card to make a Whore,
To prove her Mother had turn'd up before.
But, tell me, did the drunken Patriarch bless
The Son that shew'd his Father's Nakedness?
Such Thanks the present Church thy Pen will give,
Which proves Rebellion was so Primitive.
Must Ancient Failings be Examples made?
Then Murtherers from *Cain* may learn their Trade.
As thou the Heathen and the Saint hast drawn,
Methinks th' Apostate was the better Man:
And thy not *Father* (saving my respect)
Not of a Mother Church, but of a Sect.
And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
This comes of drinking Asses Milk and Writing.
If *Balack* should be call'd to leave his place,
(As Profit is the loudest Call of Grace)

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His Temple diſpoſſeſs'd of one, would be
Repleniſh'd with ſeven Devils more by thee.
Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
And ſhew Rebellion bare, without a Gown;
Poor Slaves in Metre, Dull and Addle-pated,
Who Rhime below ev'n *David*'s Pſalms tranſlated,
Some in my ſpeedy pace I muſt out-run,
As lame *Aephibooſheth* the Wiſard's Son:
To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy Blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I would the Pox;
And haſten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearſe,
Two Fools that Crutch their feeble Senſe on Verſe;
Who by my Muſe to all ſucceeding times.
Shall live in ſpight of their own Dogrel Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made ſtill a blundring kind of Melody;
Spurr'd boldly on, and daſh'd thro' Thick and Thin,
Through Senſe and Non-ſenſe, never out nor in;
Free from all Meaning, whether Good or Bad,
And in one Word, Heroically Mad:
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
Spightful he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For ſtill there goes ſome *thinking* to Ill-Nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beaſts to think,
All his Occaſions are to Eat and Drink.
If he call Rogue and Raſcal from a Garret,
He means you no more Miſchief than a Parrat:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in Verſe is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother,
And call Young *Abſalom* King *David*'s Brother.
Let him be Gallows-free by my Conſent,
And nothing Suffer ſince he nothing Meant;
Hanging ſuppoſes Human Soul and Reaſon,
This Animal's below committing Treaſon:
Shall he be hang'd who never could Rebel?
That's a Preferment for *Achitophel*.

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The Woman that committed Buggary,
Was rightly sentenc'd by the Law to die;
But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
The Dog, that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a Crime,
But ought to pass for mere Instinct in him:
Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verse with him is to *Transpose*.
'Twere pity Treason at his Door to lay,
Who *makes Heaven's Gate a Lock to its own Key*:
Let him Rail on, let his invective Muse
Have four and twenty Letters to abuse,
Which if he jumbles to one Line of Sense,
Indict him of a Capital Offence.
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his Spight,
Those are the only Serpents he can write;
The height of his Ambition is, we know,
But to be Master of a Puppet-show,
On that one Stage his Works may yet appear,
And a Month's Harvest keeps him all the Year.

Now stop your Noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a Tun of Midnight-work to come,
Og from a Treason Tavern rowling Home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquor'd ev'ry chink,
Goodly and great he sails behind his Link;
With all this bulk there's nothing lost in *Og*,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A monstrous Mass of foul corrupted Matter,
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the Batter.
When wine has given him Courage to Blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before curst him;
And if man cou'd have reason, none has more,
That made his Paunch so rich and him so poor.
With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of old to pamper up a *Jew*;
To what wou'd he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion could rebel?
But, though Heav'n made him poor, (with rev'rence
He never was a Poet of God's making; [speaking,)

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The Midwife laid her hand on his thick Skull,
With this Prophetick Bleſſing---*Be thou Dull*;
Drink, ſwear and roar, forbear no lewd Delight
Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write:
Thou art of laſting Make, like thoughtleſs Men,
A ſtrong Nativity----but for the Pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arſenick in thy drink,
Still thou mayſt live, avoiding Pen and Ink.
I ſee, I ſee, 'tis Counſel given in vain,
For Treaſon botch't in Rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck:
Why ſhould thy Metre good King *David* blaſt?
A Pſalm of his will ſurely be thy laſt.
Dar'ſt thou preſume in Verſe to meet thy Foes,
Thou whom the penny Pamphlet foil'd in Proſe?
Doeg, whom God for Mankind's mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy Talent in the very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are ſo coarſe,
A Poet is, though he's the Poet's Horſe.
A double Nooſe thou on thy Neck doſt pull
For writing Treaſon, and for writing dull;
To die for Faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for Nonſenſe is the Devil:
Hadſt thou the Glories of thy King expreſt,
Thy Praiſes had been Satyr at the beſt;
But thou in clumſie Verſe, unlicke, unpointed,
Haſt ſhamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who would read thy Life that reads thy Rhimes?
But of King *David*'s Foes, be this the Doom,
May all be like the Young-man *Abſalom*;
And for my Foes may this their Bleſſing be,
To talk like *Doeg*, and to write like thee.
Achitophel each Rank, Degree and Age,
For various ends, neglects not to engage;
The wiſe and rich for Purſe and Counſel brought,
The Fools and Beggars for their Number ſought:

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Who yet not only on the Town depends,
For ev'n in Court the Faction had its Friends;
These thought the Places they poſſeſt too ſmall,
And in their hearts wiſht Court and King to fall:
Whoſe Names the Muſe diſdaining, holds i'th' Dark,
Thruſt in the Villain Herd without a Mark;
With Paraſites and Libel-ſpawning Imps,
Intriguing Fops, dull Jeſters, and worſe Pimps.
Diſdain the Raſcal Rabble to purſue,
Their ſet Cabals are yet a viler Crew;
See where involv'd in common ſmoak they ſit;
Some for our Mirth, ſome for our Satyr fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on Miſchief bent,
While thoſe for mere good Fellowſhip frequent
Th' appointed Club, can lee Sedition paſs,
Senſe, Nonſenſe, any thing t'employ the Glaſs;
And who believe in their dull honeſt Hearts,
The Reſt talk Treaſon but to ſhew their Parts;
Who ne'er had Wit or Will for Miſchief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a Set.

But in the Sacred Annals of our Plot,
Induſtrious *AROD* never be forgot:
The Labours of this Midnight-Magiſtrate,
May Vie with *Conan*'s to preſerve the State.
In ſearch of Arms, he fail'd not to lay hold
On War's moſt powerful dang'rous Weapon, *GOLD*.
And laſt, to take from *Johnites* all Odds,
Their Almost pilfer'd, ſtole their very Gods;
Oft would he Cry, when Treaſure he ſurpriz'd,
'Tis English *Gold in* David's *Coyn Diſguis'd.*
Which to his Houſe with *richer Reliques* came,
While Lumber Idols only fed the Flame:
For our wiſe Rabble ne'er took pains t' enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, ſo't made a rouſing Fire.
With which our Elder was enricht no more
Than Falſe *Gehazi* with the *Syrian*'s Store;
So poor, that when our Chuſing-Tribes were met,
Ev'n for his Stinking Votes he ran in Debt;

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For Meat the Wicked, and as Authors think,
The Saints he chous'd for his Electing Drink;
Thus ev'ry Shift and ſubtle Method paſt,
And All to be no *Zaken* at the laſt.

Now, rais'd on *Tyre's* ſad Ruins, *Pharaoh's* Pride
Soar'd high, his Legions threatning far and wide;
As when a batt'ring Storm ingendred high,
By Winds upheld, hangs how'ring in the Sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling Swain,
This for his Vineyard fears, and that his Grain;
For blooming Plants, and Flow'rs new opening, Theſe
For Lambs yean'd lately, and far-lab'ring Bees;
To guard his Stock each to the Gods does call,
Uncertain where the Fire-charg'd Clouds will fall:
Ev'n ſo the doubtful Nations watch his Arms,
With Terror each expecting his Alarms.
Where *Judah*, where was now thy Lyon's Roar?
Thou only cou'dſt the Captive Lands reſtore;
But Thou, with inbred Broils and Faction preſt,
From *Egypt* need'ſt a Guardian with the reſt.
Thy Prince from Sanhedrims no Truſt allow'd,
Too much the Repreſenters of the Crowd,
Who for their own Defence give no Supply,
But what the Crown's Prerogatives muſt buy:
As if their Monarch's Rights to violate
More needful were, than to preſerve the State!
From preſent Dangers they divert their Care,
And all their Fears are of the Royal Heir;
Whom now the reigning Malice of his Foes,
Unjudg'd would Sentence, and o'er Crown'd, Depoſe;
Religion the Pretence; but their Decree,
To bar his Reign, whate'er his Faith ſhall be!
By Sanhedrims, and clam'rous Crowds, thus preſt
What Paſſions rent the Righteous *David's* Breaſt!
Who knows not how t' oppoſe, or to comply,
Unjuſt to Grant, and dangerous to Deny!
How near in this dark Juncture *Iſrael's* Fate,
Whoſe Peace one ſole Expedient could create,

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Which yet th' extreameſt Virtue did require,
Ev'n of that Prince whoſe Downfal they conſpire?
His Abſence *David* does with Tears adviſe
T' appeaſe their Rage. Undaunted He complies;
Thus he who prodigal of Blood and Eaſe,
A Royal Life expos'd to Winds and Seas,
At once contending with the Waves and Fire,
And heading Danger in the wars of *Tyre*,
Inglorious now forſakes his Native Sand,
And like an Exile quits the promis'd Land!
Our Monarch ſcarce from preſſing Tears refrains,
And painfully his Royal State maintains,
Who now embracing on th' extremeſt Shore
Almoſt revokes what he injoin'd before:
Concludes at laſt more Truſt to be allow'd
To Storms and Seas, than to the raging Crowd!
Forbear, raſh Muſe, the parting Scene to draw,
With ſilence charm'd as deep as theirs that ſaw!
Not only our attending Nobles weep,
But hardy Sailors ſwell with Tears the Deep!
The Tide reſtrain'd her Courſe, and more amaz'd,
The Twin-ſtars on the Royal Brothers gaz'd:
While this ſole fear——
Does trouble to our ſuff'ring Heroe bring,
Leſt next the popular Rage oppreſs the King!
Thus parting, each for th' other's Danger griev'd,
The Shore the King, and Seas the Prince receiv'd.
Go injur'd Heroe, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy Conſort's breath, inſpire thy ſails;
Well may ſhe truſt her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant Fleets ſo oft have rode!
Safe on thy breaſt reclin'd her Reſt be deep,
Rockt like a *Nereid* by the Waves a-ſleep;
While happieſt dreams her fancy entertain,
And to *Elyſian Fields* convert the Main!
Go injur'd Heroe, while the ſhores of *Tyre*
At thy approach ſo ſilent ſhall admire,
Who on thy thunder ſtill their thoughts imploy,
And greet thy Landing with a trembling Joy,

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On Heroes thus the Prophet's Fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry Nation but their own;
Yet while our factious *Jews* his Worth deny,
Their aking Conscience gives their Tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worst of Men the noblest Parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their Hearts,
Whom to his King the best Respects commend
Of Subject, Soldier, Kinsman, Prince and Friend;
All sacred Names of most divine Esteem,
And to Perfection all sustain'd by him,
Wise, Just and Constant, Courtly without Art,
Swift to discern and to reward Desert;
No hour of his in fruitless Ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest Subject's still employ'd:
Whose steddy Soul ne'er learnt to separate
Between his Monarch's Int'rest and the State,
But heaps those Blessings on the Royal Head,
Which he well knows must be on Subjects shed.
On what Pretence cou'd then the Vulgar Rage
Against his Worth, and native Rights engage?
Religious Fears their Argument are made,
Religious Fears his sacred Rights invade!
Of future Superstition they complain,
And *Jebusitick* Worship in his Reign:
With such Alarms his Foes the Crowd deceive,
With Dangers fright, which not themselves believe,
Since nothing can our sacred Rites remove,
Whate'er the Faith of the Successour prove:
Our *Jews* their Ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their Religion is their Gain,
Who know by old Experience *Baal*'s Commands
Not only claim'd their Conscience, but their Lands;
They grudge God's Tythes, how therefore shall they
An Idol full possession of the Field? [yield
Grant such a Prince enthron'd, we must confess
The Peoples suff'rings than that Monarch's less,
Who must to hard Conditions still be bound,
And for his Quiet with the Crowd compound;

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Or shou'd his Thoughts to Tyranny incline,
Where are the Means to compass the Design?
Our Crown's Revenues are too short a store,
And jealous Sanhedrims wou'd give no more.
As vain our fears of *Egypt*'s potent Aid,
Not so has *Pharoah* learnt Ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common Rules of Policy;
None dread like him the growth of *Israel*'s King,
And he alone sufficient Aids can bring;
Who knows that Prince to *Egypt* can give Law,
That on our stubborn Tribes his Yoke cou'd draw,
At such profound Expence he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his Hands so deep in Blood; [take,
Wou'd ne'er through wrong and right his Progress
Grudge his own Rest, and keep the World awake,
To fix a lawless Prince on *Judah*'s Throne,
First to invade our Rights, and then his Own;
His dear-gain'd Conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his Crimes and Toil.
We grant his Wealth vast as our Ocean's Sand,
And curse its fatal Influence on our Land,
Which our brib'd *Jews* so num'rously partake,
That ev'n an Host his Pensioners wou'd make;
From these Deceivers our Divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of *Egypt*'s King;
These with pretended Friendship to the State,
Our Crowd's suspicion of their Prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred Rights and Property;
To Ruin, thus, the chosen Flock are sold,
While Wolves are ta'en for Guardians of the Fold;
Seduced by these, we groundlessly complain,
And loath the Manna of a gentle Reign:
Thus our Fore-fathers crooked Paths are trod,
We trust our Prince, no more than they their God.
But all in vain our Reasoning Prophets preach,
To those whom sad Experience ne'er could teach,

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Who can commence new Broils in bleeding Scars,
And freſh Remembrance of inteſtine Wars;
When the ſame houſhold mortal Foes did yield,
And Brothers ſtain'd with Brothers Blood the Field;
When Sons curſt Steel the Fathers gore did ſtain,
And Mothers mourn'd for Sons by Fathers ſlain!
When thick, as *Egypt*'s Locuſts on the Sand, [Land,
Our Tribes lay ſlaughter'd through the promis'd
Whoſe few Survivers with worſe Fate remain,
To drag the Bondage of a Tyrant's Reign:
Which Scene of woes, unknowing we renew,
And madly, ev'n thoſe ills we fear, purſue;
While *Pharoah* laughs at our Domeſtick broils,
And ſafely crowds his Tents with Nations ſpoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim, in reſtleſs Rage,
Againſt our abſent Heroe ſtill engage,
And chiefly urge, (ſuch did their frenzy prove,)
The only Suit their Prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd, they ceaſe Affairs of State,
And real Dangers wave, for groundleſs Hate.
Long *David*'s Patience waits relief to bring,
With all th' Indulgence of a lawful King,
Expecting till the troubled Waves would ceaſe,
But found the raging Billows ſtill increaſe.
The Crowd, whoſe Inſolence forbearance ſwells,
While he forgives too far, almoſt Rebels.
At laſt his deep Reſentments ſilence broke,
Th' Imperial Palace ſhook, while thus he ſpoke,
Then Juſtice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For lo! our Mercy is become our Crime.
While halting Puniſhment her ſtroke delays,
Our Sov'reign Right, Heav'ns ſacred Truſt, decays;
For whoſe ſupport ev'n Subjects Intereſt calls,
Wo! to that Kingdom where the Monarch falls.
That Prince who yields the leaſt of regal Sway,
So far his Peoples Freedom does betray.
Right lives by Law, and Law ſubſiſts by Pow'rs.
Diſarm the Shepherd, Wolves the Flock devour.

Hard

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Hard lot of Empire o'er a ſtubborn Race,
Which Heav'n it ſelf in vain has try'd with Grace!
When will our Reaſon's long-charm'd Eyes uncloſe,
And *Iſrael* judge between her Friends and Foes?
When ſhall we ſee expir'd Deceivers ſway,
And credit what our God and Monarchs ſay?
Diſſembled Patriots brib'd with *Egypt*'s Gold,
Ev'n Sanhedrims in blind Obedience hold;
Thoſe Patriots falſhood in their Actions ſee,
And judge by the pernicious Fruit the Tree;
If ought for which ſo loudly they declaim,
Religion, Laws, and Freedom, were their aim;
Our Senates in due Methods they had led,
T' avoid thoſe Miſchiefs which they ſeem'd to dread;
But firſt e'er yet they propt the ſinking State,
T' impeach and charge, as urg'd by private Hate;
Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they preſt,
But barb'rouſly deſtroy'd the Nation's Reſt!
O! whither will ungovern'd Senates drive,
And to what Bounds licentious Votes arrive?
When their Injuſtice, we are preſt to ſhare,
The Monarch urg'd t' exclude the lawful Heir;
Are Princes thus diſtinguiſh'd from the Crowd,
And this the Privilege of Royal Blood?
But grant we ſhou'd confirm the Wrongs they preſs,
His Sufferings yet were, than the Peoples, leſs;
Condemn'd for life the murd'ring Sword to wield,
And on their Heirs entail a bloody Field:
Thus madly their own Freedom they betray,
And for th' Oppreſſion, which they fear, make way;
Succeſſion fixt by Heav'n, the Kingdom's Bar,
Which once diſſolv'd, admits the Flood of War;
Waſte, Rapine, Spoil, without, th' aſſault begin,
And our mad Tribes ſupplant the fence within.
Since then their good they will not underſtand,
'Tis time to take the Monarch's Pow'r in hand;
Authority, and Force to join with skill,
And ſave the Lunaticks againſt their will.

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The ſame rough means that ſwage the Crowd, appeaſe
Our Senates raging with the Crowd's diſeaſe.
Henceforth unbiaſs'd Meaſures let 'em draw
From no falſe Gloſs, but Genuine Text of Law;
Nor urge thoſe Crimes upon Religion's ſcore,
Themſelves ſo much in *Jebuſites* abhor.
Whom Laws convict (and only they) ſhall bleed,
Nor Phariſees by Phariſees be freed.
Impartial Juſtice from our Throne ſhall ſhow'r,
All ſhall have right, and we our Sov'reign Pow'r.
He ſaid, th' Attendants heard with awful Joy,
And glad Preſages their fixt Thoughts imploy;
From *Hebron* now the ſuffering Heir return'd,
A Realm that long with Civil Diſcord mourn'd;
Till his Approach, like ſome arriving God,
Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
The Deluge checkt that to *Judea* ſpread,
And ſtopt Sedition at the Fountain's Head.
Thus in forgiving *David*'s Faths he drives,
And chas'd from *Iſrael*, *Iſrael*'s Peace contrives.
The Field confeſt his pow'r in Arms before,
And Seas proclaim'd his Triumphs to the ſhore;
As nobly has his Sway in *Hebron* ſhown,
How fit t' Inherit Godlike *David*'s Throne.
Through *Sion*'s ſtreets his glad Arrival's ſpread,
And Conſcious Faction ſhrinks her ſhaky Head;
His Train their Sufferings think o'erpaid, to ſee
The Crowds applauſe with Virtue once agree.
Succeſs charms all, but Zeal for Worth diſtreſt
A Virtue proper to the brave and beſt;
'Mongſt whom was *Jothran*, *Jothran* always bent
To ſerve the Crown, and Loyal by Deſcent,
Whoſe Conſtancy ſo firm, and Conduct juſt,
Deſerv'd at once two Royal Maſters truſt;
Who *Tyre*'s proud Arms had manfully withſtood
On Seas, and gather'd Lawrels from the Flood;
Of Learning yet, no Portion was deny'd,
Friend to the Muſes, and the Muſes pride.

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Nor can *Benaiah*'s worth forgotten lye,
Of steddy Soul when publick Storms were high;
Whose conduct, while the *Moor* fierce Onsets made,
Secur'd at once our Honour and our Trade.
Such were the Chiefs, who most his Suff'rings mourn'd,
And view'd with silent Joy the Prince return'd;
While those that sought his Absence to betray,
Press first their nauseous false Respects to pay;
Him still th' officious Hypocrites molest,
And with malicious Duty break his Rest.

While real Transports thus his Friends employ,
And Foes are loud in their dissembled Joy,
His Triumphs so refounded far and near,
Mist not his young ambitious Rival's Ears;
And as when joyful Hunters claim'rous Train,
Some slumbring Lyon wakes in *Moab*'s Plain,
Who oft had forc'd the bold Assailants yield,
And scatter'd his Pursuers through the Field,
Disdaining, fiers his Mane, and tears the Ground,
His Eyes enflaming all the Desart round,
With Roar of Seas directs his Chasers way,
Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
Such rage storm'd now in *Absalom*'s fierce Breast,
Such Indignation his fir'd Eyes confest;
Whose now was the Instructer of his Pride?
Slept the old Pilot in so rough a Tide?
Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
And thus on Shelves the cred'lous Youth convey'd;
In deep revolving Thoughts he weighs his State,
Secure of Craft, nor doubts to baffle Fate,
At least, if his storm'd Bark must go adrift,
To baulk his Charge, and for himself to shift,
In which his dextrous Wit had oft been shown,
And in the Wreck of Kingdoms sav'd his own;
But now with more than common danger prest,
Of various Resolutions stands possest,
Perceives the Crowd's unstable Zeal decay,
Least their Resisting Chief the Cause betray,

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Who on a Father's Grace his Hopes may ground,
And for his Pardon with their Heads compound.
Him therefore, e'er his Fortune ſlip her Time,
The Stateſman plots t' engage in ſome bold Crime
Paſt Pardon, whether to attempt his Bed,
Or threat with open Arms the Royal Head,
Or other daring Method, and unjuſt,
That may confirm him in the Peoples Truſt.
But failing thus t' enſnare him, nor ſecure
How long his foil'd Ambition may endure,
Plots next to lay him by, as paſt his Date,
And try ſome new Pretender's luckier Fate;
Whoſe hopes with equal Toil he wou'd purſue,
Nor cares what Claimer's Crown'd, except the true.
Wake *Abſalom*, approaching Ruin ſhun,
And ſee, O ſee, for whom thou art undone!
How are thy Honours and thy Fame betray'd,
The property of deſp'rate Villains made?
Loſt Pow'r and conſcious Fears their Crimes create,
And Guilt in them was little leſs than Fate;
But why ſhouldſt thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forſake thy Vineyards for their ſtormy Sea?
For thee did *Canaan*'s Milk and Honey flow,
Love dreſt thy Bow'rs, and Laurels ſought thy Brow,
Preferment, Wealth and Pow'r thy Vaſſals were,
And of a Monarch all things but the Care.
Oh ſhould our Crimes, again, that Curſe draw down,
And Rebel-arms once more attempt the Crown,
Sure Ruin waits unhappy *Abſalom*,
Alike by Conqueſt or Defeat undone;
Who could relentleſs ſee ſuch Youth and Charms,
Expire with wretched Fate in impious Arms?
A Prince ſo form'd with Earth's and Heav'ns Applauſe,
To triumph o'er Crown'd Heads in *David*'s Cauſe:
Or grant him Victor, ſtill his Hopes muſt fail,
Who, Conquering, wou'd not for himſelf prevail;
The Faction whom he truſts for future Sway,
Him and the Publick would alike betray;

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Amongſt themſelves divide the Captive State,
And found their *Hydra*-Empire in his Fate!
Thus having beat the Clouds with painful Flight,
The pity'd Youth, with Scepters in his Sight;
(So have their cruel Politicks decreed,)
Muſt by that Crew that made him Guilty, Bleed!
For could their Pride brook any Prince's Sway,
Whom but mild *David* wou'd they chuſe t' obey?
Who once at ſuch a gentle Reign repine,
The Fall of Monarchy it ſelf deſign;
From Hate to that their Reformations ſpring,
And *David* not their Grievance, but the King.
Seiz'd now with panick Fear the Faction lyes,
Leaſt this clear Truth ſtrike *Abſalom*'s charm'd Eyes,
Leaſt he perceive, from long Enchantment free,
What all, beſide the flatter'd Youth, muſt ſee.
But what-e'er Doubts his troubled Boſom ſwell,
Fair Carriage ſtill became *Achitophel*.
Who now an envious Feſtival enſtals,
And to ſurvey their Strength the Faction calls,
Which Fraud, Religious Worſhip too muſt gild;
But oh how weakly does Sedition build?
For lo! the Royal Mandate iſſues forth,
Daſhing at once their Treaſon, Zeal, and Mirth!
So have I ſeen diſaſtrous Chance invade,
Where careful Emmits had their Forrage laid,
Whether fierce *Vulcan*'s Rage, the Furzy Plain
Had ſeiz'd, engendred by ſome careleſs Swain;
Or ſwelling *Neptune* lawleſs Inroads made,
And to their Cell of Store his Flood convey'd;
The Common-wealth broke up, diſtracted go,
And in wild Haſte their loaded Mates o'erthrow:
Ev'n ſo our ſcatter'd Gueſts confus'dly meet,
With Boil'd, Bak'd, Roaſt, all juſtling in the Street;
Dejecting all, and mutually diſmay'd,
For *Shekel* without Treat, or Treaſon paid.
Sedition's dark Eclipſe now fainter ſhows,
More bright each Hour the Royal Planet glows,

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Of Force the Clouds of Envy to diſperſe,
In kind Conjunction of aſſiſting Stars.
Here lab'ring Muſe thoſe glorious Chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful Scale of *David*'s Fate;
The reſt of that Illuſtrious Band rehearſe,
Immortaliz'd in lawrell'd *Aſaph*'s Verſe:
Hard task! yet will not I thy Flight recall,
View Heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious Fall.

Firſt write *Bezaliel*, whoſe Illuſtrious Name
Foreſtals our Praiſe, and gives his Poet Fame.
The *Kenites* Rocky Province his Command,
A barren Limb of Fertile *Canaan*'s Land;
Which for its gen'rous Natives yet could be
Held worthy ſuch a Preſident as he!
Bezaliel with each Grace and Virtue fraught,
Serene his Looks; ſerene his Life and Thought,
On whom ſo largely Nature heap'd her Store,
There ſcarce remain'd for Arts to give him more!
To Aid the Crown and State his greateſt Zeal,
His ſecond Care that Service to conceal;
Of Dues obſervant, firm to ev'ry Truſt,
And to the Needy always more than Juſt.
Who Truth from ſpecious Falſhood can divide,
Has, all the Gown-mens Skill without their Pride;
Thus crown'd with Worth from heights of Honour won,
Sees all his Glories copied in his Son,
Whoſe forward Flame ſhould every Muſe engage:
Whoſe Youth boaſts Skill deny'd to others Age.
Men, Manners, Language, Books of nobleſt kind,
Already are the Conqueſt of his Mind.
Whoſe Loyalty before its Date was prime;
Nor waited the dull Courſe of rowling Time:
The Monſter *Faction* early he diſmaid,
And *David*'s Cauſe long ſince confeſt his Aid.

Brave *Abdael* o'er the Prophet's School was plac'd;
Abdael with all his Father's Virtue grac'd;
A *Hero*, who, while Stars look'd wondring down,
Without one *Hebrew*'s Blood reſtor'd the Crown.

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That Praiſe was his; what therefore did remain
For following Chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That Crown reſtor'd: and in this Rank of Fame,
Brave *Abdael* with the firſt a place muſt claim.
Proceed illuſtrious, happy Chief, proceed,
Forcſeize the Garlands for thy Brow decreed,
While th' inſpir'd Tribe attend with nobleſt ſtrain
To regiſter the Glories thou ſhalt gain:
For ſure, the Dew ſhall *Gilboah's* Hills forſake,
And *Jordan* mix his Stream with *Sodom's* Lake;
Or Seas retir'd their ſecret Stores diſcloſe,
And to the Sun their ſcaly Brood expoſe,
Or ſwell'd above the Clifts, their Billows raiſe,
Before the Muſes leave their Patron's Praiſe.

Eliab our next Labour do's invite,
And hard the Task to do *Eliab* right:
Long with the Royal Wanderer he rov'd,
And firm in all the Turns of Fortunes prov'd!
Such ancient Service and Deſert ſo large,
Well claim'd the Royal Houſhold for his Charge.
His Age with only one mild Heireſs bleſt,
In all the Bloom of ſmiling Nature dreſt,
And bleſt again to ſee his Flow'r ally'd
To *David's* Stock, and made young *Orbniel's* Bride!
The bright Reſtorer of his Father's Youth,
Devoted to a Son's and Subject's Truth:
Reſolv'd to bear that prize of Duty home,
So bravely fought (while fought) by *Abſalom*.
Ah Prince! th' Illuſtrious Planet of thy Birth,
And thy more powerful Virtue guard thy worth;
That no *Ahithophel* thy Ruin boaſt;
Iſrael too much in one ſuch Wreck has loſt.

Ev'n Envy muſt conſent to *Helon's* Worth,
Whoſe Soul (tho' *Egypt* glories in his Birth)
Could for our Captive-ark its Zeal retain,
And *Pharoah's* Altars in their Pomp diſdain:
To Right his Gods was ſmall; with nobler Pride,
He all th' Allurements of his Court defy'd.

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Whom Profit nor Example could betray,
But *Israel*'s Friend, and true to *David*'s Sway.
What acts of favour in his Province fall,
On Merit he confers, and freely all.

Our List of Nobles next let *Amri* grace,
Whose Merits claim'd the *Abethdins* high place;
Who, with a Loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th' Endowments of *Achitophel*.
Sincere was *Amri*, and not only knew,
But *Israel*'s Sanctions into Practice drew;
Our Laws, that did a boundless Ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No *Rabbin* speaks like him their mystick Sense,
So just, and with such Charms of Eloquence:
To whom the double Blessing does belong,
With *Moses*'s Inspiration, *Aaron*'s Tongue.

Than *Sheva*, none more Loyal Zeal have shown,
Wakeful, as *Judah*'s Lion for the Crown,
Who for that Cause still combats in his Age,
For which his Youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious Priests the Cant revive,
In vain seditious Scribes with Libel strive
T' enflame the Crowd, while he with watchful Eye
Observes, and shoots their Treasons as they fly,
Their weekly Frauds his keen Replies detect,
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So *Moses*, when the Pest on *Legions* prey'd,
Advanc'd his Signal and the Plague was stay'd.

Once more my fainting Muse thy Pinnions try,
And Strength's exhausted store let *Love* supply.
What Tribute, *Asaph*, shall we render thee?
We'll crown thee with a Wreath from thy own Tree!
Thy Laurel Grove no Envy's flash can blast;
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
With wonder late Posterity shall dwell
On *Absalom* and false *Achitophel*:
Thy strains shall be our slumbring Prophets dream,
And when our *Sion*-Virgins sing, their Theam.

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Our *Jubilees* shall with thy Verse be grac'd,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
How fierce his Satyr loos'd, restrain'd, how tame,
How tender of th' offending *Young Man*'s Fame!
How well his Worth, and brave Adventures stil'd,
Just to his Virtues, to his Error mild.
No Page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just Reproof, or Praise, as due;
Not *Eden* could a fairer Prospect yield,
All *Paradise* without one barren Field:
Whose Wit the Censure of his Foes has past,
The Song of *Asaph* shall for ever last!
What Praise for such rich Strains shall we allow?
What just Rewards the grateful Crown bestow?
While Bees in Flow'rs rejoice, and Flow'rs in Dew,
While Stars and Fountains to their Course are true;
While *Judah*'s Throne, and *Sion*'s Rock stand fast,
The Song of *Asaph* and the Fame shall last.

Still *Hebron*'s honour'd happy Soil retains
Our Royal Heroes beauteous dear Remains;
Who now sails off with Winds nor Wishes slack,
To bring his Suff'rings bright Companion back.
But e'er such Transport can our sense employ
A bitter Grief must poison half our Joy;
Nor can our Coasts restor'd those Blessings see
Without a Bribe to envious Destiny!
Curs'd *Sodom*'s Doom for ever fix the Tide
Where by inglorious Chance the Valiant dy'd.
Give not insulting *Askalon* to know,
Nor let *Gath*'s Daughters triumph in our woe!
No Sailer with the News swell *Egypt*'s Pride,
By what ingorious Fate our Valiant dy'd!
Weep *Arnon*! *Jordan* weep thy Fountains dry,
While *Sion*'s Rock dissolves for a Supply!
Calm were the Elements, Night's silence deep,
The Waves scarce murm'ring, and the Winds asleep,
Yet Fate for Ruine takes so still an hour,
And treacherous Sands the Princely Bark devour;

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Then Death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous Race,
To Virtue's scandal, and the Stars disgrace!
Oh! had th' Indulgent Pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless Shelves, a lifted Field;
A lifted Field of Heav'ns and *David*'s Foes,
Fierce as the Troops that did his Youth oppose,
Each Life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconqu'ring thus expir'd:
But Destiny is now their only Foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too;
With loud last Breaths their Master's Scape applaud,
Of whom kind Force cou'd scarce the Fates defraud;
Who for such Followers lost, O matchless Mind!
At his own Safety now almost repin'd!
Say, Royal Sir, by all your Fame in Arms,
Your Praise in Peace, and by *Urania*'s Charms;
If all your Suff'rings past so ne'erly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful Grief your Breast?

Thus some Diviner Muse her *Heroe* forms,
Not sooth'd with soft Delights, but tost in Storms.
Not stretcht on Roses in the Myrtle Grove, [Love,
Nor Crowns his Days with Mirth, his Nights with
But far remov'd in thundring Camps is found,
His Slumbers short, his Bed the herbless Ground:
In Tasks of Danger always seen the First,
Feeds from the Hedge, and shakes with Ice his Thirst.
Long must his Patience strive with Fortune's Rage,
And long opposing Gods themselves engage,
Must see his Country Flame, his Friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd Empire be enjoy'd:
Such Toil of Fate must build a Man of Fame,
And such, to *Israel*'s Crown, the God-like *David* came.

What sudden Beams dispel the Clouds so fast!
Whose drenching Rains laid all our Vineyards waste!
The Spring so far behind her Course delay'd,
On th' Instant is in all her Bloom array'd;
The Winds breath low, the Element serene;
Let mark what Marion in the Wares is seen!

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Thronging and buſie as *Hyblaan* Swarms,
Or ſtragled Soldiers ſummon'd to their Arms.
See where the Princely Bark in looſeſt Pride,
With all her Guardian Fleet, adorns the Tide!
High on her Deck the Royal Lovers ſtand,
Our Crimes to Pardon e'er they touch'd our Land.
Welcome to *Iſrael* and to *David*'s Breaſt!
Here all your Toils, here all your Suff'rings reſt.
This Year did *Zilonh* rule *Jeruſalem*,
And boldly all Sedition's *Syrtes* ſtem.
How e'er incumber'd with a viler Pair
Than *Ziph* or *Shimei* to aſſiſt the Chair;
Yet *Ziloah*'s Loyal Labours ſo prevail'd
That Faction at the next Election fail'd,
When ev'n the common Cry did Juſtice ſound,
And Merit by the Multitude was Crown'd:
With *David* then was *Iſrael*'s Peace reſtor'd,
Crowds mourn'd their Error, and obey'd their Lord.

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A KEY to both Parts of Abſalom *and* Achitophel.

Abſalom,	*Duke of* Monmouth.
Annabel,	*Dutcheſs of* Monmouth.
Amiel,	*Mr.* Seymour, *Speaker.*
Achitophel,	*Lord* Shaftsbury.
Abethdin,	*Lord* Chancellor.
Agag,	*Sir* E. B. Godfrey.
Aſaph,	*Mr.* Dryden.
Arod,	*Sir* W. Waller.
Abdael,	*Duke of* Albemarle.
Amri,	*Lord Chancellor* Finch.
Adriel,	*Earl of* Mulgrave.
Bathſheba,	*Dutcheſs of* Portſmouth.
Balaam,	*Earl of* Huntington.
Barzillai,	*Duke of* Ormond.
Balack,	Barnet.
Benaiah,	*General* Sackvile.
Bezaliel,	*Duke of* Beaufort.
Caleb,	*Lord* Grey.
Corah,	*Dr.* Oates.
David,	*King* Charles II.
Doeg,	Settle.
Ethnick *Plot*,	Popiſh *Plot.*
Eliab,	*Earl of* Arlington.
Egypt,	France.
Huſhai,	*Earl of* Rocheſter, Hyde.
Hebrew *Prieſts*,	*Church of* England *Miniſters.*
Helon,	*Lord* Feverſham.
Hebron,	Scotland.
Iſrael,	England.
Jeruſalem,	London.
Iſboſheth,	Rich. Cromwell.
Jotham,	*Marquiſs of* Hallifax.
Jebuſites,	*Papiſts.*

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Jonas,	*Sir* W. Jones.
Iſſachar,	T. Thin, *Eſqs*
Jothran,	*Lord* Dartmouth.
Iſhban,	*Sir* R. Clayton.
Judas,	Ferguſon.
B. Jochanan,	Johnſon.
Michal,	Q. Katharine.
Mephiboſheth,	Pordage.
Nadab,	*Lord* Howard *of* Eſerick.
Og,	Shadwell.
Othniel,	*Duke of* Grafton.
Pharaoh,	French *King*.
Phaleg,	Forbes.
Rabſhakeh,	*Sir* Tho. Player.
Saul,	Oliver.
Sanhedrim,	*Parliament*.
Solymean *Rout*,	London *Rebels*.
Sagan *of* Jemſalem,	*Biſhop of* London.
Shimei,	*Sheriff* Bethel.
Sheva,	*Sir* R. L'Eſtange.
Tyre,	Holland.
Uzza,	J. H.
Weſtern Dome,	Dolben.
Zimri,	*Duke of* Buckingham
Zadoch,	*Archbiſhop* Sancroft
Zaken,	*Parliament-man*.
Ziloah,	*Sir* J. Moor.

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The entire *Episode* of *Mezentius* and *Lausus*, translated out of the Tenth Book of *Virgil's Æneids*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Connection of the EPISODE, with the foregoing Story.

Mezentius *was King of* Etruria, *or* Tuscany; *from whence he was expell'd by his Subjects, for his Tyrannical government, and cruelty; and a new King Elected. Being thus baniſh'd he applies himſelf to King* Turnus, *in whoſe Court he and his Son* Lauſus *take Sanctuary.* Turnus *for the Love of* Lavinia *making War with* Æneas, Mezentius *ingages in the cauſe of his Benefactor, and performs many great actions, particularly in revenging himſelf on his late Subjects, who now aſſiſted* Æneas *out of hatred to him.* Mezentius *is every where deſcrib'd by* Virgil *as an Atheiſt; his Son* Lauſus *is made the Pattern of filial Piety and Virtue: And the death of thoſe two is the ſubject of this Noble* Epiſode.

THUS equal deaths are dealt, and equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advictors and vanquiſh'd in the various field; [vance:
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield:
The Gods from Heav'n ſurvey the doubtful ſtrife,
And mourn the Miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two Goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: Here *Venus*, *Juno* there.
Amidſt the Crowd, infernal *Até* ſhakes
Her Scourge aloft, and hiſſing Creſt of Snakes.
Once more *Mezentius*, with a proud diſdain,
Brandiſh'd his Spear, and ruſh'd into the Plains.

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Where, tow'ring in the midmoſt ranks, he ſtood,
Like vaſt *Orion* ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny Breaſt, he cuts the waves;
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a Mountain Aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.
Thus arm'd, he took the field:----
The *Trojan* Prince beheld him from afar,
With joyful eyes, and undertook the war.
Collected in himſelf, and like a Rock
Poiz'd on his baſe; *Mezentius* ſtood the ſhock
Of his great Foe: then meaſuring with his eyes
The ſpace his Spear cou'd reach, aloud he cries:
My own right Hand and Sword aſſiſt my ſtroke;
(Thoſe only Gods *Mezentius* will invoke.)
His Armour, from the *Trojan* Pyrate torn,
Shall by my *Lauſus* be in triumph worn.
He ſaid; and ſtraight with all his force he threw
The maſſie Spear; which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial Shield; that ſtop'd the courſe:
But glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt
The Side and Bowels, ſam'd *Anthores* fixt.
Anthores had from *Argos* travell'd far,
Alcides friend, and brother of the War,
'Till, tir'd with toils, fair *Italy* he choſe;
And in *Evander*'s Palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes
He caſts to Heaven; on *Argos* thinks, and dies.
The pious *Trojan* then his javelin ſent;
The Shield gave way, thro' treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linnen triebly rowl'd,
And three Bull Hides, which round the Buckler fold:
All theſe it paſt with unreſiſted courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood:
The *Trojan* glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His Fauchion drew, to cloſer fight adreſt,
And with new force his fainting Foe oppreſt.

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His Father's danger *Lauſus* view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, O wond'rous Youth, 'tis here, I muſt
To thy immortal Memory be juſt,
And ſing an act, ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity ſhall ſcarce believe it true.
Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The Father ſought to ſave himſelf by flight;
Incumber'd, ſlow he drag'd the Spear along,
Which pierc'd his Thigh, and in his Buckler hung.
The pious Youth reſolv'd to undergo
The lifted Sword, ſprings out to face his Foe,
Protects his Father, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing thro' the field,
To ſee the Son the vanquiſh'd Father ſhield;
All fir'd with noble Emulation, ſtrive;
And with a ſtorm of Darts, to diſtance drive
The *Trojan* Chief, who held at bay, from far,
On his Vulcanian Orb ſuſtain'd the War.
As when thick Hail comes ratling in the wind,
The Ploughman, Paſſenger, and lab'ring Hind
For ſhelter to the Neighb'ring Covert fly,
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow Caverns lie;
But that o'erblown, when Heav'n above 'em ſmiles,
Return to Travel, and renew their Toils:
Æneas thus o'erwhelm'd; on every ſide
The ſtorm of Darts undaunted did abide; [ey'd.
And thus to *Lauſus* loud, with friendly threatning
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain Death? And rage
In raſh Attempts beyond thy tender Age?
Betray'd by pious Love? Nor thus forborn
The Youth deſiſts, but with inſulting Scorn
Provokes the ling'ring Prince, whoſe patience tir'd
Gave place; and all his Breaſt with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their cruel Shears;
And lifted high, the conquering Sword appears,
Which full deſcending with a fearful ſway,
Thro' Shield and Cuiraſſe forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair Boſom lay.

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The ſpringing Streams thro' the thin Armour ſtrove,
And drencht the golden Coat his careful Mother
And life at length forſook his heaving Heart, [wove:
Loth from ſo ſweet a Manſion to depart.
But when, with Blood and Paleneſs all beſpread,
The pious Prince beheld young *Lauſus* dead,
He griev'd, he wept: the ſight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a ſadly pleaſing thought.
Then ſtretch'd his Hand to raiſe him up, and ſaid;
Poor hapleſs Youth, what Praiſes can be paid
To Love ſo great; to ſuch tranſcendent ſtore
Of early Worth, and ſure preſage of more!
Accept whate'er *Æneas* can afford:
Untouch'd thy Arms; untaken be thy Sword:
And all that pleas'd thee living, ſtill remain
Inviolate; and ſacred to the ſlain.
Thy Body on thy Parents I beſtow,
To pleaſe thy Ghoſt; at leaſt if ſhadows know
Or have a taſte of human things below.
There to thy fellow Ghoſts, with glory tell,
'Twas by the great *Æneas* Hand I fell.
With this he bids his diſtant Friends draw near,
Provokes their Duty, and prevents their Fear;
Himſelf aſſiſts to raiſe him from the Ground,
His Locks deform'd with Blood, that ſwell'd from out his Wound.
Mean time the Father, now no Father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his Wounds by *Tyber*'s yellow Flood,
Oppreſt with anguiſh, panting, and o'er-ſpent,
His fainting Limbs againſt a Tree he leant:
A Bough his brazen Helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier Arms lay ſcatter'd on the Plain:
Of Youth a choſen Troop around him ſtand,
His Head hung down, and reſted on his Hand;
His grizly Beard his penſive Boſom ſought,
And all on *Lauſus*, ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
Much he enquir'd, and many a Meſſage ſent

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To warn him from the Field; alas in vain!
Behold his mournful Followers bear him ſlain
On their broad Shields; ſtill guſh'd the gaping wound,
And drew a bloody Trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their Cries; far off divin'd
The dire Event with a forebodeing Mind.
With Duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary Head,
Then both his lifted Arms to Heav'n he ſpread;
Laſt, the dear Corps embracing, thus he ſaid.
What Joys, alas, could this frail Being give!
That I have been ſo covetous to live.
To ſee my Son, and ſuch a Son, reſign
His Life a Ranſom for preſerving mine?
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt?
How much too dear has that Redemption coſt!
'Tis now my bitter Baniſhment I feel,
This is a Wound too deep for time to heal.
My Guilt thy growing Virtues did defame;
My Blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd Name.
Chas'd from a Throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul Miſdeeds, were Puniſhments too mild.
I ow'd my People theſe; and from their Hate
With leſs Injuſtice could have born my Fate.
And yet I live, and yet ſupport the ſight
Of hateful Men, and of more hated Light!
But will not long. With that he raiſ'd from Ground
His fainting Limbs, that ſtagger'd with his Wound.
Yet with a Mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
With Pains or Perils, for his Courſer call'd.
Well-mouth'd, well manag'd, whom himſelf did
With daily care; and mounted with Succeſs, dreſs
His Aid in Arms; his Ornament in Peace.
Soothing his Courage with a gentle ſtroke,
The Horſe ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke.
O *Rhæbus* we have liv'd too long for me;
(If Long and Life were Terms that could agree!)
This day, thou either ſhalt bring back the Head,
And bloody Trophies of the *Trojan* dead;

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This Day, thou either shalt revenge my Woe
For murther'd *Lausus* on his cruel Foe;
Or if inexorable Fate deny
Our Conquest, with thy conquer'd Master die.
For after such a Lord, I rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign Reins, or *Trojan* load endure.
He said; and straight th' officious Courser kneels
To take his wonted Weight: His Hand he fills
With pointed Javelins; on his Head he lac'd
His glittering Helm, which terribly was grac'd
With crested Horse-hair, nodding from afar,
Then spurr'd his thundring Steed, amidst the War.
Love, Anguish, Wrath, and Grief to Madness wrought,
Despair, and secret Shame, and conscious Thought
Of inborn Worth, his lab'ring Soul oppress;
Rowl'd in his Eyes, and rag'd within his Breast;
Then loud he call'd *Æneas*, thrice by Name;
The loud repeated Voice to glad *Æneas* came.
Great *Jove*, said he, and the far-shooting God,
Inspire thy Mind, to make thy Challenge good.
He said no more; but hasten'd to appear,
And threaten'd with his long protended Spear.
To whom *Mezentius* thus; Thy Vaunts are vain,
My *Lausus* lies extended on the Plain;
He's lost; thy Conquest is already won:
This was my only way to be undone.
Nor Fate I fear, but all the Gods defie!
Forbear thy Threats; my Business is to die:
But first receive this parting Legacy.
He said; and straight a whirling Dart he sent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious Ring he rides the Field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable Shield.
Thrice rode he round, and thrice *Æneas* wheel'd,
Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden Orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an Iron wood.
Impatient of delay; and weary grown
Still to defend, and to defend alone;

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To wrench the Darts that in his Buckler light,
Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight,
At laſt reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the Temples of the warlike Horſe:
Betwixt the Temples paſs'd th' unerring Spear,
And piercing ſtood transfixt from Ear to Ear.
Seiz'd with the ſudden Pain, ſurpriz'd with Fright,
The Courſer bounds aloft and ſtands upright:
He beats his Hoofs awhile in Air; then preſt
With anguiſh, floundring falls the gen'rous Beaſt,
And his caſt Rider with his weight oppreſt.
From either Hoſt the mingled Shouts and Cries
Of *Trojans* and *Rutulians* rend the Skies.
Æneas haſt'ning way'd his fatal Sword
High o'er his Head, with this reproachful Word:
Now, where are now thy Vaunts, the fierce Diſdain
Of proud *Mezentius*, and the lofty ſtrain?
Strugling, and wildly ſtaring on the Skies,
With ſcarce recover'd Breath, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting Threats, this waſte of Breath,
To Souls undaunted, and ſecure of Death?
'Tis no Diſhonour for the Brave to die;
Nor came I here with hope of Victory;
But, with a glorious Fate, to end my pain;
When *Lauſus* fell, I was already ſlain:
Nor ask I Life,
My dying Son contracted no ſuch Band:
Nor would I take it from his Murd'rer's Hand.
For this, this only Favour let me ſue,
(If pity to a conquer'd Foe be due)
Refuſe not that: But let my Body have
The laſt retreat of Human-kind; a Grave.
Too well I know my injur'd Peoples hate;
Protect me from their Vengeance after Fate;
This Refuge for my poor Remains provide;
And lay my much-lov'd *Lauſus* by my ſide;
He ſaid; and to the Sword his Throat apply'd.
The Crimſon Stream diſtain'd his Arms around;
And the diſdainful Soul came ruſhing thro' the wound.

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The SPEECH of VENUS to VULCAN:

Wherein she perswades him to make Arms for her Son Æneas, then engag'd in a War against the Latins, and King Turnus: *Translated out of the Eighth Book of* Virgil's Æneids.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

NOW Night with sable Wings the World o'er-[spread:
But *Venus*, not in vain, surpriz'd with Dread
Of *Latian* Arms, before the Tempest breaks,
Her Husband's timely succour thus bespeaks,
Couch'd in his golden Bed:——
(And, that her pleasing Speech his mind may move,
Inspires it with diviner Charms of Love:)
While adverse Fate conspir'd with *Grecian* Pow'rs,
To level with the Ground the *Trojan* Tow'rs,
I begg'd no aid th' Unhappy to restore,
Nor did thy Succour, nor thy Art implore;
Nor sought, their sinking Empire to sustain,
To urge the Labour of my Lord in vain.
Tho' much I ow'd to *Priam*'s House, and more
The dangers of *Æneas* did deplore:
But now, by *Jove*'s command, and Fates decree,
His Race is doom'd to reign in *Italy*,
With humble Suit I ask thy needful Art,
O still propitious Pow'r, O Sov'raign of my Heart,
A Mother stands a Suppliant for a Son:
By silver-footed *Thetis* thou wert won
For fierce *Achilles*, and the rosie Morn
Mov'd thee with Arms her *Memnon* to adorn;
Are these my Tears less pow'rful on thy Mind?
Behold what warlike Nations are combin'd,
With Fire and Sword *My* People to destroy,
And twice to triumph over *Me* and *Troy*.

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She said; and straight her Arms of snowy hue,
About her unresolving Husband threw;
Her soft Embraces soon infuse Desire,
His Bones and Marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the Godhead feels the wonted Fire.
Not half so swift the rowling Thunder flies,
Or streaks of Lightning flash along the Skies.
The Goddess pleas'd with her successful Wiles,
And conscious of her conqu'ring Beauty, smiles.
Then thus the good old God, (sooth'd with her Charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her Arms:)
Why seek you reasons for a Cause so just,
Or your own Beauty or my Love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful Hand,
You might the Artist, and his Art command
To arm your *Trojans*: Nor did *Jove*, or Fate,
Confine their Empire to so short a date:
And if you now desire new Wars to wage,
My Care, my Skill, my Labour I engage,
Whatever melting Metals can conspire,
Or breathing Bellows, or the forming Fire,
I freely promise; all your doubts remove,
And think no task is difficult to Love.
He said; and eager to enjoy her Charms,
He snatch'd the lovely Goddess to his Arms;
Till all infus'd in joy he lay possest
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing Rest.

LUCRETIUS,

The Beginning of the First Book.

Translated by Mr. DRYDEN.

DElight of human Kind, and Gods above;
Parent of *Rome*; Propitious Queen of Love;

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Whose vital Pow'r, Air, Earth, and Sea supplies;
And breeds whate'er is born beneath the rowling
For every kind, by thy prolifick might, [Skies:
Springs, and beholds the Regions of the Light:
Thee, Goddess, thee the Clouds and Tempests fear,
And at thy pleasing Presence dissappear:
For thee the Land in fragrant Flow'rs is dress,
For thee the Ocean smiles, and smooths her wavy
Breast; [light is blest.
And Heav'n it self with more serene, and purer
For when the rising Spring adorns the Mead,
And a new Scene of Nature stands display'd,
When teeming Buds, and chearful Greens appear,
And Western Gales unlock the lasie Year,
The joyous Birds thy welcome first express,
Whose native Songs thy genial Fire confess:
Then salvage Beasts bound o'er their slighted Food,
Struck with thy Darts, and tempt the raging Flood:
All Nature is thy Gift; Earth, Air, and Sea:
Of all that breaths, the various progeny,
Stung with delight, is goaded on by thee.
O'er barren Mountains, o'er the flow'ry Plain,
The leavy Forest, and the liquid Main,
Extends thy uncontroul'd and boundless Reign.
Through all the living Regions dost thou move,
And scatter'st, where thou goest, the kindly Seeds of
Since then the race of every living thing. [Love:
Obeys thy Pow'r; since nothing new can spring
Without thy Warmth, without thy influence bear,
Or beautiful, or lovesome can appear,
Be thou my aid: My tuneful Song inspire,
And kindle with thy own productive fire;
While all thy Province, Nature, I survey,
And sing to *Memmius* an immortal lay
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and every where thy wond'rous Pow'r display.
To *Memmius*, under thy sweet Influence born,
Whom thou with all thy Gifts and Graces dost adorn

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The rather, then assist my Muse and me,
Infusing Verses worthy him and thee. [cease,
Mean time on Land and Sea let barb'rous Discord
And lull the listning World in universal Peace.
To thee, Mankind their soft repose must owe,
For thou alone that Blessing canst bestow;
Because the brutal business of the War
Is manag'd by thy dreadful Servant's Care:
Who oft retires from fighting Fields, to prove
The pleasing Pains of thy eternal Love:
And panting on thy Breast, supinely lyes, [Eyes:
While with thy heavenly Form he feeds his famish'd
Sucks in with open Lips thy balmy Breath, [Death.
By turns restor'd to Life, and plung'd in pleasing
There while thy curling Limbs about him move,
Involv'd and fetter'd in the Links of Love,
When wishing all, he nothing can deny,
Thy Charms in that auspicious moment try;
With winning Eloquence our Peace implore,
And Quiet to the weary World restore.

LUCRETIUS,

The Beginning of the Second Book.

Translated by Mr. Dryden.

Suave Mari magno, &c.

'TIS pleasant, safely to behold from shoar
The rowling Ship; and hear the Tempest roar:
Not that another's pain is our delight;
But Pains unfelt produce the pleasing Sight.
'Tis pleasant also to behold from far
The moving Legions mingled in the War:
But much more sweet thy lab'ring steps to guide,
To Virtues heights, with Wisdom well supply'd,
And all the *Magazines* of Learning fortify'd:

From

From thence to look below on humane kind,
Bewilder'd in the Maze of Life, and blind:
To see vain fools ambitiously contend
For Wit and Pow'r; their last endeavours bend
T' out-shine each other, waste their time and health
In search of honour, and pursuit of wealth.
O wretched Man! in what a mist of Life,
Inclos'd with dangers and with noisie strife,
He spends his little Span: And overfeeds
His cramm'd desires, with more than Nature needs:
For Nature wisely stints our appetite,
And craves no more than undisturb'd Delight;
Which Minds unmix'd with cares and fears obtain;
A Soul serene, a Body void of Pain.
So little this corporeal Frame requires;
So bounded are our natural Desires,
That wanting all, and setting Pain aside,
With bare Privation, Sense is satisfy'd.
If Golden Sconces hang not on the Walls,
To light the costly Suppers and the Balls;
If the proud Palace shines not with the State
Of burnish'd Bowls, and of reflected Plate,
If well tun'd Harps, nor the more pleasing Sound
Of Voices, from the vaulted Roofs rebound;
Yet on the Grass beneath a poplar shade
By the cool Stream, our careless Limbs are lay'd,
With cheaper Pleasures innocently bleft,
When the warm Spring with gawdy flow'rs is dreft.
Nor will the raging Feaver's fire abate,
With Golden Canopies and Beds of State:
But the poor Patient will as soon be sound
On the hard mattress, or the Mother ground.
Then since our Bodies are not eas'd the more
By Birth, or Pow'r, or Fortune's wealthy store,
'Tis plain, these useless Toys of every kind
As little can relieve the lab'ring Mind:
Unless we cou'd suppose the dreadful sight
Of marshall'd Legions moving to the fight,

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Could, with their Sound and terrible array, [way;
Expel our fears, and drive the thoughts of Death a-
But, since the ſuppoſition vain appears,
Since clinging Cares, and trains of inbred Fears,
Are not with Sounds to be affrighted thence,
But in the midſt of Pomp purſue the Prince,
Not aw'd by Arms, but in the Preſence bold,
Without reſpect to Purple, or to Gold;
Why ſhould not we theſe pageantries deſpiſe;
Whoſe worth but in our want of Reaſon lyes?
For Life is all in wandring Errors led;
And juſt as Children are ſurpriz'd with dread,
And tremble in the dark, ſo riper Years
Ev'n in broad day-light are poſſeſt with fears:
And ſhake at ſhadows fanciful and vain,
As thoſe which in the Breaſts of Children reign.
Theſe bugbears of the Mind, this inward Hell,
No rays of outward ſunſhine can diſpel;
But Nature and right Reaſon muſt diſplay [to day.
Their Beams abroad, and bring the darkſome Soul

Tranſlation of the latter Part of the Third Book of LUCRETIUS; *againſt the Fear of Death.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WHat has this Bugbear Death to frighten Man,
If Souls can die, as well as Bodies can?
For, as before our Birth we felt no pain
When Punick Arms infeſted Land and Main,
When Heav'n and Earth were in confuſion hurl'd
For the debated Empire of the World,
Which aw'd with dreadful Expectation lay,
Sure to be Slaves, uncertain who ſhould ſway:

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So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoin'd,
The lifeless Lump, uncoupled from the Mind,
From sense of Grief and Pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not *Be*.
Though Earth in Seas, and Seas in Heav'n were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tost.
Nay, ev'n suppose when we have suffer'd Fate,
The Soul could feel in her divided State,
What's that to us? for we are only we
While Souls and Bodies in one frame agree.
Nay, tho' our Atoms should revolve by chance,
And matter leap into the former dance;
Tho' time our Life and Motion could restore,
And make our Bodies what they were before,
What gain to us would all this bustle bring?
The new-made Man would be another thing;
When once an interrupting Pause is made,
That individual Being is decay'd.
We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the Pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other Mortal shall accrue,
Whom of our Matter Time shall mould anew.
For backward if you look, on that long space
Of Ages past, and view the changing Face
Of Matter, tost and variously combin'd
In sundry shapes, 'tis easie for the Mind
From thence t' infer, that Seeds of things have been
In the same Order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of Life, a gaping space
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandring Motions from the sense are fled.
For whosoe'er shall in Misfortunes live,
Must *Be*, when those Misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the Man who *Is* not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear)
What is there left for us in death to fear?

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When once that pauſe of Life has come between,
'Tis juſt the ſame as we had never been.
And therefore if a Man bemoan his Lot,
That after death his mouldring Limbs ſhall rot,
Or flames, or jaws of Beaſts devour his Maſs,
Know he's an unſincere, unthinking Aſs.
A ſecret Sting remains within his Mind,
The fool is to his own caſt offals kind;
He boaſts no ſenſe can after death remain,
Yet makes himſelf a part of life again;
As if ſome other He could feel the pain.
If, while he live, this Thought moleſt his Head,
What Wolf or Vulture ſhall devour me dead?
He waſtes his days in idle Grief, nor can
Diſtinguiſh 'twixt the Body and the Man:
But thinks himſelf can ſtill himſelf ſurvive;
And what when dead he feels not, feels alive.
Then he repines that he was born to die,
Nor knows in death there is no other He,
No living He remains his Grief to vent,
And o'er his ſenſeleſs Carcaſs to lament.
If after death 'tis painful to be torn
By Birds and Beaſts, then why not ſo to burn,
Or drench'd in floods of Honey to be ſoak'd,
Imbalm'd to be at once preſerv'd and choak'd;
Or on an airy Mountain's top to lye,
Expos'd to cold and Heav'ns inclemency;
Or crowded in a Tomb to be oppreſt
With monumental Marble on thy Breaſt?
But to be ſnatch'd from all thy houſhold Joys,
From thy chaſt Wife, and thy dear prattling Boys,
Whoſe little Arms about thy Legs are caſt,
And climbing for a Kiſs prevent their Mother's haſte,
Inſpiring ſecret Pleaſure thro' thy Breaſt,
All theſe ſhall be no more: thy Friends oppreſt,
Thy Care and Courage now no more ſhall free:
Ah Wretch, thou cry'ſt, ah! miſerable me,
One woful day ſweeps Children, Friends and Wife,
And all the brittle Bleſſings of my Life!

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Add one thing more, and all thou ſay'ſt is true;
Thy want and wiſh of them is vaniſh'd too,
Which well conſider'd were a quick relief,
To all thy vain imaginary Grief.
For thou ſhalt ſleep and never wake again,
And quitting Life, ſhalt quit thy living pain.
But we thy Friends ſhall all thoſe ſorrows find,
Which in forgetful death thou leav'ſt behind,
No time ſhall dry our Tears, nor drive thee from our Mind.
The worſt that can befal thee, meaſur'd right,
Is a ſound ſlumber, and a long good Night.
Yet thus the Fools, that would be thought the Wits,
Diſturb their Mirth with melancholy fits,
When healths go round, and kindly brimmers flow,
Till the freſh Garlands on their Foreheads glow,
They whine, and cry, let us make haſte to live,
Short are the joys that human Life can give.
Eternal Preachers, that corrupt the draught,
And pall the God that never thinks, with thought;
Ideots with all that thought, to whom the worſt
Of death, is want of drink, and endleſs thirſt,
Or any fond deſire as vain as theſe.
For ev'n in ſleep, the body wrapt in eaſe,
Supinely lyes, as in the peaceful Grave,
And wanting nothing, nothing can it crave.
Were that ſound ſleep eternal, it were death,
Yet the firſt Atoms then, the Seeds of breath
Are moving near to ſenſe, we do but ſhake
And rouſe that ſenſe, and ſtraight we are awake.
Then death to us, and death's anxiety
Is leſs than nothing, if a leſs could be.
For then our Atoms, which in order lay,
Are ſcatter'd from their heap, and puff'd away,
And never can return into their place,
When once the pauſe of Life has left an empty ſpace.
And laſt, ſuppoſe great Nature's Voice ſhould call
To thee, or me, or any of us all,

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What doſt thou mean, ungrateful Wretch, thou vain,
Thou mortal thing, thus idly to complain,
And ſigh and ſob, that thou ſhalt be no more?
For if thy Life were pleaſant heretofore;
If all the bounteous Bleſſings I could give
Thou haſt enjoy'd, if thou haſt known to live,
And pleaſure not leak'd thro' thee like a Sieve;
Why doſt thou not give thanks as at a plenteous Feaſt,
Cram'd to the Throat with Life, and riſe and take
But if my Bleſſings thou haſt thrown away, [thy reſt?
If indigeſted Joys paſs'd thro' and would not ſtay,
Why doſt thou wiſh for more to ſquander ſtill?
If Life be grown a load, a real Ill,
And I would all thy Cares and Labours end,
Lay down thy burden, Fool, and know thy Friend.
To pleaſe thee I have empty'd all my Store,
I can invent, and can ſupply no more;
But run the round again, the round I ran before.
Suppoſe thou art not broken yet with Years,
Yet ſtill the ſelf-ſame Scene of things appears,
And would be ever, couldſt thou ever live;
For life is ſtill but life, there's nothing new to give,
What can we plead againſt ſo juſt a Bill?
We ſtand convicted, and our Cauſe goes ill.
But if a Wretch, a Man oppreſt by Fate,
Should beg of Nature to prolong his Date,
She ſpeaks aloud to him with more diſdain,
Be ſtill thou Martyr Fool, thou covetous of Pain.
But if an old decrepit Sot lament;
What thou (ſhe crys) who haſt out-liv'd Content!
Doſt thou complain, who haſt enjoy'd my Store?
But this is ſtill th' effect of wiſhing more!
Unſatisfy'd with all that Nature brings;
Loathing the preſent, liking abſent things;
From hence it comes thy vain deſires at ſtrife
Within themſelves, have tantaliz'd thy Life.
And ghaſtly Death appear'd before thy ſight [light.
E'er thou hadſt gorg'd thy Soul and Senſes with de-

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Now leave thoſe Joys, unſuiting to thy Age,
To a freſh Comer, and reſign the Stage.
Is Nature to be blam'd if thus ſhe chide?
No ſure; for 'tis her Buſineſs to provide
Againſt this ever-changing Frame's decay,
New things to come, and old to paſs away.
One Being worn, another Being makes;
Chang'd but not loſt; for Nature gives and takes:
New Matter muſt be found for things to come,
And theſe muſt waſte like thoſe, and follow Natures doom.
All things, like thee, have time to riſe and rot;
And from each others ruin are begot;
For life is not confin'd to him or thee;
'Tis giv'n to all for Uſe; to none for Property.
Conſider former Ages paſt and gone,
Whoſe Circles ended long e'er thine begun,
Then tell me Fool, what part in them thou haſt?
Thus may'ſt thou judge the future by the paſt.
What horrour ſeeſt thou in that quiet State,
What Bugbear Dreams to fright thee after Fate?
No Ghoſt, no Goblins, that ſtill paſſage keep,
But all is there ſecure, in that eternal Sleep.
For all the diſmal Tales that Poets tell,
Are verify'd on Earth, and not in Hell.
No *Tantalus* looks up with fearful Eye, [high:
Or dreads th' impending Rock to cruſh him from on
But fear of Chance on Earth diſturbs our eaſie hours:
Or vain imagin'd Wrath, of vain imagin'd Pow'rs.
No *Tityus* torn by Vultures lies in Hell;
Nor cou'd the Lobes of his ſank Liver ſwell
To that prodigious Maſs, for their eternal Meal.
Nor tho' his monſtrous Bulk had cover'd o'er
Nine ſpreading Acres, or nine thouſand more;
Nor tho' the Globe of Earth had been the Gyants floor.
Nor in eternal Torments could he lye;
Nor could his Corps ſufficient food ſupply,

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But he's the *Tityus*, who by Love oppreſt,
Or Tyrant Paſſion preying on his Breaſt,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of reſt.
The *Siſyphus* is he, whom noiſe and ſtriſe
Seduce from all the ſoft retreats of Life,
To vex the Government, diſturb the Laws,
Drunk with the Fumes of popular applauſe,
He courts the giddy Croud to make him great,
And ſweats and toils in vain, to mount the ſovereign Seat.
For ſtill to aim at pow'r, and ſtill to fail,
Ever to ſtrive, and never to prevail,
What is it, but in Reaſon's true account
To heave the Stone againſt the riſing Mount;
Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
Recoils, and rouls impetuous down, and ſmoaks along the plain.
Then ſtill to treat thy ever craving Mind
With ev'ry Bleſſing, and of ev'ry kind,
Yet never fill thy rav'ning appetite,
Though Years and Seaſons vary thy delight,
Yet nothing to be ſeen of all the ſtore,
But ſtill the Wolf within thee barks for more;
This is the Fable's Moral, which they tell
Of fifty fooliſh Virgins damn'd in Hell
To leaky Veſſels, which the Liquor ſpill;
To Veſſels of their Sex, which none could ever fill.
As for the Dog, the Furies, and their Snakes,
The gloomy Caverns, and the burning Lakes,
And all the vain infernal trumpery,
They neither are, nor were, nor e'er can be.
But here on Earth the guilty have in view
The mighty Pains to mighty Miſchiefs due:
Racks, Priſons, Poiſons, the *Tarpeian* Rock,
Stripes, Hangmen, Pitch, and ſuffocating Smoak,
And laſt, and moſt, if theſe were caſt behind,
Th' avenging horrour of a Conſcious Mind,
Whoſe deadly fear anticipates the blow,
And ſees no end of Puniſhment and Woe:

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But looks for more, at the laſt gaſp of Breath:
This makes an Hell on Earth, and Life a Death.
Mean time, when thoughts of death diſturb thy Head;
Conſider, *Ancus* great and good is dead;
Ancus thy better far, was born to die,
And thou, doſt thou bewail mortality?
So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by Fate.
That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whoſe ſtupendous Bridge did the wild Waves reſtrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain thy threatned wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
Him, Death, a greater Monarch, overcame; [Name.
Nor ſpar'd his Guards the more, for their immortal
The *Roman* Chief, the *Carthaginian* Dread,
Scipio, the Thunder-Bolt of War, is dead,
And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.
The Founders of invented Arts are loſt;
And Wits who made Eternity their boaſt:
Where now is *Homer* who poſſeſt the Throne?
Th' immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.
Democritus perceiving Age invade,
His Body weaken'd, and his Mind decay'd,
Obey'd the Summons with a chearful Face; [Race.
Made haſte to welcome Death, and met him half the
That ſtroke, ev'n *Epicurus* could not bar,
Though he in Wit ſurpaſs'd Mankind, as far
As does the midday Sun, the midnight Star.
And thou, doſt thou diſdain to yield thy Breath,
Whoſe very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy ſleep poſſeſt;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at beſt, [Breaſt.
Day-dreams and ſickly thoughts revolving in thy
Eternal Troubles haunt thy anxious Mind,
Whoſe cauſe and cure thou never hop'ſt to find;
But ſtill uncertain, with thy ſelf at ſtrife,
Thou wander'ſt in the *Labyrinth* of Life.

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O, if the fooliſh Race of Man, who find
A weight of cares ſtill preſſing on their Mind,
Could find as well the cauſe of this unreſt,
And all this burden lodg'd within the Breaſt!
Sure they would change their Courſe; nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wiſh or what to vow.
Uneaſie both in Country and in Town,
They ſearch a Place to lay their Burden down.
One reſtleſs in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load.
But ſtraight returns; for he's as reſtleſs there;
And finds there's no relief in open Air.
Another to his *Villa* would retire,
And ſpurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No ſooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to ſtretch, and yawn, and ſnore;
Or ſeeks the City which he left before.
Thus every Man o'er-works his weary will,
To ſhun himſelf, and to ſhake off his Ill;
The ſhaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him ſtill.
No proſpect of Repoſe, nor hope of Eaſe;
The Wretch is ignorant of his Diſeaſe;
Which known would all his fruitleſs trouble ſpare;
For he would know the World not worth his care:
Then would he ſearch more deeply for the cauſe;
And ſtudy Nature well, and Nature's Laws:
For in this moment lyes not the debate;
But on our future, fix'd, eternal State;
That never-changing State which all muſt keep
Whom Death has doom'd to everlaſting ſleep.
Why are we then ſo fond of mortal Life,
Beſet with dangers and maintain'd with ſtrife.
A Life which all our care can never ſave;
One Fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Beſides, we tread but a perpetual round,
We ne'er ſtrike out; but beat the former ground,
And the ſame Maukiſh Joys in the ſame track are found.

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For ſtill we think an abſent Bleſſing beſt;
Which cloys, and is no Bleſſing when poſſeſt;
A new ariſing With expells it from the Breaſt.
The feav'riſh thirſt of Life increaſes ſtill;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill:
Yet know not what to Morrow we ſhall try,
What dregs of Life in the laſt draught may lie.
Nor, by the longeſt Life we can attain;
One Moment from the length of Death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his eternal Reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thread,
The Man as much to all Intents is dead,
Who dies to Day, and will as long be ſo,
As he who dy'd a thouſand Years ago.

LUCRETIUS:

The Fourth BOOK.

Concerning the Nature of Love.

Tranſlated by Mr. DRYDEN.

Beginning at this Line,

Sic igitur, Veneris qui telis accipit ictum, &c.

THUS therefore, he who feels the fiery Dart
Of ſtrong Deſire transfix his amorous Heart,
Whether ſome beauteous Boy's alluring Face,
Or lovelier Maid with unreſiſted Grace,
From her each part the winged Arrow ſends,
From whence he firſt was ſtruck, he thither tends;
Reſtleſs he roams, impatient to be freed,
And eager to inject the ſprightly Seed.
For fierce Deſire does all his Mind employ,
And ardent Love aſſures approaching Joy.

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Such is the nature of that pleaſing Smart,
Whoſe burning Drops diſtil upon the Heart,
The feaver of the Soul ſhot from the Fair,
And the cold Ague of ſucceeding Care.
If abſent, her Idea ſtill appears;
And her ſweet Name is chiming in your Ears:
But ſtrive thoſe pleaſing Fantoms to remove,
And ſhun th' aerial Images of Love,
That feed the Flame: When one moleſts thy Mind,
Diſcharge thy Loins on all the leaky kind;
For that's a wiſer way, than to reſtrain
Within thy ſwelling Nerves that hoard of Pain.
For every Hour ſome deadlier Symptom ſhows,
And by delay the gath'ring Venom grows,
When kindly Applications are not us'd;
The Viper Love muſt on the Wound be bruis'd:
On that one Object 'tis not ſafe to ſtay,
But force the tide of Thought ſome other way:
The ſquander'd Spirits prodigally throw,
And in the common Glebe of Nature ſow.
Nor wants he all the Bliſs, that Lovers feign,
Who takes the Pleaſure, and avoids the Pain;
For purer Joys in purer Health abound,
And leſs affect the ſickly than the ſound.
When Love its utmoſt Vigour does imploy,
Ev'n then, 'tis but a reſtleſs wandring Joy:
Nor knows the Lover, in that wild exceſs,
With Hands or Eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs:
But ſtrains at all; and faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantick Pains:
With biting Kiſſes hurts the twining Fair,
Which ſhews his Joys imperfect, unſincere:
For ſtung with inward Rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the Smart on that which gave the Wound.
But Love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And mingling Pleaſure mollifies the Pain.
For ardent Hope ſtill flatters anxious Grief,
And ſends him to his Foe to ſeek Relief;

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Which yet the nature of the thing denies;
For Love, and Love alone of all our Joys
By full Poſſeſſion does but fan the Fire,
The more we ſtill enjoy, the more we ſtill deſire.
Nature for Meat and Drink provides a ſpace;
And when receiv'd they fill their certain place;
Hence Thirſt and Hunger may be ſatisfy'd,
But this Repletion is to Love deny'd:
Form, Feature, Colour, whatſoe'er Delight
Provokes the Lover's endleſs Appetite,
Theſe fill no Space, nor can we thence remove
With Lips, or Hands, or all our Inſtruments of Love.
In our deluded Graſp we nothing find,
But thin aerial Shapes, that fleet before the Mind.
As he who in a Dream with drought is curſt,
And finds no real Drink to quench his thirſt;
Runs to imagin'd Lakes his heat to ſteep,
And vainly ſwills and labours in his ſleep;
So Love with Fantoms cheats our longing Eyes,
Which hourly ſeeing never ſatisfies:
Our Hands pull nothing from the Parts they ſtrain,
But wander o'er the lovely Limbs in vain:
Nor when the youthful Pair more cloſely join,
When Hands in Hands they lock, and Thighs in Thighs
Juſt in the raging foam of full Deſire, [they twine,
When both preſs on, both murmur, both expire,
They gripe, they ſqueeze, their humid Tongues they dart,
As each wou'd force their way to t' others Heart:
In vain; they only cruize about the Coaſt,
For Bodies cannot pierce, nor be in Bodies loſt:
As ſure they ſtrive to be, when both engage,
In that tumultuous momentary Rage,
So 'tangled in the Nets of Love they lie,
'Till Man diſſolves in that exceſs of Joy.
Then, when the gather'd Bag has burſt its way,
And ebbing Tides the ſlacken'd Nerves betray,
A Pauſe enſues; and Nature nods a while,
'Till with recruited Rage new Spirits boil;

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And then the ſame vain Violence returns,
With Flames renew'd th' erected Furnace burns.
Again they in each other wou'd be loſt,
But ſtill by adamantine Bars are croſt;
All ways they try, ſucceſsleſs all they prove,
To cure the ſecret Sore of lingring Love.
Beſides----
They waſte their Strength in the veneneal Strife,
And to a Woman's Will enſlave their Life;
Th' Eſtate runs out, and Mortgages are made,
All Offices of friendſhip are decay'd;
Their Fortune ruin'd, and their Fame betray'd.
Aſſyrian Ointment from their Temples flows,
And Diamond Buckles ſparkle in their Shooes.
The chearful Emerald twinkles on their Hands,
With all the Luxury of foreign Lands:
And the blue Coat that with Imbroid'ry ſhines,
Is drunk with Sweat of their o'er-labour'd Loins.
Their frugal Father's Gains they miſ-employ,
And turn to Point, and Pearl, and ev'ry Female Toy.
French Faſhions, coſtly Treats are their Delight;
The Park by Day, and Plays and Balls by Night.
In vain:----
For in the Fountain where their Sweets are ſought,
Some Bitter bubbles up, and poiſons all the Draught.
Firſt guilty Conſcience does the Mirror bring,
Then ſharp Remorſe ſhoots out her angry Sting,
And anxious Thoughts within themſelves at ſtrife,
Upbraid the long miſpent, luxurious Life.
Perhaps the fickle Fair one proves unkind,
Or drops a doubtful Word, that pains his Mind;
And leaves a rankling Jealouſie behind.
Perhaps he watches cloſe her amorous Eyes,
And in the act of ogling does ſurpriſe;
And thinks he ſees upon her Cheeks the while,
The dimpled Tracks of ſome foregoing Smile;
His raging Pulſe beats thick, and his pent Spirits boyl.

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This is the product ev'n of proſp'rous Love,
Think then what pangs diſaſtrous Paſſions prove!
Innumerable Ills; Diſdain, Deſpair,
With all the meager Family of Care:
Thus, as I ſaid, 'tis better to prevent,
Than flatter the Diſeaſe, and late repent:
Becauſe to ſhun th' allurement is not hard,
To minds reſolv'd, forewarn'd, and well prepar'd:
But wond'rous difficult, when once beſet,
To ſtruggle thro' the ſtreights, and break th' involving Net.
Yet thus inſnar'd thy freedom thou may'ſt gain,
If, like a Fool, thou doſt not hug thy Chain;
If not to ruin obſtinately blind,
And willfully endeavouring not to find
Her plain defects of Body and of Mind.
For thus the *Bedlam* train of Lovers uſe,
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuſe.
And therefore 'tis no wonder if we ſee
They doat on Dowdyes, and Deformity:
Ev'n what they cannot praiſe, they will not blame,
But veil with ſome extenuating Name:
The Sallow Skin is for the Swarthy put,
And love can make a Slattern of a Slut:
If Cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their Love,
If freckled, ſhe's a party-colour'd Dove.
If little, then ſhe's Life and Soul all o'er:
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed Whore.
She ſtammers, oh what grace in liſping lyes,
If ſhe ſays nothing, to be ſure ſhe's wiſe.
If ſhrill, and with a Voice to drown a Quire,
Sharp-witted ſhe muſt be, and full of fire.
The lean, conſumptive Wench with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and ſlender Maid.
Th' o'er-grown, a goodly *Ceres* is expreſt,
A Bed-fellow for *Bacchus* at the leaſt.
Flat Noſe the name of Satyr never miſſes,
And hanging blobber Lips, but pout for kiſſes.

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The task were endleſs all the reſt to trace:
Yet grant ſhe were a *Venus* for her Face,
And Shape, yet others equal Beauty ſhare;
And time was, you could live without the fair:
She does no more, in that for which you woo,
Than homelier Women full as well can do.
Beſides ſhe daubs, and ſtinks ſo much of paint,
Her own Attendants cannot bear the ſcent,
But laugh behind, and bite their Lips to hold;
Mean time excluded, and expos'd to cold,
The whining Lover ſtands before the Gates,
And there with humble adoration waits:
Crowning with flow'rs the threſhold and the floor,
And printing kiſſes on th' obdurate Door:
Who, if admitted in that nick of time,
If ſome unſav'ry Whiff betray the crime,
Invents a quarrel ſtraight, if there be none,
Or makes ſome faint Excuſes to be gone:
And calls himſelf a doating Fool to ſerve,
Aſcribing more than Woman can deſerve.
Which well they underſtand like cunning Queans;
And hide their naſtineſs behind the Scenes,
From him they have allur'd, and would retain;
But to a peircing Eye, 'tis all in vain:
For common Senſe brings all their Cheats to view,
And the falſe light diſcovers by the true:
Which a wiſe Harlot owns, and hopes to find
A pardon for defects, that run thro' all the kind.
Nor always do they feign the ſweets of Love,
When round the panting Youth their pliant Limbs they move;
And cling, and heave, and moiſten ev'ry kiſs,
They often ſhare, and more than ſhare the bliſs:
From every part, ev'n to their inmoſt Soul,
They feel the trickling Joys, and run with vigour to the Goal.
Stirr'd with the ſame impetuous deſire
Birds, Beaſts, and Herds, and Mares, their Males re-quire:

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Becauſe the throbbing Nature in their Veins
Provokes them to aſſwage their kindly Pains:
The luſty leap th' expecting Female ſtands,
By mutual Heat compell'd to mutual Bands.
Thus Dogs with lolling Tongues by love are ty'd;
Nor ſhouting Boys, nor blows their Union can divide:
At either end they ſtrive the link to looſe;
In vain, for ſtronger *Venus* holds the nooſe.
Which never would thoſe wretched Lovers do,
But that the common Heats of Love they know;
The pleaſure therefore muſt be ſhar'd in common too.
And when the Woman's more prevailing juice
Sucks in the Man's, the mixture will produce
The Mother's likeneſs; when the Man prevails,
His own reſemblance in the Seed he ſeals.
But when we ſee the new begotten Race
Reflect the Features of each Parent's Face,
Then of the Father's and the Mother's Blood,
The juſtly temper'd Seed is underſtood:
When both conſpire, with equal ardour bent,
From every Limb the due proportion ſent,
When neither party foils, when neither foil'd,
This gives the blended Features of the Child.
Sometimes the Boy, the Grandſire's image bears;
Sometimes the more remote Progenitor he ſhares;
Becauſe the genial Atomes of the Seed
Lie long conceal'd e'er they exert the breed:
And after ſundry Ages paſt, produce
The tardy likeneſs of the latent juice.
Hence Families ſuch different Figures take,
And repreſent their Anceſtors in Face, and Hair, and Make.
Becauſe of the ſame Seed, the Voice, and Hair,
And ſhape, and face, and other members are;
And the ſame antick Mould the likeneſs does prepare.
Thus oft the Father's likeneſs does prevail
In Females, and the Mother's in the Male,

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For ſince the Seed is of a double kind,
From that where we the moſt reſemblance find,
We may conclude the ſtrongeſt Tincture ſent,
And that was in conception prevalent.
Nor can the vain decrees of Pow'rs above
Deny production to the act of Love,
Or hinder Fathers of that happy Name,
Or with a barren Womb the Matron ſhame;
As many think, who ſtain with Victims Blood
The mournful Altars, and with Incenſe load:
To bleſs the ſhow'ry Seed with future Life,
And to impregnate the well-labour'd Wife.
In vain they weary Heav'n with Prayer, or fly
To Oracles, or Magick Numbers try:
For Barrenneſs of Sexes will proceed,
Either from too Condens'd, or watry Seed;
The watry Juice too ſoon diſſolves away,
And in the parts projected will not ſtay;
The too Condens'd, unſoul'd, unwieldly Maſs
Drops ſhort, not carries to the deſtin'd place:
Nor pierces to the parts, nor, though injected home,
Will mingle with the kindly moiſture of the Womb.
For Nuptials are unlike in their Succeſs,
Some Men, with fruitful Seed ſome Women bleſs;
And from ſome Men ſome Women fruitful are,
Juſt as their Conſtitutions join or jar:
And many, ſeeming barren Wives have been,
Who, after match'd with more prolifick Men,
Have fill'd a Family with pratling Boys:
And many not ſupply'd at home with joys,
Have found a Friend abroad, to eaſe their ſmart,
And to perform the Sapleſs Husband's part.
So much it does import, that Seed with Seed
Should of the kindly mixture make the Breed:
And thick with thin, and thin with thick ſhould join,
So to produce and propagate the Line.
Of ſuch concernment too is Drink and Food,
T' incraſſate, or attenuate the Blood.

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Of like importance is the Posture too,
In which the genial feat of Love we do:
For as the Females of the four-foot kind,
Receive the leapings of their Males behind;
So the good Wives, with Loins uplifted high,
And leaning on their Hands the fruitful stroke may try:
For in that posture will they best conceive:
Not when supinely laid they frisk and heave;
For active Motions only break the blow,
And more of Strumpets than of Wives they show;
When answering stroke with stroke, the mingled Liquors flow.
Endearments eager, and too brisk a bound,
Throws off the Plow-share from the furrow'd ground.
But common Harlots in Conjunction heave,
Because 'tis less their Business to conceive
Than to delight, and to provoke the deed;
A trick which honest Wives but little need.
Nor is it from the Gods, or *Cupid*'s dart,
That many a homely Woman takes the Heart;
But Wives well humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
And clean, will hold their wandring Husbands fast,
Such are the Links of Love, and such a Love will last.
For what remains, long habitude, and use,
Will kindness in domestick Bands produce:
For Custom will a strong Impression leave;
Hard Bodies, which the lightest stroke receive,
In length of time, will moulder and decay,
And stones with drops of Rain are wash'd away.

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From LUCRETIUS *Book* V.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Tum porrò puer, &c.

THUS like a Sailor by the Tempeſt hurl'd
A-ſhore, the Babe is ſhipwrack'd on the World:
Naked he lies, and ready to expire;
Helpleſs of all that human Wants require:
Expos'd upon unhoſpitable Earth,
From the firſt moment of his hapleſs Birth.
Straight with foreboding Cries he fills the Room;
(Too true preſages of his future Doom.)
But Flocks and Herds, and every ſavage Beaſt
By more indulgent Nature are increas'd.
They want no Rattles for their froward mood,
Nor Nurſe to reconcile them to their Food,
With broken words; nor Winter blaſts they fear,
Nor change their Habits with the changing Year:
Nor, for their Safety, Citadels prepare;
Nor forge the wicked Inſtruments of War:
Unlabour'd Earth her bounteous Treaſure grants,
And Nature's laviſh Hand ſupplies their common Wants.

DAPHNIS.

From *Theocritus Idyll.* 27.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

DAPHNIS.

THE Shepherd *Paris* bore the *Spartan* Bride
By force away, and then by force enjoy'd;
But I by free conſent can boaſt a Bliſs,
A fairer *Helen*, and a ſweeter kiſs.

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Chloris. Kiſſes are empty Joys, and ſoon are o'er.
Daph. A Kiſs betwixt the Lips is ſomething more.
Chlo. I wipe my Mouth, and where's your kiſſing then?
Daph. I ſwear you wipe it to be kiſs'd agen.
Chlo. Go tend your Herd, and kiſs your Cows at home;
I am a Maid, and in my Beauty's bloom.
Daph. 'Tis well remember'd, do not waſte your time;
But wiſely uſe it e'er you paſs your prime.
Chlo. Blown Roſes hold their Sweetneſs to the laſt,
And Raiſins keep their luſcious native taſte.
Daph. The Sun's too hot; thoſe Olive ſhades are near;
I fain wou'd whiſper ſomething in your Ear.
Chlo. 'Tis honeſt talking where we may be ſeen,
God knows what ſecret Miſchief you may mean;
I doubt you'll play the Wag, and kiſs again.
Daph. At leaſt beneath yon' Elm you need not fear;
My Pipe's in tune, if you're diſpos'd to hear.
Chlo. Play by your ſelf, I dare not venture thither:
You, and your naughty Pipe go hang together.
Daph. Coy Nymph beware, leſt *Venus* you offend;
Chlo. I ſhall have chaſte *Diana* ſtill to Friend.
Daph. You have a Soul, and *Cupid* has a Dart;
Chlo. Diana will defend, or heal my Heart.
Nay, fie, what mean you in this open place?
Unhand me, or, I ſwear, I'll ſcratch your Face.
Let go for ſhame; you make me mad for ſpight;
My Mouth's my own; and if you kiſs, I'll bite.
Daph. Away with your diſſembling Female Tricks:
What, wou'd you 'ſcape the Fate of all your Sex?
Chlo. I ſwear I'll keep my Maidenhead 'till death down;
And die as pure as Queen *Elizabeth.*
Daph. Nay mum for that; but let me lay thee
Better with me, than with ſome nauſeous Clown.
Chlo. I'd have you know, if I were ſo inclin'd,
I have been woo'd by many a wealthy Hind;
But never found a Husband to my Mind.
Daph. But they are abſent all; and I am here;
Chlo. The matrimonial Yoke is hard to bear;
And Marriage is a woful word to hear.

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Daph. A Scare-crow, ſet to frighten Fools away;
Marriage has Joys; and you ſhall have a ſay.
Chlo. Sour Sawce is often mix'd with our Delight,
You kick by Day more than you kiſs by Night.
Daph. Sham Stories all; but ſay the worſt you can,
A very Wife fears neither God nor Man.
Chlo. But Child-birth is, they ſay, a deadly pain;
It coſts at leaſt a Month to knit again.
Daph. Diana cures the Wounds *Lucina* made;
Your Goddeſs is a Midwife by her Trade.
Chlo. But I ſhall ſpoil my Beauty if I bear.
Daph. But Mam and Dad are pretty names to hear.
Chlo. But there's a civil Queſtion us'd of late;
Where lies my Jointure, where your own Eſtate?
Daph. My Flocks, my Fields, my Wood, my Paſtures
With Settlement as good as Law can make. [take,
Chlo. Swear then you will not leave me on the common,
But marry me, and make an honeſt Woman.
Daph. I ſwear by *Pan* (tho' he wears Horns you'll
Cudgell'd and kick'd, I'll not be forc'd away. [ſay)
Chlo. I bargain for a wedding Bed at leaſt,
A Houſe, and handſome Lodging for a Gueſt.
Daph. A Houſe well furniſh'd ſhall be thine to keep;
And for a Flock-bed I can ſheer my Sheep.
Chlo. What Tale ſhall I to my old Father tell?
Daph. 'Twill make him Chuckle thou'rt beſtow'd ſo well.
Chlo. But after all, in Troth I am to blame
To be ſo loving, e'er I know your Name.
A pleaſant ſounding Name's a pretty thing:
Daph. Faith, mine's a very pretty Name to ſing;
They call me *Daphnis: Lycidas* my Sire,
Both found as well as Woman can deſire.
Nomæa bore me; Farmers in degree,
He a good Husband, a good Houſwife ſhe.
Chlo. Your Kindred is not much amiſs, 'tis true,
Yet I am ſomewhat better born than you.

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Daph. I know your Father, and his Family;
And without boasting am as good as he,
Menelaus; and no Master goes before.
Chlo. Hang both our Pedigrees; not one word more;
But if you love me, let me see your Living,
Your House and Home; for seeing is believing.
Daph. See first yon *Cypress* Grove, (a shade from Noon;) [soon.
Chlo. Browze on my Goats; for I'll be with you
Daph. Feed well my Bulls, to whet your Appetite;
That each may take a lusty Leap at Night.
Chlo. What do you mean (uncivil as you are,)
To touch my Breasts, and leave my Bosom bare?
Daph. These pretty Bubbies first I make my own.
Chlo. Pull out your Hand, I swear, or I shall swoon.
Daph. Why does thy ebbing Blood forsake thy Face?
Chlo. Throw me at least upon a cleaner place:
My Linnen ruffled, and my Wastcoat soiling, [ing?
What do you think new Cloaths were made for spoil-
Daph. I'll lay my Lambskins underneath thy Back:
Chlo. My Head-Geer's off; what filthy work you
Daph. To *Venus* first, I lay these Off'rings by; [make!
Chlo. Nay first look round, that no body be nigh:
Methinks I hear a whisp'ring in the Grove.
Daph. The *Cypress* Trees are telling Tales of Love.
Chlo. You tear off all behind me, and before me;
And I'm as naked as my Mother bore me.
Daph. I'll buy thee better Cloaths than these I tear,
And lie so close, I'll cover thee from Air.
Chlo. Y' are liberal now; but when your turn is sped,
You'll wish me choak'd with every Crust of Bread.
Daph. I'll give thee more, much more than I have
Wou'd I cou'd coin my very Heart to Gold. [told;
Chlo. Forgive thy Handmaid (Huntress of the
I see there's no resisting Flesh and Blood! [Wood,)
Daph. The noble Deed is done; my Herds I'll dull;
Cupid, be thine a Calf; and *Venus*, thine a Bull.
Chlo. A Maid I came, in an unlucky Hour,
But hence return, without my Virgin flow'r.

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Daph. A Maid is but a barren Name at beſt;
If thou canſt hold, I bid for Twins at leaſt.

Thus did this happy Pair their love diſpence
With mutual Joys, and gratify'd their Senſe;
The God of Love was there a bidden Gueſt;
And preſent at his own myſterious Feaſt.
His azure Mantle underneath he ſpread,
And ſcatter'd Roſes on the Nuptial Bed;
While folded in each others Arms they lay,
He blew the Flames, and furniſh'd out the play,
And from their Foreheads wip'd the balmy Swear away.
Firſt roſe the Maid, and with a glowing Face,
Her down-caſt Eyes beheld her print upon the Graſs;
Thence to her Herd ſhe ſped her ſelf in haſte:
The Bridegroom ſtarted from his Trance at laſt,
And piping homeward jocoundly he paſt.

HORACE Lib. 1. Ode 9.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

BEhold yon' Mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new Mounts of Snow;
Again behold the Winter's weight
Oppreſs the lab'ring Woods below:
And Streams with icy Fetters bound,
Benumb'd and crampt to ſolid Ground.

II.

With well-heap'd Logs diſſolve the cold,
And feed the genial Hearth with Fires;
Produce the Wine, that makes us bold,
And ſprightly Wit and Love inſpires:
For what hereafter ſhall betide,
God, if 'tis worth his Care, provide,

Let

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III.

Let him alone, with what he made,
To toſs and turn the World below;
At his Command the Storms invade;
The Winds by his Commiſſion blow;
'Till with a Nod he bids 'em ceaſe,
And then the Calm returns, and all is peace.

IV.

To Morrow and her Works defie,
Lay hold upon the preſent Hour,
And ſnatch the pleaſures paſſing by,
To put them out of Fortune's pow'r:
Nor Love, nor Love's delights diſdain,
Whate'er thou get'ſt to Day, is Gain.

V.

Secure thoſe golden early Joys,
That Youth unſour'd with Sorrow bears,
E'er with'ring Time the taſte deſtroys,
With Sickneſs and unwieldy Years!
For active Sports, for pleaſing Reſt,
This is the time to be poſſeſt;
The beſt is but in Seaſon beſt.

VI.

The pointed Hour of promis'd Bliſs,
The pleaſing Whiſper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing Kiſs,
The Laugh that guides thee to the Mark,
When the kind Nymph wou'd Coyneſs feign,
And hides but to be found again,
Theſe, theſe are Joys the Gods for Youth ordain.

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Horat. Ode 29. Book 3. *Paraphras'd in* Pindarique *Verse; and inscrib'd to the Right Honourable* Lawrence *Earl of* Rochester.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

DEscended of an ancient Line,
That long the *Tuscan* Scepter sway'd,
Make haste to meet the generous Wine,
Whose piercing is for thee delay'd:
The rosie Wreath is ready made;
And artful hands prepare
The fragrant *Syrian* Oil, that shall perfume thy Hair.

II.

When the Wine sparkles from afar,
And the well-natur'd Friend cries, come away;
Make haste, and leave thy Business and thy Care,
No mortal int'rest can be worth thy stay.

III.

Leave for a while thy costly Country Seat;
And, to be great indeed, forget
The nauseous Pleasures of the Great:
Make haste and come:
Come and forsake thy cloying store;
Thy Turret that surveys, from high,
The smoke, and wealth, and noise of *Rome*;
And all the busie pageantry
That wise Men scorn, and Fools adore:
Come, give thy Soul a loose, and taste the Pleasures of [the Poor.

IV.

Sometimes 'tis grateful to the Rich, to try
A short vicissitude, and fit of Poverty:
A savoury Dish, a homely Treat,
Where all is plain, where all is neat.

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Without the ſtately ſpacious Room,
The *Perſian* Carpet, or the *Tyrian* Loom,
Clear up the cloudy Foreheads of the Great.

V.

The Sun is in the Lion mounted high;
The *Syrian* Star
Barks from afar;
And with his ſultry Breath infects the Sky; [fry.
The Ground below is parch'd, the Heav'ns above us
The Shepherd drives his fainting Flock,
Beneath the covert of a Rock;
And ſeeks refreſhing Rivulets nigh:
The *Sylvans* to their Shades retire,
Thoſe very Shades and Streams, new Shades and
Streams require; [ing fire.
And want a cooling breeze of Wind to fan the rage-

VI.

Thou, what befits the new Lord Mayor,
And what the City Faction dare,
And what the *Gallick* Arms will do,
And what the Quiver-bearing Foe,
Art anxiouſly inquiſitive to know:
But God has, wiſely, hid from human Sight
The dark Decrees of future Fate;
And ſown their Seeds in depth of Night;
He laughs at all the giddy turns of State;
When Mortals ſearch too ſoon, and fear too late.

VII.

Enjoy the preſent ſmiling Hour;
And put it out of Fortune's Pow'r:
The tide of buſineſs, like the running Stream,
Is ſometimes high, and ſometimes low,
A quiet Ebb, or a tempeſtuous Flow,
And always in extream.
Now with a noiſeleſs gentle Courſe
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the Head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:

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And Trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both House and Homested into Seas are born,
And Rocks are from their old Foundations torn,
And Woods made thin with Winds, their scatter'd [Honours mourn.

VIII.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to Day his own:
He who, secure within, can say
To Morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to Day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The Joys I have possest, in spight of Fate are mine.
Not Heav'n it self upon the past has Pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my Hour.

IX.

Fortune, that with malicious Joy,
Does Man her Slave oppress,
Proud of her Office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless.
Still various and unconstant still;
But with an Inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in Strife,
And makes a Lottery of Life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the Wind,
And shakes her Wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with Poverty, my Soul I arm;
And Virtue, tho' in Rags, will keep me warm.

X.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
If the Mast split and threaten Wreck,
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten Gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,

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While the debating Winds and Billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me ſecure from Fortune's Blows,
(Secure of what I cannot loſe.)
In my ſmall Pinnace I can ſail,
Contemning all the bluſtring roar;
And running with a merry Gale,
With friendly Stars my ſafety ſeek
Within ſome little winding Creek;
And ſee the Storm a-ſhore.

From HORACE, *Epod.* 2.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW happy in his low Degree,
How rich in humble Poverty, is he,
Who leads a quiet Country Life!
Diſcharg'd of Buſineſs, void of Strife,
And from the griping Scrivener free.
(Thus e'er the Seeds of Vice were ſown,
Liv'd Men in better Ages born,
Who plow'd with Oxen of their own
Their ſmall paternal Field of Corn.)
Nor Trumpets ſummon him to War
Nor Drums diſturb his Morning Sleep,
Nor knows he Merchants gainful Care,
Nor fears the Dangers of the Deep.
The clamours of contentious Law,
And Court and State he wiſely ſhuns,
Nor brib'd with Hopes nor dar'd with Awe
To ſervile Salutations runs:
But either to the cluſping Vine
Does the ſupporting Poplar wed,
Or with his pruning Hook diſjoin
Unbearing Branches from their Head,
And grafts more happy in their ſtead:

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Or climbing to a hilly Steep
He views his Herds in Vales afar,
Or ſheers his overburden'd Sheep,
Or Mead for cooling drink prepares,
Of Virgin Honey in the Jars.
Or in the now declining Year,
When bounteous *Autumn* rears his Head,
He joys to pull the ripen'd Pear,
And cluſtring Grapes with Purple ſpread.
The faireſt of his Fruit he ſerves,
Priapus thy rewards:
Sylvanus too his part deſerves,
Whoſe care the fences guards.
Sometimes beneath an ancient Oak,
Or on the matted Graſs he lyes;
No God of Sleep he need invoke,
The ſtream that o'er the pebbles flies
With gentle Slumber crowns his Eyes.
The Wind that whiſtles through the Sprays
Maintains the conſort of the Song;
And hidden Birds with native lays
The golden ſleep prolong.
But when the blaſt of Winter blows,
And hoary froſt inverts the Year,
Into the naked Woods he goes
And ſeeks the tusky Boar to rear,
With well-mouth'd Hounds and pointed Spear.
Or ſpreads his ſubtile Nets from ſight
With twinkling Glaſſes, to betray
The Larks that in the Meſhes light,
Or makes the fearful Hare his prey.
Amidſt his harmleſs eaſie joys
No anxious Care invades his Health,
Nor Love his peace of Mind deſtroys,
Nor wicked avariee of Wealth.
But if a chaſt and pleaſing Wife,
To eaſe the buſineſs of his Life,
Divides with him his houſhold care,
Such as the *Sabine* Matrons were,

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Such as the swift *Apulian*'s Bride,
Sunburnt and Swarthy tho' she be,
Will fire for Winter Nights provide,
And without noise will oversee,
His Children and his Family;
And order all things till he come,
Sweaty and overlabour'd, home;
If she in Pens his Flocks will fold,
And then produce her Dairy-store,
With Wine to drive away the cold,
And unbought dainties of the poor;
Not Oysters of the *Lucrine* Lake
My sober appetite would wish,
Nor *Turbet*, or the Foreign Fish
That rowling Tempests overtake,
And hither waft the costly Dish.
Not *Heathpout*, or the rarer Bird,
Which *Phasis*, or *Ionia* yields,
More pleasing Morsels would afford
Than the fat Olives of my Fields;
Than Shards or Mallows for the Pot,
That keep the loosen'd Body sound,
Or than the Lamb that falls by Lot,
To the just Guardian of my Ground.
Amidst these Feasts of happy Swains,
The jolly Shepherd smiles to see
His flock returning from the Plains;
The Farmer is as pleas'd as he
To view his Oxen, sweating smoak
Bear on their Necks the loosen'd Yoke
To look upon his menial Crew,
That sit around his chearful Hearth,
And bodies spent in toil renew
With wholesome Food and Country Mirth.
This *Morecraft* said within himself;
Resolv'd to leave the wicked Town,
And live retir'd upon his own;
He call'd his Many in:

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But the prevailing Love of Pelf,
Soon ſplit him on the former Shelf,
And put it out again.

BAJAZET *to* GLORIANA, 1684.

FAir Royal Maid, permit a Youth undone,
To tell you how he drew his Ruin on;
By what Degrees he took that Paſſion in,
That made him guilty of *Promethean* Sin,
Who from the Gods durſt ſteal Celeſtial Fire;
And, tho' with leſs ſucceſs, I did as high aſpire.
Ah! why (you Gods) was ſhe of mortal Race,
And why 'twixt her and me was there ſo vaſt a ſpace?
Why was ſhe not above my Paſſion made?
Some Star in Heaven, or Goddeſs of the Shade?
And yet my haughty Soul could ne'er have bow'd
To any Beauty of the common Crowd:
None but the Brow that did expect a Crown
Could charm or awe me with a Smile or Frown.
I liv'd the Envy of th' *Arcadian* Plains,
Sought by the Nymphs, and bow'd to by the Swains.
Where-e'er I paſs'd, I ſwept the Street along,
And gather'd round me all the gazing Throng.
In num'rous Flocks and Herds I did abound;
And when I vainly ſpread my Wiſhes round,
They wanted nothing but my being Crown'd;
Yet witneſs all you ſpightful Pow'rs above,
If my Ambition did not ſpring from Love:
Had you, bright *Gloriana*, been leſs fair,
Leſs excellent, leſs charming than you are,
I had my honeſt Loyalty retain'd,
My noble Blood unstained had remain'd;
Witneſs you Graces, and you ſacred Bowers,
You ſhaded Rivers, Banks, and Beds of Flowers,
Where the expecting Nymphs have paſt their hours;

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Witneſs how oft (all careleſs of their Fame)
They languiſh'd for the Author of their Flame:
And when I came reproach'd, my old Reſerve
Ask'd for what Nymph I did my Joys preſerve
What ſighing Maid was next to be undone,
For whom I dreſt and put my Graces on?
And never thought (tho' I feign'd ev'ry proof
Of tender Paſſion) that I lov'd enough.
While I with Love's Variety was cloy'd,
Or the faint Pleaſure like a Dream enjoy'd;
'Twas *Gloriana*'s Eyes my Soul alone
With everlaſting Guſt could feed upon:
From her firſt Bloom my Fate I did purſue,
And from the tender fragrant Bud I knew
The charming Sweet it promis'd when it blew.
They gave me hope, and 'twas in vain I try'd
The Beauty from the Princeſs to divide:
For he at once muſt feel, whom you inſpire,
A ſoft Ambition, and a haughty Fire,
And Hopes, the natural Aid of young Deſire.

My unconſidering Paſſion had not yet
Thought your Illuſtrious Birth for mine too great:
'Twas Love that I purſu'd, that God that leads
Sometimes the equal'd Slave to Princes Beds.
But O, I had forgot that Flame muſt reſt
In your bright Soul that makes th' Adorer bleſt;
Your ſacred Fire alone muſt you ſubdue,
'Tis that, not mine, can raiſe me up to you;
Yet if by chance m' Ambition met a ſtop
With any Thought that check'd m' advancing Hope:
This new one ſtraight would all the reſt confound,
How every Coxcomb aim'd at being Crown'd;
The vain young Fool with all his Mother's Parts,
Who wanted Senſe enough for little Arts;
Whoſe Compoſition was like *Chedar*-Cheeſe,
(In whoſe Production all the Town agrees)
To whom from Prince to Prieſt was added Stuff,
From Great King *Charles* e'en down to Father *Goff*;

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Yet he with vain Pretenſions lays a Claim
To th' glorious Title of a Sovereign;
And when for Gods ſuch wretched things ſet up,
Was it ſo great a Crime for me to hope?
No Laws of God or Man my Vows reprove,
There is no Treaſon in ambitious Love;
That ſacred Antidote i'th' poiſon'd Cup,
Quells the Contagion of each little Drop.
I bring no Forces but my Sighs and Tears,
My Languiſhments, my ſoft Complaints and Pray'rs.
Artillery which was never ſent in vain,
Nor fails, where-e'er it lights, to wound or pain.
Here only, here rebated they return,
Meeting the ſolid Armour of your Scorn;
Scorn! by the Gods, I any thing could bear,
The rough Fatigues and Storms of dangerous War;
Long Winter Marches, or the Summer's Heat,
Nay e'en in Battel from the Foe defeat;
Scars on this Face, Scars, whoſe dull Recompence
Would ne'er atone for what they rob from thence;
Scandal of Coward, nay, half-witted too,
Or ſiding with the pardon'd Rebel Crew;
Or ought but Scorn: And yet you muſt frown on,
Your Slave was deſtin'd thus to be undone;
You the avenging Deity appear,
And I a Victim fall to all the injur'd Fair.

On CONTENT.

I.

BLeſt he that with a mighty Hand,
Does bravely his own Fate command;
Whom threatning Ills, and flattering Pleaſures find,
Safe in the Empire of a conſtant Mind:
Who from the peaceful Beach deſcries,
Repining Man in the World's Ocean toſt,

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And with a chearful Smile defies,
The Storm in which the diſcontented's loſt.

II.

Content, thou beſt of Friends, for thou
In our Neceſſities art ſo,
Mid'ſt all our Ill, a Bleſſing ſtill in ſtore,
Joy to the Rich, and Riches to the Poor.
Thou Chymick good, that can'ſt alone,
From Fate's moſt poiſonous Drugs, rich Cordial raiſe:
Thou trueſt Philoſophick Stone,
That turn'ſt Life's melancholy Droſs to golden days.

III.

Content, the good, the golden Mean,
The ſafe Eſtate that ſits between
The ſordid Poor, and miſerable Great,
The humble Tenant of a rural Seat.
In vain we Wealth and Treaſure heap;
He 'mid'ſt his thouſand Kingdoms ſtill is poor,
That for another Crown does weep;
'Tis only he is Rich, that wiſhes for no more.

IV.

Hence Titles, Manors and Eſtate,
Content alone can make us great;
Content is Riches, Honour, all beſides:
While the *French* Hero with inſatiate Pride,
A ſingle Empire does diſdain;
While, ſtill he's great, and ſtill would greater be,
On the leaſt ſpot of Earth I Reign,
A happier Man, and mightier Monarch far than he.

V.

I beg good Heaven, with juſt Deſires,
What Need, not Luxury, requires;
Give me with ſparing Hands, but moderate Wealth,
A little Honour and enough of Health;
Life from the buſie City free,
Near ſhady Groves, and purling Streams confin'd;
A faithful Friend, a pleaſing She,
And give me all in one, give a contented Mind.

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VI.

Tell me no more of glorious Things,
Of Crowns, of Palaces and Kings;
The glittering Folly, nobly I contemn,
And scorn the troubles of a Diadem.
Thus *Horace*, for his *Sabine* Seat,
Did mighty *Cæsar*'s shining Court refuse;
And, in himself, compleatly great,
Contentedly enjoy'd a Mistress and a Muse.

The CHRONICLE.

A BALLAD.

By Mr. COWLEY.

I.

Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my Breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton Maid
With my restless Heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying Ball.

II.

Martha soon did it resign
To the Beauteous *Katharine*.
Beauteous *Katharine* gave place,
(Though loth and angry she, to part
With the Possession of my Heart)
To *Eliza*'s Conqu'ring Face.

III.

Eliza 'till this Hour might reign,
Had she not *Evil Counsels* ta'en.
Fundamental Laws she broke,
And still new *Favourites* she chose,
'Till up in *Arms* my *Passions* rose,
And cast away her Yoke.

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IV.

Mary then and gentle *Ann*
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes *Mary* was the *Fair*,
And sometimes *Ann* the *Crown* did wear,
And sometimes *Both* I obey'd.

V.

Another *Mary* then arose,
And did rigorous Laws impose,
A mighty *Tyrant* she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that *Iron-sceptr'd Queen*,
Had not *Rebecca* set me free.

VI.

When Fair *Rebecca* set me free,
'Twas then a *Golden Time* with me:
But soon those Pleasures fled;
For the gracious Princess dy'd
In her Youth and Beauty's Pride,
And *Judith* reigned in her stead.

VII.

One Month, Three Days and Half an Hour
Judith held the *Sov'reign Pow'r*.
Wondrous beautiful her Face,
But so weak and small her Wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so *Susannah* took her Place.

VIII.

But when *Isabella* came
Arm'd with a resistless Flame,
And th' Artillery of her Eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater Conquests to find out,
She beat out *Susan* by the Bye.

IX.

But in her place I then Obey'd
Black-ey'd *Bess* her *Vice-Roy Maid*,

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To whom enſu'd a *Vacancy*.
Thouſand worſe *Paſſions* then poſſeſt
The *Inter-regnum* of my Breaſt.
Bleſs me from ſuch an *Anarchy*!

X.

Gentle *Henrietta* then
And a third *Mary* next began,
Then *Joan*, and *Jane*, and *Andrea*.
And then a pretty *Thomaſine*,
And then another *Katharine*,
And then a long *Et cætera*.

XI.

But ſhould I now to you relate
The Strength and Riches of their *State*,
The *Powder*, *Patches*, and the *Pins*,
The *Ribbon*, *Jewels*, and the *Rings*,
The *Lace*, the *Paint*, and *warlike things*
That make up all their *Magazins*:

XII.

If I ſhould tell the Politick Arts
To take and keep Mens Hearts,
The Letters, Embaſſies and Spies,
The Frowns, and Smiles, and Flatteries,
The Quarrels, Tears, and Perjuries,
Numberleſs, *Nameleſs Myſteries*!

XIII.

And all the little *Lime-twigs* laid
By *Matchiavil* the *Waiting-Maid*;
I more voluminous ſhould grow,
(Chiefly if I like them ſhould tell
All Change of *Weathers* that befel),
Than *Holinſhead* or *Stow*.

XIV.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with *Me*.
An higher and a nobler Strain
My preſent *Empereſs* does claim,
Heleonora, *Firſt* o' th' *Name*,
Whom *God grant long to Reign*.

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A SESSION *of the* POETS.

By Sir John Suckling.

A Seſſion was held the other Day,
And *Apollo* himſelf was at it, they ſay.
The Laurel that had been ſo long reſerv'd,
Was now to be given to him beſt deſerv'd.

And therefore the Wits of the Town came thither,
'Twas ſtrange to ſee how they flocked together,
Each ſtrongly confident of his own Way,
Thought to gain the Laurel away that Day.

There was *Seldon*, and he ſate cloſe by the Chair;
Wainman not far off, which was very fair;
Sands with *Townſend*, for they kept no Order;
Digby and *Shillingſworth* a little further:

There was *Lucan*'s Tranſlator too, and he
That makes God ſpeak ſo big in's Poetry:
Selwin and *Waller*, and *Bartlets* both the Brothers:
Jack Vaughan and *Porter*, and divers others.

The firſt that broke Silence was good old *Ben*,
Prepar'd before with Canary Wine,
And he told them plainly he deſerv'd the Bays,
For his were call'd Works, where others were but Plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the Stage
Of Errors that had laſted many an Age;
And he hop'd they did not think the *ſilent Woman*,
The *Fox*, and the *Alchymiſt* out-done, by no Man.

Apollo ſtopt him there, and bid him not go on,
'Twas Merit, he ſaid, and not Preſumption
Muſt carry't; at which *Ben* turned about
And in great Choler offer'd to go out:

But thoſe that were there thought it not fit
To diſcontent ſo ancient a Wit;
And therefore *Apollo* call'd him back again,
And made him mine Hoſt of his own *New Inn*.

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Tom Carew was next, but he had a Fault
That wou'd not well ſtand with a Laureat;
His Muſe was hard bound, and th'Iſſue of's Brain
Was ſeldom brought forth but with Trouble and Pain:

And all that were preſent there did agree,
A Laureat Muſe ſhou'd be eaſie and free. [Grace
Yet ſure 'twas not that, but 'twas thought that his
Conſider'd he was well he had a Cup-bearer's Place.

Will Davenant, aſham'd of a fooliſh Miſchance
That he had got lately travelling in *France*,
Modeſtly hop'd the Handſomneſs of his Muſe
Might any Deformity about him excuſe.

And ſurely the Company wou'd have been content,
If they cou'd have found any Precedent:
But in all their Records, either in Verſe or Proſe,
There was not one Laureat without a Noſe.

To *Will Barclay* ſure all the Wits meant well,
But firſt they wou'd ſee how his Snow wou'd fell:
Will ſmil'd, and ſwore in their Judgments they went
That concluded of Merit upon Succeſs. [leſs,

Suddenly taking his Place again,
He gave way to *Selwin*, who ſtreight ſtept in;
But alas! he had been ſo lately a Wit,
That *Apollo* himſelf ſcarce knew him yet.

Toby Matthews (Pox on him, how came he there?)
Was whiſpering Nothing in Somebody's Ear,
When he had the Honour to be nam'd in Court,
But Sir, you may thank my Lady *Carleil* for't:

For had not her Character furniſht you out
With ſomething of handſome, without all doubt
You and your ſorry Lady-Muſe had been
In the Number of thoſe that were not let in.

In haſte from the Court two or three came in,
And they brought Letters, forſooth, from the Queen;
'Twas diſcreetly done too, for if they had come
Without them, th'had ſcarce been let into the Room.

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This made a Diſpute; for 'twas plain to be ſeen
Each Man had a Mind to gratifie the Queen:
But *Apollo* himſelf could not think it fit; [Wit.
There was Difference, he ſaid, betwixt Fooling and

SUCKLING next was call'd, but did not appear,
But ſtreight one whiſper'd *Apollo* i' th' Ear,
That of all Men living he car'd not for't,
He lov'd not the Muſes ſo well as his Sport;

And priz'd black Eyes, or a lucky Hit
At Bowls, above all the Trophies of Wit:
But *Apollo* was angry, and publickly ſaid,
'Twere fit that a Fine were ſet upon's Head.

Wat Montague now ſtood forth to his Trial,
And did not ſo much as ſuſpect a Denial;
But witty *Apollo* ask'd him firſt of all,
If he underſtood his own Paſtoral.

For if he cou'd do it, 'twould plainly appear
He underſtood more than any Man there,
And did merit the Bays above all the reſt,
But the Monſieur was modeſt; and Silence confeſt.

During theſe Troubles, in the Court was hid
One that *Apollo* ſoon miſs'd, little *Cid*;
And having ſpy'd him, call'd him out of the Throng,
And adviſ'd him in his Ear not to write ſo ſtrong.

Murrey was ſummon'd, but 'twas urg'd that he
Was Chief already of another Company.

Hales ſet by himſelf moſt gravely did ſmile
To ſee them about nothing keep ſuch a Coil;
Apollo had ſpy'd him, but knowing his Mind
Paſt by, and call'd *Falkland*, that ſate juſt behind:

But he was of late ſo gone with Divinity,
That he had almoſt forgot his Poetry,
Though to ſay the Truth, and *Apollo* did know it,
He might have been both his Prieſt and his Poet.

At length who but an Alderman did appear,
At which *Will Davenant* began to ſwear;

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But wiſer *Apollo* bade him draw nigher,
And, when he was mounted a little higher,

He openly declar'd, that the beſt Sign
Of good Store of Wit's to have good Store of Coin,
And without a Syllable more or leſs ſaid,
He put the Laurel on the Alderman's Head.

At this all the Wits were in ſuch a maze
That, for a good while, they did nothing but gaze
One upon another; not a Man in the Place
But had Diſcontent writ at large in his Face.

Only the ſmall Poets chear'd up again,
Out of Hope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;
But ſure they were out, for he forfeits his Crown
When he lends to any Poet about the Town.

The SESSION *of the* POETS.

To the Tune of Cook-Lawrel.

I.

Apollo concern'd to ſee the Tranſgreſſions
Our paltry Poets do daily commit,
Gave order once more to ſummon a Seſſions,
Severely to puniſh the abuſes of Wit.

II. [Court,

Will D'Avenant would fain have been Steward o'th'
To have fin'd and amerc'd each Man at his Will;
But *Apollo*, it ſeems, had heard a Report,
That his choice of new Plays did ſhow h'ad no skill.

III.

Beſides, ſome Criticks had ow'd him a ſpite,
And a little before had made the God fret,
By letting him know the *Laureat* did write
That damnable Farce, *The Houſe to be Let*.

IV.

Intelligence was brought, the Court being ſet,
That a Play Tripartite was very near made;
Where malicious *Matt Clifford*, and ſpiritual *Spratt*,
Were join'd with their Duke, a Peer of the Trade.

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V.

Apollo rejoic'd, and did hope for amends,
Becauſe he knew it was the firſt caſe
The Duke e'er did ask the advice of his Friends,
And ſo wiſh'd his Play as well clapt as his Grace.

VI.

O Yes being made, and ſilence proclaim'd
Apollo began to read the Court-Roll;
When as ſoon as he ſaw *Frank Berkley* was nam'd,
He ſcarce could forbear from tearing the Scroll.

VII.

But *Berkley*, to make his Int'reſt the greater,
Suſpecting before what would come to paſs,
Procur'd him his Couſin *Fitzharding's* Letter,
With which *Apollo* wiped his Aſſe.

VIII.

Guy with his Paſtoral next went to Pot;
At firſt in a doleful Study he ſtood,
Then ſhew'd a Certificate which he had got
From the Maids of Honour, but it did him no good.

IX.

Humorous *Weeden* came in in a pet,
And for the Laurel began to ſplutter;
But *Apollo* chid him, and bid him firſt get
A Muſe not ſo common as Mrs. *Rutter*.

X.

A number of other ſmall Poets appear'd,
With whom for a time *Apollo* made ſport;
Clifford and *Fleckno* were very well jeer'd,
And in Concluſion whip'd out of the Court.

XI.

Tom Killigrew boldly came up to the Bar,
Thinking his jibing would get him the Bays;
But *Apollo* was angry, and bid him beware
That he caught him no more a printing his Plays.

XII.

With ill luck in Battle, but worſe in Wit,
George Porter began for the Laurel to bawl;
But *Apollo* did think ſuch Impudence fit
To be thruſt out of Court, as he's out of *Whitehall*.

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XIII.

Savoy-miſſing *Cowley* came into the Court,
Making Apologies for his bad Play;
Ev'ry one gave him ſo good a Report,
That *Apollo* gave heed to all he could ſay:

XIV.

Nor would he have had, 'tis thought, a rebuke,
Unleſs he had done ſome notable Folly;
Writ Verſes unjuſtly in praiſe of *Sam Tuke*,
Or printed his pitiful Melancholy.

XV.

Cotton did next to the Bays pretend,
But *Apollo* told him it was not fit;
Tho' his *Virgil* was well, it made but amends
For the worſt *Panegyrick* that ever was writ.

XVI.

Old *Shirly* ſtood up and made an Excuſe,
Becauſe many young Men before him were got;
He vow'd he had ſwitch'd and ſpur-gall'd his Muſe,
But ſtill the dull Jade kept to her old Trot.

XVII.

Sir *Robert Howard*, call'd for over and over,
At length ſent in *Teague* with a Packquet of News,
Wherein the ſad Knight, to his Grief, did diſcover,
How *Dryden* had lately robb'd him of his Muſe.

XVIII.

Each Man in the Court was pleas'd with the Theft,
Which made the whole Family ſweat and run,
Deſiring, their Obin i'th' lurch being left,
The Thief might be fin'd for the wild Gallant.

XIX.

Dryden, whom one would have thought had more Wit,
The cenſure of ev'ry Man did diſdain,
Pleading ſome pitiful Rhimes he had writ
In praiſe of the Countess of *Caſtlemaine*.

XX.

Ned Howard, in whom great Nature is found,
Tho' never took notice of till that Day,
Impatiently ſat till it came to his Round,
Then roſe and commended the Plot of his Play.

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XXI.

Such Arrogance made *Apollo* ſtark mad;
But *Shirly* endeavour'd to appeaſe his Choler,
By owning the Play, and ſwearing the Lad
In Poetry was a very pert Scholar.

XXII.

James Howard being call'd for out of the Throng,
Booted and ſpur'd to the Bar did advance,
Whose ſinging a damn'd nonſenſical Song,
The Youth and his Muſe were ſent into *France*.

XXIII.

Shrewſbi and's Horſe for entrance next ſtrives,
Well ſtuff'd was his Cloakbag, and ſo was his Breeches.
And unhurt'ning the Place where Nature's Poſſet-maker lives,
Pull'd out his Wife's Poems, Plays, Eſſays and Speeches.

XXIV.

Whoop, quoth *Apollo*, what a Devil have we here?
Put up thy Wife's Trumpery, good noble Marquiſs,
And home again, home again, take thy Career,
To provide her freſh Straw, and a Chamber that is dark.

XXV.

Sam Tuke ſat and formally ſmil'd at the reſt;
But *Apollo* who well did his Vanity know,
Call'd him to the Bar to put him to th' Teſt,
But his Muſe was ſo ſtiff ſhe ſcarcely could go.

XXVI.

She pleaded her Age, deſir'd a Reward;
It ſeems in her Age ſhe doated on Praiſe;
But *Apollo* reſolv'd that ſuch a bold Bard
Should never be grac'd with a Per'wig of Bays.

XXVII.

Stapleton ſtood up, and had nothing to ſay,
But *Apollo* forbid the old Knight to deſpair,
Commanding him once more to write a new Play,
To be danc'd by the Poppets at *Bartholmew*-Fair.

XXVIII.

Sir *William Killegrew* doubting his Plays,
Before he was call'd crept up to the Bench,
And whiſper'd *Apollo*, in caſe he would praiſe
Selyndra, he ſhould have a Bout with the Wench.

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XXIX.

Buckhurſt and *Sydley*, with two or three more
Tranſlators of *Pompey*, did put in their Claim;
But *Apollo* made them be turn'd out of Door,
And bid them be gone like Fools as they came.

XXX.

Old *Waller* heard this, and was ſneaking away,
But ſomebody ſpy'd him out of the Crowd;
Apollo, tho' h' had not ſeen him many a day,
Knew him full well, and call'd to him aloud;

XXXI.

My old Friend Mr. *Waller*, what make you there,
Among thoſe young Fellows that ſpoil the *French*
Then beck'ning to him, whiſper'd in his Ear, [Plays?
And gave him good Counſel inſtead of the Bays.

XXXII.

Then in came *Denham*, that limping old Bard,
Whoſe Fame on the *Sophy* and *Cooper's Hill* ſtands;
And brought many Stationers who ſwore very hard,
That nothing ſold better except 'twere his Lands.

XXXIII.

But *Apollo* adviſ'd him to write ſomething more,
To clear a Suſpicion which poſſeſs'd the Court,
That *Cooper's Hill*, ſo much bragg'd on before,
Was writ by a Vicar, who had forty pound for't.

XXXIV.

Then *Hudibras* boldly demanded the Bays,
But *Apollo* bad him not be ſo fierce;
And adviſ'd him to lay aſide making his Plays,
Since he already began to write worſe and worſe.

XXXV.

Tom Porter came into the Court in a huff,
Swearing, Damn him he had writ the beſt Plays:
But *Apollo* it ſeems, knew his way well enough,
And would not be hector'd out of his Bays.

XXXVI.

Ellis in great diſcontent went away,
Whilſt *D'Avenant* againſt *Apollo* did rage;
Becauſe he declar'd *the Secrets* a Play
Fitting for none but a Mountebank's Stage.

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XXXVII.

John Wilson ſtood up and wildly did ſtare,
When on the ſudden ſtept in a bold *Scot*;
And offer'd *Apollo* he freely would ſwear,
The ſaid Maſter *Wilſon* mought paſs for a Sot.

XXXVIII.

But all was in vain; for *Apollo*, 'tis ſaid,
Would in no wiſe allow of any *Scotch* Wit;
Then *Wilſon* in ſpight made his Plays to be read,
Swearing he'd anſwer for all he had writ.

XXXIX.

Clerges ſtood up, and laid claim to the Bays,
But *Apollo* rebuk'd that arrogant Fool;
Swearing if e'er he tranſlated more Plays,
He'd Crown him *Sir-Reverence* with a *Cloſe-ſtool*.

XL.

Damn'd *Holden* with's dull *German Princeſs* appear'd,
Whom if *D'Avenant* begot, as ſome do ſuppoſe,
Apollo ſaid the Pillory ſhould crop off his Ears,
And make them more ſutable unto his Noſe.

XLI.

Rhodes ſtood and play'd at bo-peep in the Door;
But *Apollo* inſtead of a *Spaniſh* Plot,
On condition the Varlet would never write more,
Gave him three Pence to pay for a Pipe and a Pot.

XLII.

Ethridge and *Shadwell*, and the Rabble appeal'd
To *Apollo* himſelf in a very great rage;
Becauſe their beſt Friends ſo freely had deal'd,
As to tell 'em their Plays were not fit for the Stage.

XLIII.

Then ſeeing a Crowd in a Tumult reſort,
Well furniſh'd with Verſes, but loaded with Plays;
It forc'd poor *Apollo* to adjourn the new Court,
And left them together by the Ears for the Bays.

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A SESSION *of the* POETS.

Since the Sons of the Muſes grew num'rous and loud,
For th' appeaſing ſo factious and clam'rous a Crowd,
Apollo thought fit, in ſo weighty a Cauſe,
T' eſtabliſh a Government, Leader, and Laws.
The Hopes of the *Bays*, at this *ſummoning* Call,
Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and all;
All thronging and liſt'ning, they gap'd for the Bleſſing.
No Presbyter Sermon had more crowding and preſſing.
In the Head of the Gang *John Dryden* appear'd,
That ancient grave Wit, ſo long low'd and fear'd;
But *Apollo* had heard of a Story i' th' Town,
Of his quitting the Muſes, to wear a black Gown,
And ſo gave him leave, now his Poetry's done,
To let him turn Prieſt, now *Reeves* is turn'd Nun.
This reverend Author was no ſooner ſet by,
But *Apollo* had got gentle * *George* in his Eye,
And frankly confeſs'd, of all Men that writ,
There's none had more Fancy, Senſe, Judgment, and Wit;
But i' th' crying Sin, Idleneſs, he was ſo harden'd,
That his long ſeven Years Silence was not to be pardon'd.
Brawny *Wycherly* was the next Man ſhew'd his Face;
But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the Place.
No Gentleman-writer that Office ſhould bear,
'Twas a Trader in Wit the Lawrel ſhould wear,
As none but a Cit e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.
Next into the Crowd *Tom Shadwel* does wallow,
And ſwears by his Guts, his Paunch, and his Tallow,
'Tis he that alone beſt pleaſes the Age;
Himſelf and his Wife have ſupported the Stage.
Apollo well pleas'd with ſo bonny a Lad,
T' oblige him, he told him he ſhould be huge glad,
Had he half ſo much Wit as he fancy'd he had.

* Sir *George Etheridge*.

How-

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However, to pleaſe ſo jovial a Wit,
And to keep him in Humour, *Apollo* thought fit
To bid him drink on, and keep his old Trick
Of railing at Poets, and ſhewing his---

Nat Lee ſtept in next, in Hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice;
By the Rubies in's Face, he could not deny,
But he had as much Wit as Wine could ſupply;
Confeſs'd that indeed he'd a muſical Note, [Throat;
But ſometimes ſtrain'd ſo hard, he rattled i' th'
Yet owning he'd Senſe, t' encourage him for't,
He made him his *Ovid* in *Auguſtus*'s Court.

Poet *Settle* his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn out,
And humbly deſir'd he might give no Offence;
G-d D---me, cries *Shadwel*, he cannot write Senſe;
And *Banks*, cry'd up *Newport*, I hate that dull Rogue.
Apollo conſidering he was not in Vogue,
Would not truſt his dear *Bays* with ſo modeſt a Fool,
And bid the great Boy ſhould be ſent back to School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell*'s dear *Zany*,
And ſwears for *Heroicks* he writes beſt of any;
Don *Carlos* his Pockets ſo amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were all kill'd.

But *Apollo* had ſeen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage
The Scum of a Play-houſe for the Prop of an Age.

In the numerous Herd that encompaſs'd him round,
Little ſtarch'd *Johnny Crown* at his Elbow he found;
His Cravat-ſtring iron'd, he gently did ſtretch
His Lilly white Hand out, the Laurel to reach;
Alledging that he had moſt Right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and ſhiting of Plays.
Apollo roſe up, and gravely confeſt
Of all Men that writ, his Talent was beſt;

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For since Pain and Dishonour Man's Life only
The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim, [damn,
Is, to want Sense of Smart, and be past Sense of Shame;
And to perfect his Bliss in Poetical Rapture,
He bid him be dull to the End of the Chapter.
The Poetess † *Afra* next shew'd her sweet Face,
And swore by her Poetry, and her black Ace,
That the Lawrel by a double Right was her own,
For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she'd won:
Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her;
But yet, to deal frankly and ingenuously by her,
He told her, were Conquests and Charms her Pretence,
She ought to have pleaded a dozen Years since.
Anabaptista put in for a Share,
And little *Tom Essence*'s Author was there:
Nor could *D'Urfey* forbear for the Lawrel to stickle,
Protesting he had had the Honour to Tickle
The Ears of the Town with his dear *Madam Fickle*;
With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse,
But they are too long to stand in my Verse.
Apollo, quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,
Finds at last *Tom Betterton*'s Face in the Gang,
And since Poets with the kind Players may hang,
By his own Day-light he solemnly swore,
That in Search of a *Lawrel* he'd look out no more.
A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,
To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;
But *Apollo*, to quiet and pacifie all,
E'en told 'em, to put his Deserts to the Test,
That he had made Plays as well as the best,
And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore;
For of all the Play-scribblers that e'er writ before,
His Wit had most Worth and most Modesty in't;
For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er came in Print.

† Mrs. *Behn*.

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NEWS *from* HELL.

By Captain Alexander Radcliff.

SO dark the Night was, that old *Charon*
Could not carry Ghoſtly Fare-on;
But was forc'd to leave his Souls,
Stark ſtript of Bodies, 'mongſt the Shoals
Of Black Sea-Toads, and other Fry,
Which on the Stygian Shore do lie:
Th' amazed Spirits deſire receſs
To their old batter'd Carcaſes,
But as they turn about, they find
The Night more diſmal is behind.
Pluto began to fret and fume
Becauſe the Tilt-Boat did not come.
To the Shore's ſide he ſtraitway trudges
With his three Soul-ceaſuring Judges,
Standing on Acherontic Strand,
He thrice three times did waſt his Wand:
From gloomy Lake did ſtraight ariſe
A meager Fiend, with broad blue Eyes;
Approaching *Pluto*, as he bow'd,
From's Head there dropt infernal Mud;
Quoth he, *A tenebris & luto*
I come——'Tis well, quoth ſurly *Pluto*,
" Go you to t'other ſide of *Styx*,
" And know why *Charon*'s ſo prolix;
" Surely on Earth there cannot be
" A Grant of Immortality.
Away the wrigling Fiend ſoon ſcuds
Through Liquids thick as Soap and Suds.
In the mean while old *Æacus*,
Craftier far than any of us;
For mortal Men to him are filly;
Beſides he held a League with *Lilly*;

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And what is acted here does know
As well as t'other does below:
Thus spake, " Thou mighty King of *Orcus*,
" Who into any shape canst work us;
" I to your Greatness shall declare
" My Sentiments of this Affair.
" *Charon* you know did use to come
" With some Elucid Spirit home;
" Some Poet bright, whose glowing Soul
" Like Torch did light him cross the Pool:
" Old *Charon* then was blithe and merry,
" With Flame and Rhapsody in Ferry.
" Shou'd he gross Souls alone take in,
" Laden with heavy rubbish Sin;
" Sin that is nothing but Allay;
" 'Tis ten to one he'd lose his way.
" But now such Wights with Souls so clear
" Must not have Damnation here;
" Nor can we hope they'll hither move,
" For know (Grim Sir) they're damn'd above;
" They're damn'd on Earth by th' present Age,
" Damn'd in Cabals, and damn'd o' th' Stage.
" * *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,
" Was damn'd long since for Silence horrid:
" Nor had there been such clutter made,
" But that this Silence did invade:
" Invade! and so 't might well, that's clear;
" But what did it invade?----an Ear.
" And for some other things, 'tis true,
" We follow Fate that does pursue.
† A Lord who was in Metre wont
To talk of Privy Member blunt,
Whose Verse, by Women termed lewd,
Is still preserv'd, not understood.
But that which made 'em curse and ban,
Was for his Satyr against Man.

* *Dryden*. † Lord *Rochester*.

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* A third was damn'd, 'cauſe in his Plays
He thruſts old Jeſts in *Archee*'s days:
Nor as they ſay can make a *Chorus*
Without a Tavern or a Whore-houſe;
Which he, to puzzle vulgar thinking,
Does call by th' name of Love and Drinking.
† A fourth for writing ſuperfine,
With words correct in every Line:
And one that does preſume to ſay,
A Plot's too groſs for any Play:
Comedy ſhould be clean and neat,
As Gentlemen do talk and eat.
So what he writes is but Tranſlation,
From Dog and Partridge Converſation.
** A fifth, who does in's laſt prefer
'Bove all, his own dear Character:
And fain wou'd ſeem upon the Stage
Too Manly for this flippant Age.
†† A ſixth, whoſe lofty Fancy towers
'Bove Fate, Eternity and Powers:
Rumbles i' th' Sky, and makes a buſtle;
So Gods meet Gods i' th' Dark, and juſtle.
A Seventh, becauſe he'd rather chuſe
To ſpoil his Verſe than tire his Muſe.
Nor will he let Heroicks chime;
Fancy (quoth he) is loſt by Rhime.
And he that's us'd to claſhing Swords
Should not delight in ſounds of Words.
Mars with *Mercury* ſhould not mingle;
Great Warriors ſhou'd ſpeak big, not jingle.
Amongſt this Heptarchy of Wit,
The cenſuring Age have thought it fit
To damn *† a Woman, 'cauſe 'tis ſaid,
The Plays ſhe vends ſhe never made.
But that †* a *Grays-Inn* Lawyer does 'em,
Who unto her was Friend in Boſom.

* *Shadwell.* † Sir *G. Etheridge.* ** Mr. *Wicherly.*
†† Mr. *Nat. Lee.* *† Mrs. *Behn.* †* Mr. *Hoyl.*

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So not preſenting Scarf and Hood,
New Plays and Songs are full as good.
These are the better ſort I grant,
Damn'd only by the Ignorant:
But ſtill there are a ſcribling Fry
Ought to be damn'd eternally;
An unlearn'd Tribe, o' th' lower Rate,
Who will be Poets ſpite of Fate;
Whoſe Character's not worth reciting,
They ſcarce can read, yet will be writing:
As t'other day a ſilly Oafe
Inſtead of *Jove* did call on *Jofe*:
Whoſe humble Muſe deſcends to Cellars,
Or at the beſt to *Herc'les Pillars*.
Now *Charon* I preſume does ſtop,
Expecting one of theſe wou'd drop;
For any ſuch Poetick Damn'd-boy
Will light him home as well as Flambeau.
Æacus juſt had made an end,
When did arrive the dripping Fiend,
Who did confirm the Judge's Speech,
That *Charon* did a Light beſeech.
They fell to Conſultation grave,
To find ſome ſtrange enlightened Knave.
Faux had like t' have been the Spark,
But that his Lanthorn was too dark.
At laſt th' agreed a ſullen Quaker
Should be this buſineſs Undertaker;
The fitteſt Soul for this Exploit,
Becauſe he had the neweſt Light:
Him ſoon from ſable Den they drag,
Who of his ſufferings doth brag;
And unto Heel of Fiend being ty'd,
To *Charon*'s Veſſel was convey'd.
Charon came home, all things were well;
This is the only News from Hell.

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A CALL *to the* GUARD *by a Drum.*

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

RAT too, rat too, rat too, rat tat too, tat rat too,
With your Noſes all ſcabb'd and your Eyes black and blue,
All ye hungry poor Sinners that Foot Soldiers are,
Though with very ſmall Coin, yet with very much Care,
From your Quarters and Garrets make haſte to repair,
To the Guard, to the Guard.
From your ſorry Straw Beds and bonny white Fleas,
From your Dreams of ſmall Drink and your very ſmall Eaſe,
From your plenty of ſtink, and no plenty of room,
From your Walls daub'd with Phlegm ſticking on 'em like Gum,
And Ceiling hung with Cobwebs to ſtanch a cut Thumb,
To the Guard, &c.
From your crack'd Earthen Piſpots where no Piſs can ſtay,
From Roofs bewrit with Snuffs in Letters the wrong way;
From one old broken Stool with one unbroken Leg,
One Box with ne'er a Lid to keep ne'er a Rag,
And Windows that of Storms more than your ſelves can brag,
To the Guard, &c.

With truſty Pike and Gun, and the other ruſty Tool;
With Heads extreamly hot, and with Hearts wondrous cool; [lers) hurt;
With Stomachs meaning none (but Cooks and Sut-
With two old tatter'd Shoes that diſgrace the Town Dirt,
With forty Shreds of Breeches, and no one Shred of Shirt,
To the Guard, &c.

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See they come, ſee they come, ſee they come, ſee they come,
With Alarms in their Pates to the Call of a Drum;
Some lodging with Bawds (whom the modeſt call Bitches)
With their Bones dry'd to Kexes, and Legs ſhrunk to Switches; [Breeches,
With the Plague in the Purſe, and the Pox in the
To the Guard, &c.
Some from ſnoring and farting, and ſpewing on Benches, [ſom Wenches;
Some from damn'd fulſom Ale, and more damn'd ful-
Some from Put, and Size Ace, and Old Sim, this way ſtalk;
Each Man's Reeling's his Gate, and his Hickup his talk, [of Chalk,
With two new Cheeks of Red from ten old Rows
To the Guard, &c.
Here come others from ſcuffling, and damning mine Hoſt, [that boaſt
With their Tongues at laſt tam'd, but with Faces
Of ſome Scars by the Jordan, or warlike Quart Pot,
For their building of Sconces and Volleys of Shot,
Which they charg'd to the Mouth, but diſcharg'd ne'er a Groat, *To the Guard*, &c.

Then for Valour in black too, the Chaplain does come! [Drum.
From his preaching o'er Poets now to pray o'er a
All ye whoring and ſwearing old Red Coats draw near,
Like to Saints in Red Letters liſten and give ear,
And be godly awhile ho, and then as you were,
To the Guard, &c.
After ſome canting Terms, To your Arms, and the like,
Such as Poyſing your Muſquet, or Porting your Pike;
To the Right, To the Left, or elſe Face about;
After ratling your Sticks, and your ſhaking a Clout,
Haſte your Infantry Troops that mount the Guard on foot, *To the Guard*, &c.

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Captain *Hector* firſt marches, but not he of *Troy*,
But a Trifle made up of a Man and a Boy;
See the Man ſcant of Arms in a Scarf does abound,
Which preſages ſome ſwaggering, but no Blood nor
Wound; [drown'd;
Like a Rainbow that ſhews the World ſhan't be
To the Guard, &c.

As the Tinker wears Rags whilſt the Dog bears the
Budget, [trudge it
So the Man ſtalks with Staff, whilſt the Footboy does
With the Tool he ſhould work with (that's Half Pike
you'll ſay;) [vey,
But what Captain's ſo ſtrong his own Arms to con-
When he marches o'er-loaden with ten other Mens
Pay? *To the Guard*, &c.

In his March (if you mark) he's attended at leaſt
With Stinks ſixteen deep, and about five abreaſt,
Made of Ale and Mundungus, Snuff, Rags, and
brown Cruſt for, [cluſter,
While he wants twenty Taylors to make up the
Which declares that his Journey's not now to the
Muſter, *But to the Guard*, &c.

Some with Muſquet and Belly uncharg'd march away,
With Pipes black as their Mouths, and ſhort as their
Pay; [lace about 'em,
Whilſt their Coats made of Holes ſhew like Bone-
And their Bandeliers hang like to Bobbins with-
out 'em, [ſcrubs do clout 'em,
And whilſt Horſemen do cloath 'em, theſe Foot-
For the Guard, &c.

Some with Hat ty'd on one ſide, and Wit ty'd on
neither; [run hither,
Wear gray Coats, and gray Cattle, ſee their Wenches
For to peep thro' Red Lettice and dark Cellar Doors,
To behold 'em wear Pikes ruſty juſt like their
Whores,
As ſlender as their Meals and as long as their Scores,
To the Guard, &c.

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Some with Tweedle, wheedle, wheedle; whilſt we
beat Dub a Dub;
Keep the baſe *Scotiſh* noiſe, and as baſe *Scotiſh* ſcrub:
Then with Body contracted, a Rag open ſpread,
Comes a thing with red Colours, and Noſe full as red;
Like an Enſign to the King, and to the Kings Head.
Towards the Guard, &c.

Two Commanders come laſt, the Lieutenant perhaps,
Full of Low Country Stories and Low Country Claps,
To be next him the other takes care not to fail,
Powder Monkey by Name that vents Stink by whole-
ſale,
For where ſhould the Fart be but juſt with the Tail
Of the Guard? &c.

And now hey for the King Boys, and hey for the
Court,
Which is guarded by theſe as the Tower is by Dirt;
Theſe *Whitehall* muſt admit and ſuch other un-
houſe ye, [drowſie,
Each Day lets in the drunk, whilſt it lets out the
And no place in the World ſhifts ſo oft to be lowſie.
Thank the Guard, &c.

Some to *Scotland-Yard* ſneak, and the Suttler's Wife
kiſſes; [piſſes,
But deſpairing of Drink 'till ſome Countryman
And pays too (for no place in the Court muſt be
given)
To the Can-office then, all a *Foot-Soldier's* Heav'n,
Where he finds a foul *Fox*, ſoon, and cures Sir----
On the Guard, &c.

Some at Sh--houſe publick (where a Rag always goes),
At once empty their Guts and diminiſh their Clothes.
Though their Mouths are poor Pimps (Whore and
Bacon being all
Their chief Food) yet their Bums we true Courtiers
may call,
For what they eat in the Suburbs, they ſh----- at
Whitehall, *For the Guard*, &c.

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Such a like Pack of Cards to the *Park* making entry,
Here and there deal an Ace, which the *Jews* call a Centry, [a Clock 'tis,
Which in bad Houſes of Boards ſtand to tell what
Where they keep up tame Redcoats as Men keep up tame Foxes,
Or Apothecaries lay up their Dogs Turds in Boxes.
Oh the Guard, &c.

Some of theſe are planted (though it has been their Lucks [Ducks;
Oft to ſteal Country Geeſe) now to watch the King's
While ſome others are ſet in the ſide that has Wood in, [ther footing,
To ſtand Pimps to black Maſques that are oft thi-
Juſt as Houſewives ſet Cuckolds to ſtir their Black Pudding. *Oh the Guard*, &c.

Whilſt another true *Trojan* to ſome Paſſage runs,
As to keep in the Debtors, ſo to keep out the Duns;
Or a Prentice, or his Miſtreſs, with Oaths to confound, [Ground,
'Till he hyes him from the Park as from forbidden
'Cauſe his Credit is whole, and his Wench may be ſound, *And quits the Guard*, &c.

Now it's Night, and the Patrole in Alehouſe drown'd,
For nought elſe but the Pot and their Brains walk the round; [does ſhew,
Whilſt like Hell the Commanders Guard-chamber
There's ſuch damning themſelves and all elſe of the Crew, [his due,
For tho' theſe cheat the Men, they give the Devil
On the Guard, &c.

Whilſt a Main after Main at old Hazard they throw,
And their Quarrels grow high as their Mony grows low;
Strait they threaten hard (uſing bad Faces for Frowns)
To revenge on the Fleſh, the default of the Bones.
But the Blood's in their Noſe, and in Oaths all their Wounds. *Like the Guard*, &c.

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In the Morning they fight, juſt as much as they pray;
For ſome one to the King does the Tidings convey
For preventing of *Murder*; Oh 'tis a wiſe way!
Tho' not one of 'em knows (as a thouſand dare ſay)
What belongs to a dead Man, unleſs in his pay
For the Guard, &c.

With their Skins they march Home no more hurt than their Drums,
But for ſcratching of Faces, or biting of Thumbs;
And now hey for fat *Alewives*, and *Tradeſmen* grown lean;
For the Captain grown *Bankrupt*, recruits him again,
With ſending out Tickets, and turning out Men
From the Guard, &c.

Strait the poor Rogues caſhier'd with a Cane, and a Curſe,
Fall from wounding no Men, now to cut ev'ry Purſe:
And what then? Man's a *Worm*; theſe we Glow-worms may name:
For 'as they're dark of Body, have Tails all of flame.
So tho' thoſe liv'd in Oaths, yet they die with a *Pſalm*.
Farewel Guard, &c.

The RAMBLE.

By Captain Alexander Radcliffe.

WHile Duns were knocking at my Door,
I lay in Bed with reeking Whore,
With Back ſo weak----
You'd wonder.
I rouz'd my Doe, and lac'd her Gown,
I pinn'd her Whisk, and dropt a Crown,
She piſt, and then I drove her down,
Like Thunder.
From Chamber then I went to dinner,
I drank ſmall Beer like mournful Sinner,
And ſtill I thought the Devil in her.

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I ſate at *Muskat's* in the dark,
I heard a Tradeſman and a Spark,
An Attorney and a Lawyer's Clerk,
Tell Stories.

From thence I went, with muffled Face,
To the Duke's Houſe, and took a place,
In which I ſpew'd, may't pleaſe his Grace,
Or Highneſs;

Shou'd I be hang'd I could not chuſe
But laugh at Whores that drop from Scews,
Seeing that Miſtreſs *Mang'ret*——
So fine is.

When Play was done, I call'd a Link,
I heard ſome paltry Pieces chink,
Within my Pockets, how d'ye think
I employ'd 'em?

Why, Sir, I went to Miſtreſs *Spering*,
Where ſome were curſing, others ſwearing,
Never a Barrel better Herring,
per fidem,

Seven's the Main, 'tis Eight, God dam 'me,
'Twas Six, ſaid I, as God ſhall ſa' me,
Now being true you cou'd not blame me
So ſaying,

Sa' me! quoth one, what Shamaroon
Is this, has begg'd an Afternoon
Of's Mother, to go up and down
A playing?

This was as bad to me as killing;
Miſtake not, Sir, ſaid I, I'm willing,
And able both, to drop a Shilling,
Or two, Sir.

Goda'mercy then, ſaid Billy *Hec*——
With Whiskers ſtern, and Cordubeck
Pinn'd up behind, his ſcabby Neck
To ſhew, Sir,

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With mangled Fift he grasp'd the Box,
Giving the Table bloody Knocks.
He throws---and calls for Plague and Pox
T' assist him.

Some twenty Shillings he did catch,
H'ad like t'have made a quick dispatch,
Nor could Time's Register, my Watch,
Have mist him.

As Luck would have it, in came *Will*,
Perceiving things went very ill,
Quoth he, y'ad better go and swill
Canary.

We steer'd our course to *Dragon Green*,
Which is in *Fleetstreet* to be seen,
Where we drank Wine---not foul---but clean
Contrary.

Our Host, y'cleped *Thomas Hammond*,
Presented slice of Bacon Gammon,
Which made us swallow Sack as Salmon
Drink Water.

Being o'er-warm'd with last Debauch,
I grew as drunk as any Roche,
When hot-bak'd-Wardens did approach,
Or later.

We broke the Glasses out of hand,
As many Oaths I'd at command
As *Hastings*, *Sabin*, *Sunderland*,
Or *Ogle*.

Then I cry'd up Sir *Henry Vane*,
And swore by H---- I would maintain
Episcopacy was too plain
A juggle:

But oh! the damn'd confounded Fate
Attends on drinking Wine so late.
I drew my Sword on honest *Kate*
O' th' Kitchin.

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Which *Hammond's* Wife would not endure;
I told her, tho' she look'd demure,
She came but lately I was sure
From Bitching.

A Club there was in t'other Room,
I bolted in, being known to some,
Such Men are not in Chiftendom
For jesting.

They use a plain familiar stile,
Appearing friendly all the while,
Yet never part without a Broil
Intestine.

The first as Steward did appear,
A strange conceited Barrister,
Who on all Matters will infer
His Reading.

A Band 'had on, that's very plain,
A Velvet Coat, a shining Cane,
Some Law, less Wit, and not a Grain
Of Breeding.

The Company were in a fit
Of talking News about *Maestricht*,
How that the Prince's leaving it
Was sudden.

Quoth he, (because they should not say
That he knew less of this than they)
Just such a Case I read this day
In *Plowden*.

An angry Captain that was there,
Could Indignation not forbear,
'Zounds, says he, did Man e'er hear
Such Non-sense!

We talk of Sieges, Camps, and Forts,
This Fool's a keeping Country Courts,
With musty Law and dull Reports,
Damn'd long since;

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Go bolt your Caſes at the Fire,
From *Plowden*, *Perkins*, *Raſtal*, *Dyer*,
Such heavy ſtuff does rather tire
Than pleaſe us:

Tell not us of Iſſue Male,
Of Simple Fee, and Special Tail,
Of Feofments, Judgments, Bills of Sale,
And Leaſes,

Can you diſcourſe of Hand-Granadoes,
Of Sally-Ports and Ambuſcadoes,
Of Counterſcarps and Pallizadoes,
And Trenches,

Of Baſtions, blowing up of Mines,
Or of Communication Lines,
Or can you gueſs the great Deſigns
The *French* has?

The Barriſter began to ſtart
To hear ſuch bloody Terms of Art,
And did deſire with all his Heart
A Farewel;

Till younger Member of the Houſe,
Reſenting this as an Abuſe,
Thought it convenient to eſpouſe
His Quarrel.

This was a ſpruce young Squire, that
Knew the true Manage of the Hat,
And every Morning ty'd Cravat
With Project:

One that was ſure he knew the Town,
To Men of Fringe and Feather known,
'Mongſt whom all Law he would diſown,
And Logick.

Captain, quoth he, I'll tell you thus:
You are miſtaken much in us,
With dint of Sword we can diſcuſs;
'Tis true, Sir,

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You trail'd a Pike, or ſome ſuch thing,
In *Holland*, here you huff and ding:
And all the Town (forſooth) muſt ring
Of you, Sir.

I can remember you at *Lamb's*,
Whither you'd come with forty ſhams;
And ſwore you would renounce all Games
But Tennis:

Laſt Night (ſuch luck ne'er Man had yet)
You play'd with Counteſs at Picquet,
And that ſhe did (by Jeſus) get
Twelve Guineas;

Nay worſe---juſt parting with my Lord,
He fancy'd much your Silver Sword,
And you wear his not worth a Turd----
-----A Bawble;

But for the Hilt he's like to pay,
For you will have his Iron Grey:
A ſwifter Nag is not this day
In Stable.

And all the great Deſign of this
Is but to borrow half a Piece,
Or be excus'd (if Ready miſs)
From Clubbing.

The Captain ſwell'd, yet did not know
Whether the Youth would fight or no,
Or if 'twere ſafe to give the Foe
A drubbing:

Company's here, and for their ſake,
Quoth he, ſome other time I'll take,
For I did never love to make
A Buſtle.

Even when you pleaſe, quoth Younker, then,
I'm every Evening to be ſeen
'Mongſt witty Coffee-drinkers in
Street Ruſſel.

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One that was Doctor, Rook, and Quack,
With whom the Captain us'd to ſnack,
Becauſe he'd make the firſt Attack
On Bubbles.

Did think it fit to do him right,
Altho' he knew he would not fight,
Yet Cully he would ſore affright
And trouble.

Therefore the Captain's part he took;
Home Lad, quoth he, unto your Book,
If Letters fail, go Bully-rock
The Carrier.

For here you muſt not vent your ſtuff,
We underſtand you well enough:
You muſt not think to rant and huff
A Warrior.

I knew when *Animal* and *Ens*
Was once the chief of your Pretence,
But now you think y'ave ſpruce Senſe
And Knowledge.

When firſt this Town y'arriv'd unto,
The only Buſineſs y'had to do
Was to enquire out thoſe that knew
Your College.

Certainly Mortal never ſaw
A thing ſo pert, ſo dull, ſo raw,
And yet 'twould put a Caſe in Law,
If they would.

Then it began to viſit Plays,
And on the Women it would gaze,
And looked like Love in a Maze,
Or a Wood.

Into Fop-corner you would get,
And uſe a ſtrange obſtreperous Wit,
Not any quiet to the Pit
Allowing:

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And when my Lord came in, you'd ſpy
If toward you he caſt an Eye,
Y' had lucky opportunity
Of bowing:
At laſt you got a ſwinging Clap,
Which ran upon you like a Tap,
And lay for Cure of this miſhap
At *Tooting*.
Then you writ Letters of Advice
To Parent, for ſome freſh ſupplies:
Pretending to the exerciſe
Of Mooting:
At length you underſtood a Die,
Carry'ing in Fob variety
Of Goads, of Bars, of Flats, of High
And Low-Dice.
But when you hear the fatal Doom,
That Father ſhall remand you home,
It hardly will appear you come
From Studies.
The Youth was juſt a throwing Glaſs
Of Wine into the Doctor's Face,
When Barriſter took Heart of Grace,
And Courage:
Doctor, ſays he, you are a Cheat,
A greater Knave walks not the Street,
A verier Quack one ſhall not meet
In our Age.
Doctors of Phyſick we indeed
Do moſt abominably need:
If you are one, that ſcarce can read
A Ballad.
You ſerv'd a Doctor,——true, from whom
You ſtole Receipts, being his Groom,
Or waiting on him in his Room,
As Valet.

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On Serving-men you us'd to cut,
Giving 'em the high Game at Put,
And made the Fellows ſtill run out
Their Wages,

With Chamberlain you quit old ſcores,
Ruin the Tapſter at all Fours,
And ſtill obſerve the Carriers Hours,
And Stages.

T' Apothecary next you go,
To whom your ſtollen Receipts you ſhow,
That y'have no Learning he does know,
And ſmall Parts:

Yet for Advantage does proclaim
You as the eldeſt Son of Fame,
And ſwears your Cures have got a Name
In all Parts.

Then take your Lodgings at his Houſe,
With care and ſecreſie to chouſe
Thoſe Fools incurable, that thus
Are minded.

If y'are deſir'd to write a Bill,
Your Eyes have a defluxion ſtill,
That if you do but touch a Quill,
You're blinded.

'Mongſt gilded Books on Shelves you ſqueeze
Old *Galen* and *Hippocrates*,
For ſuch learn'd Men (ſay you) as theſe
I'll ſtickle.

Tho' what they were you cannot tell,
Giants they might have been as well,
Or two Arch-Angels, *Gabriel*,
And *Mich'el*.

In ſhort, you are an empty Sawſe-----
Before this word quite out, he draws,
The Doctor ſtruck him croſs the Jaws,
God bleſs us!

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The Student then propos'd a ſlap,
Which on Quack's beſt of Eyes did hap,
With might and main---on Youth fell Cap---
---tain *Beſſus*.

I' th' Room was Juſtice *Middleſex*,
Who underſtanding Statute *Lex*,
Being unwilling to perplex
A Riot,
Softly as he could ſpeak, did cry,
(Which no Body obſerv'd but I)
My Friends, in Name of Majeſty,
Be quiet.

The Youngſter firſt deſir'd a Truce,
Becauſe Cravat from Neck hung looſe,
Captain, quoth he, your Weapon chuſe,
I'll fight ye:
Nay then, thought I, if ſo it be,
You're very likely to agree,
There's no Diverſion more for Me,
Good Night t'ye.

And having now diſcharg'd the Houſe,
We did reſerve a gentle Souſe,
With which we drank another rouſe
At the Bar:
And good Chriſtians all attend,
To Drunkenneſs pray put an end,
I do adviſe you as a Friend,
And Neighbour.

For lo! that Mortal here behold,
Who cautious was in days of old,
Is now become raſh, ſturdy, bold,
And free, Sir;
For having ſcap'd the Tavern ſo,
There never was a greater Foe,
Encounter'd yet by *Pompey*, no,
Nor *Cæſar*.

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A Constable both stern and dread,
Who is from Mustard, Brooms and Thread,
Preferr'd to be the Brainless Head----
O' th' People,

A Gown 'had on by Age made gray,
A Hat too, which as Folk do say,
Is firnam'd to this very day
A Steeple;

His Staff, which knew as well as he
The Bus'ness of Authority,
Stood bolt upright at sight of me;
Very true 'tis,

Those louzy Currs that hither come
To keep the King's Peace safe at home,
Yet cannot keep the Vermin from
Their *Cutis*.

Stand! stand! says one, and come before----
You lye, said I, like a Son of a Whore,
I can't, nor will not stand,---that's more--
D' ye mutter?

You watchful Knaves, I'll tell you what,
Yond' Officer i'th' May-pole Hat,
I'll make as drunk as any Rat,
Or Otter.

The Constable began to swell,
Altho' he lik'd the Motion well:
Quoth he, my Friend, this I must tell
Ye clearly,

The Pestilence you can't forget,
Nor the Dispute with *Dutch*, nor yet
The dreadful Fire, that made us get
Up early.

From which, quoth he, this I infer,
To have a Body's Conscience clear
Excelleth any costly Cheer,
Or Banquets;

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Beſides, (and 'faith I think he wept)
Were it not better you had kept
Within your Chamber, and have ſlept
In Blanquets:
But I'll adviſe you by and by.
A Pox of all Advice, ſaid I,
Your Janizaries look as dry
As *Vulcan*:
Come, here's a Shilling, fetch it in,
We come not now to talk of Sin,
Our Bus'neſs muſt be to begin
A full Can.
At laſt, I made the Watch-men drunk,
Examin'd here and there a Punk,
And then away to Bed I ſlunk
To hide it.
God ſave the Queen,——but as for you,
Who will theſe Dangers not eſchew,
I'd have you all go home and ſpue,
As I did.

A New SONG *of the Times*, 1683.

By the Honourable William Wharton.

I.

'TWere folly, if ever
The Whigs ſhould endeavour
Diſowning their Plots, when all the World knows 'em,
Did they not fix
On a Council of Six,
Appointed to govern, tho' no body choſe 'em?
They that bore ſway,
Knew not one would obey;
Did *Trincalo* make ſuch a ridiculous pother?

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Monmouth's the Head,
To ſtrike Monarchy dead;
They choſe themſelves Vice-Roys all o'er one another.

II.

Was't not a damn'd thing
For *Ruſſel* and *Hambden*,
To ſerve all the Projects of hot-headed *Tony*?
But much more untoward,
To appoint my Lord *Howard*
With his own Purſe and Credit to raiſe *Men* and *Mony*?
That at *Knightsbridge* did hide
Thoſe brisk Boys unſpy'd,
Who at *Shaftsbury*'s Whiſtle were ready to follow;
And when Aid he ſhould bring,
Like a true *Brentford* King,
Was here with a Whoop, and gone with a Hollow.

III.

Algernoon Sidney,
Of Commonwealth Kidney,
Compos'd a damn'd Libel (ay marry was it)
Writ to occaſion
Ill Blood in the Nation,
And therefore diſpers'd it all o'er his own Cloſet.
It was not the Writing
Was prov'd, or indicting;
And tho' he urg'd Statutes, what was it but fooling,
Since a new Truſt is
Plac'd in the Chief Juſtice,
To damn Law and Reaſon too by over-ruling?

IV.

What if a Traytor,
In ſpite of the State, Sir,
Should cut his own Throat from one Ear to the other?
Shall then a new Freak
Make *Bradden* and *Hugh Speak*,
To be more concern'd than his Wife or his Brother?
Tho' a Razor all bloody,
Thrown out of a Study,
Is an Evidence ſtrong of his deſperate Guilt, Sir;

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So *Godfrey*, when dead,
Full of Horror and Dread,
Run his Sword thro' his Body, up to the Hilt, Sir.

V.

Who can think the Caſe hard
Of Sir *Patience Ward*, [neſs?
That lov'd his juſt Rights more than thoſe of his High-
O diſloyal Ears,
As on Record appears,
Not to hear when to do the *Papiſts* a kindneſs.
An old doating Citt,
With his *El'zabeth* Wit,
Againſt the *French* mode for Freedom to hope on;
His Ears that told Lies,
Were leſs dull than his Eyes,
For both then were ſhut when all others were open.

VI.

All *Europe* together
Can't ſhew ſuch a Father,
So tenderly nice of a Son's Reputation;
As our good King is,
Who labour'd to bring his
By Tricks to ſubſcribe to a Sham-Declaration.
'Twas very good Reaſon
To pardon his Treaſon,
To obey (not his own, but) his Brother's Command,
To merit whoſe Grace, [Sir,
He muſt in the firſt Place
Confeſs he's diſhoneſt under his Hand, Sir.

VII.

Since Fate the Court bleſſes
With daily Succeſſes,
And giving up Charters go round for a Frolick;
Whilſt our Duke *Nero*,
The Churches blind Hero,
By Murder is planting his Faith Apoſtolick;

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Our Modern Sages,
More wise than past Ages,
Would ours establish by *Popish* Successors;
Queen *Bess* ne'er thought it,
And *Cecil* forgot it,
But 'tis lately found out by our prudent Addressors.

On the University of Cambridge's *Burning the Duke of* Monmouth's *Picture*, 1685. *who was formerly their Chancellor.* —— *In Answer to this Question,*

-------Sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit----
Damnatos.

By Mr. STEPNEY.

YES, fickle *Cambridge*, *Perkins* found this true
Both from your Rabble, and your Doctors too,
With what applause you once receiv'd his Grace,
And begg'd a Copy of his Godlike Face;
But when the sage Vice-Chancellor was sure
The Original in Limbo lay secure,
As greasie as himself he sends a Lictor
To vent his Loyal Malice on the Picture.
The Beadle's Wife endeavours all she can
To save the Image of the tall young Man,
Which she so oft when pregnant did embrace,
That with strong Thoughts she might improve her Race.
But all in vain, since the wise House conspire
To damn the *Canvas Traytor* to the Fire,
Left it, like Bones of *Scanderbeg*, incite
Scythemen next Harvest to renew the fight.
Then in comes Mayor *Eagle*, and does gravely alledge,
He'll subscribe (if he can) for a bundle of Sedge.
But the Man of *Clarehall* that proffer refuses,
'Snigs, he'll be beholden to none but the Muses:

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And orders Ten Porters to bring the dull Reams
On the Death of good *Charles*, and Crowning of *James*:
And ſwears he will borrow of the Provoſt more ſtuff
On the Marriage of *Anne*, if that ben't enough.
The Heads, leſt he get all the Profit to himſelf
(Too greedy of Honour, too lavish of Pelf)
This Motion deny, and Vote that *Tite Tillet*
Should gather from each noble Doctor a Billet.
The Kindneſs was common, and ſo they'd return it,
The Gift was to all, all therefore would burn it:
Thus joining their Stocks for a Bonfire together,
As they club for a Cheeſe in the Pariſh of *Cheddar*;
Confuſedly crowd on the Sophs and the Doctors,
The Hangman, the Townſmen, their Wives and the Proctors, [in ale,
While the Troops from each part of the Countries
Come to quaff his Confuſion in Bumpers of ſtale.
But *Roſalin*, never unkind to a Duke,
Does by her Abſence their Folly rebuke,
The tender Creature could not ſee his Fate,
With whom ſhe had danc'd a Minuet ſo late.
The Heads who never could hope for ſuch frames,
Out of envy condemn'd ſixſcore Pounds to the Flames,
Then his Air was too proud, and his Features amiſs,
As if being a Traytor had alter'd his Phiz:
So the Rabble of *Rome*, whoſe favour ne'er ſettles,
Melt down their *Sejanus* to Pots and Braſs Kettles.

The MAN of HONOUR.

Written by the Honourable Mr. *Montague*.

Occaſion'd by a Poſtſcript of Pen's *Letter*.

NOT all the Threats or Favours of a Crown,
A Prince's Whiſper, or a Tyrant's Frown

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Can awe the Spirit, or allure the Mind
Of him, who to ſtrict Honour is inclin'd;
Though all the Pomp and Pleaſure that does wait
On publick Places, and Affairs of State,
Should fondly court him to be baſe and great;
With even Paſſions, and with ſetled Face,
He would remove the *Harlot*'s falſe Embrace.
Tho' all the Storms and Tempeſts ſhould ariſe,
That Church Magicians in their Cells deviſe,
And from their ſettled Baſis Nations tear,
He would unmov'd the mighty Ruin bear;
Secure in Innocence contemn 'em all,
And decently array'd in Honours, fall.
For this brave *Shrewsbury* and *Lumley*'s Name,
Shall ſtand the foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame,
Who firſt with ſteddy Minds the Current broke,
And to the ſuppliant Monarch boldly ſpoke.
Great Sir, renown'd for Conſtancy, how juſt
Have we obey'd the Crown, and ſerv'd our Truſt,
Eſpous'd your Cauſe and Intereſt in diſtreſs,
Your ſelf muſt witneſs, and our Foes confeſs!
Permit us then ill Fortune to accuſe,
That you at laſt unhappy Counſels uſe,
And ask the only thing we muſt refuſe.
Our Lives and Fortunes freely we'll expoſe,
Honour alone we cannot, muſt not loſe:
Honour, that Spark of the Celeſtial Fire,
That above Nature makes Mankind aſpire;
Ennobles the rude Paſſions of our Frame,
With thirſt of Glory and deſire of Fame;
The richeſt Treaſure of a generous Breaſt,
That gives the Stamp and Standard to the reſt.
Wit, Strength and Courage, are wild dangerous force,
Unleſs this ſoftens and directs their Courſe;
And would you rob us of the nobleſt Part,
Accept a Sacrifice without a Heart?
'Tis much beneath the greatneſs of a Throne,
To take the Caſket when the Jewel's gone:

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Debauch our Principles, corrupt our Race,
And teach the Nobles to be falſe and baſe;
What Confidence can you in them repoſe,
Who, e'er they ſerve you, all their Value loſe?
Who once enſlave their Conſcience to their Luſt,
Have loſt their Reins, and can no more be Juſt.
Of Honour, Men at firſt like Women nice,
Raiſe Maiden ſcruples at unpractis'd Vice;
Their modeſt Nature curbs the ſtrugling Flame,
And ſtifles what they wiſh to act, with Shame.
But once this Fence thrown down, when they perceive
That they may taſte forbidden Fruit and live;
They ſtop not here their Courſe, but ſafely in,
Grow Strong, Luxuriant, and bold in Sin;
True to no Principles, preſs forward ſtill,
And only bound by Appetite their Will:
Now fawn and flatter, while this Tide prevails,
But ſhift with every veering Blaſt their Sails.
Mark thoſe that meanly truckle to your Power,
They once deſerted, and chang'd ſides before,
And would to morrow *Mahomet* adore!
On higher Springs true Men of Honour move,
Free is their Service, and unbought their Love:
When Danger calls, and Honour leads the way,
With Joy they follow, and with Pride obey:
When the Rebellious Foe came rolling on,
And ſhook with gathering Multitudes the Throne,
Where were the Minions then? what Arms, what Force,
Could they oppoſe to ſtop the Torrents Courſe?
Then *Pembroke*, then the Nobles firmly ſtood,
Free of their Lives, and laviſh of their Blood;
But when your Orders to mean Ends decline,
With the ſame Conſtancy they all reſign.
Thus ſpake the Youth, who open'd firſt the way,
And was the *Phoſphorus* to the dawning Day;
Follow'd by a more glorious ſplendid Hoſt,
Than any Age, or any Realm can boaſt:

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So great their Fame, ſo numerous their Train,
To name were endleſs, and to praiſe in vain;
But *Herbert*, and great *Oxford* merit more,
Bold is their flight, and more ſublime they ſoar;
So high their Virtue as yet wants a Name,
Exceeding Wonder, and ſurpaſſing Fame:
Riſe, glorious Church, erect thy Radiant Head,
The Storm is paſt, th' Impending Tempeſt fled:
Had Fate decreed thy Ruin or Diſgrace,
It had not giv'n ſuch Sons, ſo brave a Race.
When for Deſtruction Heaven a Realm deſigns,
The Symptoms firſt appear in ſlaviſh Minds:
Theſe Men would prop a ſinking Nation's weight,
Stop falling Vengeance, and reverſe ev'n Fate.
Let other Nations boaſt their fruitful Soil,
Their fragrant Spices, their rich Wine and Oil;
In breathing Colours, and in living Paint
Let them excel, their Maſtery we grant.
But to inſtruct the Mind, to arm the Soul
With Virtue, which no dangers can controul;
Exalt the thought, a ſpeedy Courage lend,
That Horror cannot ſhake, or Pleaſure bend:
Theſe are the *Engliſh* Arts, theſe we profeſs
To be the ſame in Mis'ry and Succeſs;
To teach Oppreſſors Law, aſſiſt the Good,
Relieve the Wretched, and ſubdue the Proud.
Such are our Souls: But what doth Worth avail,
When Kings commit to hungry Prieſts the Scale?
All Merit's light when they diſpoſe the Weight,
Who either would embroil, or rule the State;
Defame thoſe Heroes who their Yoke refuſe,
And blaſt that Honeſty they cannot uſe;
The ſtrength and ſafety of the Crown deſtroy,
And the King's Power againſt himſelf imploy;
Affront his Friends, deprive him of the Brave;
Bereft of theſe, he muſt become their Slave.
Men, like our Mony, come the moſt in play,
For being baſe, and of a coarſe Allay.

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The richeſt Medals, and the pureſt Gold,
Of native Value, and exacteſt Mould,
By Worth conceal'd, in private Cloſets ſhine;
For vulgar uſe too precious and too fine;
Whilſt Tin and Copper with new ſtamping bright,
Coin of baſe Metal, counterfeit and light,
Do all the Buſineſs of the Nation's turn,
Rais'd in Contempt, us'd and employ'd in Scorn:
So ſhining Virtues are for Courts too bright,
Whoſe guilty Actions fly the ſearching Light;
Rich in themſelves, diſdaining to aſpire,
Great without Pomp they willingly retire:
Give place to Fools, whoſe raſh miſjudging Senſe
Increaſes the weak meaſures of their Prince;
Prone to admire, and flatter him in Eaſe,
They ſtudy not his Good, but how to pleaſe;
They blindly and implicitly run on,
Nor ſee thoſe Dangers which the other ſhun:
Who ſlow to act, each buſ'neſs duly weigh,
Adviſe with Freedom, and with Care obey;
With Wiſdom fatal to their Intereſt ſtrive
To make their Monarch lov'd, and Nation thrive.
Such have no place where Prieſts and Women reign,
Who love fierce Driven, and a looſer Rein.

SONG. To CÆLIA.

I.

I Spend my ſad Life in ſighs, and in ſtiles,
And in ſilent dark Shades mourn the frowns of your Eyes;
Lewd Satyrs and Fawns ſtill pity do ſhow,
And Wolves howl in Conſort to the noiſe of my Woe:
Even Mountains and Groves are kinder than ſhe;
Groans rebound from each Rock, Tears drop from each Tree:
And all things, but Cælia, ſhew pity, ſhew pity on me.

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II.

Come *Celia*, come learn of theſe Shades to be kind,
Learn to yield when I ſigh, Trees bend with the Wind;
When drops often fall, Rocks, Stones, will relent,
Ah! learn, cruel Maid! when I weep, to repent.
Kind Ivies do ne'er from Embraces remove,
Rivers mix, and that mixture a Marriage may prove;
Learn of Trees to Embrace; of Rivers, cold Rivers, to Love.

A SONG.

NO more on my Knees to a Beauty I'll ſue,
My Heart that was Captive, ſhall learn to ſubdue;
I'll court the fair Idols no more to comply,
Nor from their Refuſals conclude I muſt dye:
Let inſipid Lovers their Paſſion diſcover,
With Hearts almoſt drown'd in a Deluge of Woe.
To *Phillis* I'll go, where a whiſper or ſo,
Makes way to the Fountain where Pleaſures o'erflow.

II.

There in Love's Garden I'll rifle each Flower,
Contemning young *Cupid*, and ſcoffing at's Power,
'Till Appetites rais'd; then give o'er to purſue
Thoſe pretty Intrigues, and briskly fall to.
At every Motion, or amorous Notion,
The riſings of Nature with Love-tricks allay;
To an Alcove hard by, where *Jove* cannot ſpy,
My *Phillis* and I moſt pleaſingly ſtray.

III.

Where whilſt I enfold the ſoft Dear in my Arms,
I wallow in Joy, 'till diſſolv'd by the Charms
Of her ſoft melting Kiſſes, I gaſp for freſh Breath,
Each minute reviving to die a new Death.
Thus in unparallel'd Raptures of Bliſs
We conſume the ſwift Minutes of troubleſome Life,
'Till Nature retire, and puts out Love's Fire,
And Age puts an end to our amorous Strife.

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THE

DUEL

OF THE

STAGS.

A

POEM.

Written by the Honourable

Sir *ROBERT HOWARD.*

LONDON:

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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To His GRACE the

Duke of *Buckingham.*

MY LORD,

I *Should beg your Pardon, could I apprehend it were an Error to preſent any thing to your Grace which comes from me, to whom I have made ſo entire a Dedication of my ſelf; but this Advantage appears in all real Eſteems and Friendſhips, they are as much above the Ceremonies of the World, as the uſual Practice of it; but your Grace has a farther Title to this, being more yours than Mine; as much as an Image well ſhap'd and poliſh'd, is more properly due to him that gave it that Perfection, than to him that firſt dig'd the Stone out of the Quarry; it was an ill contriv'd Houſe within, full of Entries and unuſeful Paſſages, till your Grace was pleas'd to take them away, and make it Habitable for any Candid Opinion.*

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At the same time when your Grace made this your own, you made me more justly yours; 'twas in your Confinement, where after some Concealment of your self, to weigh the Circumstances and Causes of your Persecution, you generously expos'd your self to stand all Hazards and Tryals, from the Assurance of your Courage, and Advice of your Innocence; and as your Grace in your Adversity has found the Advantage of an unshaken Honour, I doubt not but your Prince and Nation will find an equal Benefit in your better Fortunes, by your Counsel and Service, which will always be directed by such a steady Virtue; and may all Advantages that you encrease in, and all the Nation receives by you, be equal'd by nothing but the Content of

My Lord,

Your Grace's most Humble,

and Faithful Servant,

ROBERT HOWARD.

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The DUEL *of the* STAGS.

IN *Windſor* Foreſt, before War deſtroy'd
The harmleſs Pleaſures which ſoft Peace enjoy'd;
A mighty Stag grew Monarch of the Herd,
By all his Savage Slaves obey'd, and fear'd:
And while the Troops about their Sovereign fed,
They watch'd the awful nodding of his Head.
Still as he paſſeth by, they all remove,
Proud in Dominion, Prouder in his Love:
[And while with Pride and Appetite he ſwells;]
He courts no choſen Object, but compels:
No Subject his lov'd Miſtreſs dares deny,
But yields his hopes up to his Tyranny.
Long had this Prince imperiouſly thus ſway'd,
By no ſet Laws, but by his Will obey'd,
His fearful Slaves, to full Obedience grown,
Admire his Strength, and dare not uſe their own.
One Subject moſt did his ſuſpicion move,
That ſhow'd leaſt Fear, and counterfeited Love;
In the beſt Paſtures by his ſide he fed,
Arm'd with two large Militia's on his Head:
As if he practis'd Majeſty, he walk'd,
And at his Nod, he made not haſte, but ſtalk'd,
By his large ſhade, he ſaw how great he was,
And his vaſt Layers on the bended Graſs.
His thoughts as large as his proportion grew,
And judg'd himſelf as fit for Empire too.
Thus to rebellious Hopes he ſwell'd at length,
Love and Ambition growing with his ſtrength.
This hid Ambition his bold Paſſion ſhows,
And from a Subject to a Rival grows.

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Sollicites all his Princes fearful Dames,
And in his ſight counts with rebellious Flames.
The Prince ſees this with an inflamed Eye,
But Looks are only ſigns of Majeſty:
When once a Prince's Will meets a reſtraint,
His Power is then eſteem'd but his Complaint.
His Head then ſhakes, at which th' affrighted Herd
Start to each ſide; his Rival not afear'd,
Stands by his Miſtreſs ſide, and ſtirs not thence,
But bids her own his Love, and his Defence.
The Quarrel now to a vaſt height is grown,
Both urg'd to fight by Paſſion, and a Throne;
But Love has moſt excuſe; for all, we find,
Have Paſſions, tho' not Thrones alike aſſign'd.
The Sovereign Stag ſhaking his loaded Head,
On which his Scepters with his Arms were ſpread,
Wiſely by Nature, there together fix'd,
Where with the Title, the Defence was mixt.
The pace which he advanc'd with to engage,
Became at once his Majeſty, and Rage:
T' other ſtands ſtill with as much confidence,
To make his part ſeem only his defence.
Their heads now meet, and at one blow each ſtrikes
As many ſtrokes, as if a Rank of Pikes
Grew on his Brows, as thick their Antlers ſtand,
Which every Year kind Nature does diſband.
Wild Beaſts ſometimes in peace and quiet are,
But Man no ſeaſon frees from Love or War.
With equal ſtrength they met, as if two Gales
Had fell, and mingled with a thouſand ſtrokes.
One by Ambition urg'd, t' other Diſdain,
One to Preſerve, the other fought to Gain:
The Subjects and the Miſtreſſes ſtood by,
With Love and Duty to crown Victory:
For all Affections wait on proſperous Fame,
Nor he that climbs, but he that falls, meets Shame:
While thus with equal Courages they meet,
The wounded Earth yields to their ſtruggling Feet;

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And while one flies, t' other pursues the Flight,
And thinks that fore'd Retreat looks like a Flight:
But then asham'd of his Retreat, at length
Drives his Foe back, his Rage renews his strength.
As even Weights into a motion thrown,
By equal turns, drive themselves up and down;
So sometimes one, then t' other Stag prevails,
And Victory, yet doubtful, holds the Scales.
The Prince asham'd to be oppos'd so long,
With all his strength united rushes on;
The Rebel weaker than at first appears,
And from his Courage sinks into his Fears.
Not able longer to withstand his might,
From a Retreat at last steals to a Flight.
The mighty Stag pursues his flying Foe,
Till his own Pride of Conquest made him slow;
Thought it enough to scorn a thing that flies,
And only now pursu'd him with his Eyes.
The Vanquish'd as he fled, turn'd back his sight,
Asham'd to fly, and yet afraid to fight:
Sometimes his Wounds, as his excuse survey'd,
Then fled again, and then look'd back and stay'd:
Blush'd that his Wounds so slight should not deny
Strength for a flight, that left him Strength to fly.
Calls thoughts of Love and Empire to his Aid;
But Fears more powerful than all those perswade.
And yet in spight of them remains his shame,
His cool'd ambition, and his half-quench'd flame.
There's none from their own sense of shame can fly,
And dregs of Passions dwell with Misery.
Now to the shades he bends his feeble Course,
Despis'd by those that once admir'd his force:
The Wretch that to a scorn'd Condition's thrown,
With the World's Favour, loses too his own.
While fawning Troops their conquering Prince en-
Now render'd Absolute by being opposid; [circlsid,
Princes by Disobedience get Command,
And by new quench'd Rebellions firmer stand.

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Till by the boundleſs Offers of Succeſs,
They meet their Fate in ill-us'd happineſs.
The vanquiſh'd Stag to thickeſt Shades repairs,
Where he finds Safety puniſh'd with his Cares;
Thorough the Woods he ruſhes not, but glides,
And from all ſearches but his own he hides;
Aſham'd to live, unwilling yet to loſe
That wretched Life he knew not how to uſe.
In this Retirement thus he liv'd conceal'd,
Till with his Wounds, his Fears were almoſt heal'd;
His ancient Paſſions now began to move,
He thought again of Empire, and of Love:
Then rouz'd himſelf, and ſtretch'd at his full Length,
Took the large Meaſure of his mighty Strength;
Then ſhook his loaded Head; the ſhadow too
Shook like a Tree, where leaveleſs Branches grew.
Stooping to drink, he ſees it in the ſtreams,
And in the Woods hears claſhing of his Beams;
No accident but does alike proclaim
His growing Strength, and his encreaſing Shame.
Now once again, reſolves to try his Fate,
(For Envy always is importunate;)
And in the Mind perpetually does move,
A fit Companion for unquiet Love.
He thinks upon his mighty Enemy
Circl'd about with Pow'r, and Luxury,
And hop'd his Strength might ſink in his Deſires,
Remembring he had waſted in ſuch Fires.
Yet while he hop'd by them to overcome,
He wiſht the others fatal Joys his own.
Thus the unquiet Beaſt in ſafety lay,
Where nothing was to fear, nor to obey;
Where he alone Commanded, and was Lord
Of every Bounty, Nature did afford,
Choſe Feaſts for every Arbitrary ſenſe,
An Empire in the State of Innocence.
But all the Feaſts, Nature before him plac'd,
Had but faint reliſhes to his loſt Taſte.

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Sick Minds, like Bodies in a Feaver ſpent,
Turn Food to the Diſeaſe, not Nouriſhment.
Sometimes he ſtole abroad, and ſhrinking ſtood,
Under the ſhelter of the friendly Wood;
Caſting his envious Eyes towards thoſe Plains
Where with crown'd Joys, his mighty Rival Reigns,
He ſaw th' obeying Herd marching along,
And weigh'd his Rival's Greatneſs by the Throng.
Want takes falſe Meaſures, both of Power and Joys,
And envy'd Greatneſs is but Crowd and Noiſe.
Not able to endure this hated Sight,
Back to the Shades he flies to ſeek out Night.
Like Exiles from their native Soils, though ſent
To better Countreys, think it Baniſhment.
Here he enjoy'd, what t'other could have there,
The Woods as ſhady, and the Streams as clear,
The Paſtures more untainted where he fed,
And every Night, choſe out an unpreſt Bed.
But then his lab'ring Soul with Dreams was preſt,
And found the greateſt Wearineſs in Reſt;
His dreadful Rival in his ſleep appears,
And in his Dreams again, he fights, and fears:
Shrinks at the ſtroaks of t'other's mighty Head,
Feels every wound, and dreams how faſt he fled.
At this he wakes, and with his fearful Eyes
Salutes the Light, that fleet the *Eaſtern* Skies.
Still half amaz'd, looks round, and held by fear,
Scarce can believe, no Enemy was near.
But when he ſaw his heedleſs Fears were brought,
Not by a Subſtance, but a drowſie Thought,
His ample ſides he ſhakes, from whence the Dew
In ſcatter'd ſhowers, like driven Tempeſts flew.
At which, through all his Breaſt new boldneſs ſpread,
And with his Courage, rais'd his mighty Head.
Then by his Love inſpir'd, reſolves to try
The Combat now, and overcome, or die.
Every weak Paſſion ſometimes is above
The fear of Death, much more the nobleſt Love;

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By Hope 'tis ſcorn'd, and by Deſpair 'tis fought,
Purſu'd by Honour, and by Sorrow brought.
Reſolv'd the Paths of danger now to tread,
From his ſcorn'd ſhelter, and his fears, he fled:
With a brave haſte now ſeeks a ſecond Fight,
Redeems the baſe one by a noble flight.
In the mean time, the Conqueror injoy'd
That Power by which he was to be deſtroy'd.
How hard 'tis for the Proſperous to ſee,
That Fate which waits on Power, and Victory!
Thus he ſecurely Reign'd, when in a Rout,
He ſaw th' affrighted Herd flying about;
As if ſome Huntſmen did their Chaſe purſue,
About themſelves in ſcatter'd Rings they flew.
He like a careful Monarch, rais'd his Head,
To ſee what Cauſe that ſtrange diſturbance bred:
But when the ſearcht-out Cauſe appear'd no more,
Than from a Slave, he had o'ercome before,
A bold Diſdain did in his Looks appear,
And ſhook his aweful Head to chide their Fear.
The Herd afraid of Friend and Enemy,
Shrink from the one, and from the other fly;
They ſcarce know which they ſhould obey, or truſt,
Since Fortune only makes it ſafe and juſt.
Yet in deſpight of all his Pride, he ſtaid,
And thin unlookt for Chance with trouble weigh'd.
His Rage, and his Contempt alike, ſwell'd high,
And only fear'd his Enemy ſhould Fly;
He thought of former Conqueſt, and from thence
Cozen'd himſelf into a Confidence.
T'others that ſaw his Conqueror ſo near,
Stood ſtill and liſtned to a whiſp'ring fear;
Eftſoons whence he heard his Conqueſt, and his ſhame;
But new-born Hopes his antient Fears o'ercame.
The mighty Enemies now meet at length,
With equal Fury, though not equal Strength;
For now, too late, the Conqueror did find,
That all was waſted in him but his Mind.

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His Courage in his Weakneſs yet prevails,
As a bold Pilot ſteers with tatter'd Sails;
And Cordage crackt, directs no ſteddy Courſe,
Carry'd by Reſolution, more than Force.
Before his once ſcorn'd Enemy he reels,
His Wounds encreaſing with his Shame, he feels.
The others ſtrength, more from his weakneſs grows,
And with one furious puſh, his Rival throws.

So a tall Oak, the Pride of all the Wood,
That long th' Aſſault of ſeveral Storms had ſtood;
Till by a mighty Blaſt more pow'rfully puſht,
His Root's torn up, and to the Earth he ruſht.

Yet then he rais'd his Head, on which there grew
Once, all his Power, and all his Title too;
Unable now to riſe, and leſs to fight,
He rais'd thoſe Scepters to demand his Right:
But ſuch weak Arguments prevail with none,
To plead their Titles, when their Power is gone.

His Head now ſinks, and with it all defence,
Not only robb'd of Power, but Pretence.
Wounds upon Wounds the Conqueror ſtill gives,
And thinks himſelf unſafe, while t'other lives:
Unhappy State of ſuch as wear a Crown,
Fortune can never lay 'em gently down.

Now to the moſt ſcorn'd Remedy he flys,
And for ſome pity ſeems to move his Eyes;
Pity, by which the beſt of virtue's try'd,
To wretched Princes ever is deny'd.
There is a Debt to Fortune, which they pay
For all their Greatneſs, by no Common way.

The flatt'ring Troops unto the Victor fly,
And own his Title to his Victory;
The faith of moſt, with Fortune does decline,
Duty's but Fear, and Conſcience but Deſign.

The Victor now, proud in his great Succeſs,
Haſtes to enjoy his fatal Happineſs;
Forgot his mighty Rival was deſtroy'd
By that, which he ſo fondly now enjoy'd.

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In Paſſions thus Nature her ſelf enjoys,
Sometimes preſerves, and then again deſtroys;
Yet all deſtruction which Revenge can move,
Time or Ambition, is ſupply'd by Love.

A SONG.

I.

RAnging the Plain one Summer's Night,
To paſs a vacant Hour,
I fortunately chanc'd to light
On lovely *Phillis* Bow'r:
The Nymph, adorn'd with thouſand Charms,
In Expectation ſate,
To meet thoſe Joys in *Strephon*'s Arms,
Which Tongue cannot relate.

II.

Upon her Hand ſhe lean'd her Head,
Her Breaſt did gently riſe;
That ev'ry Lover might have read
Her Wiſhes in her Eyes.
At ev'ry Breath that mov'd the Trees,
She ſuddenly would ſtart;
A Cold on all her Body ſeiz'd,
A trembling on her Heart.

III.

But he that knew how well ſhe lov'd,
Beyond his Hour had ſtay'd;
And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
The melancholy Maid.
Ye Gods, ſhe ſaid, how oft he ſwore
He would be here by One;
But now, alas! 'tis Six and more,
And yet he is not come.

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A SONG.

I.

THE Night her blackeſt Sables wore,
And gloomy were the Skies;
And glitt'ring Stars there were no more,
Than thoſe in *Stella*'s Eyes:
When at her Father's Gate I knock'd,
Where I had often been;
And ſhrowded only with her Smock,
The fair one let me in.

II.

Faſt lock'd within her cloſe Embrace,
She trembling lay aſham'd;
Her ſwelling Breaſt, and glowing Face,
And every touch enflam'd.
My eager Paſſion I obey'd,
Reſolv'd the Fort to win;
And her fond Heart was ſoon betray'd,
To yield and let me in.

III.

Then! then! beyond expreſſing,
Immortal was the Joy;
I knew no greater Bleſſing,
So great a God was I.
And ſhe tranſported with Delight,
Oft pray'd me come again;
And kindly vow'd, that every Night
She'd riſe and let me in.

IV.

But, oh! at laſt ſhe prov'd with Bern,
And ſighing ſate, and dull;
And I that was as much concern'd
Look'd then juſt like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears run o'er,
Repenting her raſh Sin;
She ſigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour
That e'er ſhe let me in.

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V.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from ſuch Beauty part?
I lov'd her ſo, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart.
But Wedded and conceal'd the Crime,
Thus all was well again;
And now ſhe thanks the bleſſed Hour,
That e'er ſhe let me in.

A SONG, *on the Devil's Arſe of the Peak.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

Oak-Laurel would needs have the Devil his Gueſt,
And bad him once into the Peak to Dinner,
Where never the Fiend had ſuch a Feaſt
Provided him yet, at the Charge of a Sinner.

II.

His Stomach was queaſie for coming there Coach'd;
The jogging had caus'd ſome Crudities riſe;
To help it, he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That uſed to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

III.

And ſo recover'd unto his Wiſh,
He ſate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promoter in Rum-broth was the firſt Diſh,
His own privy Kitchen had no ſuch Meat.

IV.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a ſudden he ſhifted his Trencher
As ſoon he ſpy'd the Bawd, and Bacon,
By which you may Note the Devil's a Wencher.

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V.

Six pickl'd Taylors ſliced and cut,
Sempſters, Tyrewomen, fit for his Palat;
With Feathermen and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

VI.

A rich fat Uſurer ſtew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyer's Head and Green-ſawce;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never ſeen Sawce.

VII.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook'd with Paine,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeant's Face;
The Sawce was made of his Yeoman's Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

VIII.

Two roaſted Sheriffs came whole to the Board;
(The Feaſt had nothing been without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and fur'd,
Their Chains like Sawſages hung about 'em.

IX.

The very next Diſh, was the Mayor of a Town,
With a Pudding of maintenance thruſt in his Belly;
Like a Gooſe in the Feathers dreſt in his Gown,
And his Couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

X.

A *London* Cuckold, hot from the Spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit, [him.
But the Horns were very near like to have choak'd

XI.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roaſted,
With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick;
A Pander's Pettitoes that had boaſted
Himſelf for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

XII.

A large fat Paſtry of a Mid-wife hot;
And for a cold bak'd Meat into the Story,

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A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in Cruſt, till now ſhe was hoary.

XIII.

To theſe, an over grown Juſtice of Peace,
With a Clerk like a Gizzard thruſt under each Arm;
And Warrants for Sippets, laid in his own Greaſe,
Set o'er a Chaffing-diſh to be kept warm.

XIV.

The Joul of a Jaylor, ſerv'd for a Fiſh,
A Conſtable ſous'd with Vinegar by;
Two Aldermen Lobſters aſleep in a Diſh,
A Deputy Tart, a Churchwarden Pye.

XV.

All which devour'd; he then for a Cloſe,
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge Veſſel up to his Noſe,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

XVI.

Then from the Table he gave a ſtart,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing ſcarce,
All which he ſlirted away with a Fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arſe.

XVII.

And there he made ſuch a Breach with the Wind,
The hole too ſtanding open the while,
That the ſcent of the Vapour, before, and behind,
Hath foully perfumed moſt part of the Iſle.

XVIII.

And this was Tobacco, the learned ſuppoſe;
Which ſince in Country, Court and Town,
In the Devils Gliſter-pipe ſmoaks at the Noſe
Of Pollcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

XIX.

From which wicked Weed, with Swines-fleſh, and Ling,
Or any thing elſe that's Feaſt for the Fiend:
Our Captain and we cry, God ſave the King,
And ſend him good Meat, and Mirth without end.

SONG.

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SONG. To CELIA.

By *Ben. Johnson.*

DRink to me, only with thine Eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a Kiſs but in the Cup,
And I'll not look for Wine.
The Thirſt, that from the Soul doth riſe,
Doth ask a Drink divine:
But might I of *Jove's Nectar* ſip,
I would not change for thine.
I ſent thee, late, a roſie Wreath,
Not ſo much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'ſt only breathe,
And ſent'ſt it back to me;
Since when it grows, and ſmells, I ſwear,
Not of it ſelf, but thee.

To HEAVEN.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

GOod, and great *God*, can I not think of thee,
But it muſt, ſtraight, my Melancholy be?
Is it interpreted in me Diſeaſe,
That, laden with my Sins, I ſeek for Eaſe?
O, be thou Witneſs, that the Reins doſt know,
And Hearts of all, if I be ſad for Show:
And judge me after: If I dare pretend
To ought but Grace, or aim at other End.
As thou art All, ſo be thou All to me,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, converted one, and three;

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My Faith, my Hope, my Love: And in this State,
My Judge, my Witneſs, and my Advocate.
Where have I been this while exil'd from thee?
And whither rapt, now thou but ſtoop'ſt to me?
Dwell, dwell here ſtill: O, Being every-where,
How can I doubt to find thee ever here?
I know my State, both full of Shame and Scorn,
Conceiv'd in Sin, and unto Labour born,
Standing with Fear, and muſt with Horror fall,
And deſtin'd unto Judgment, after all.
I feel my Griefs too, and there ſcarce is Ground
Upon my Fleſh t'inflict another Wound.
Yet dare I not complain, or wiſh for Death
With holy *Paul*, leſt it be thought the Breath
Of Diſcontent; or that theſe Prayers be
For wearineſs of Life, not love of thee.

An E L E G Y.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

TO make the Doubt clear, that no Woman's true,
Was it my Fate to prove it full in you?
Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Air,
And muſt ſhe needs be falſe, becauſe ſhe's Fair?
Is it your Beauty's Mark, or of your Youth,
Or your Perfection, not to ſtudy Truth;
Or think you Heav'n is deaf, or hath no Eyes?
Or thoſe it has, wink at your Perjuries?
Are Vows ſo cheap with Women? or the matter
Whereof they are made, that they are writ in Water,
And blown away with Wind? or doth their Breath,
Both hot and cold at once, threat Life and Death?
Who could have thought ſo many Accents ſweet
Tun'd to our Words, ſo many Sighs ſhould meet
Blown from our Hearts, ſo many Oaths and Tears
Sprinkled among? all ſweeter, by our Fears,

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And the divine Impreſſion of ſtol'n Kiſſes,
That ſeal'd the reſt, could now prove empty Bliſſes?
Did you draw Bonds to forfeit? ſign to break?
Or muſt we read you quite from what you ſpeak,
And find the Truth out the wrong way? or muſt
He firſt deſire you falſe, would wiſh you juſt?
O, I profane! Though moſt of Women be
The common Monſter, Love, ſhall except thee,
My deareſt Love, however Jealouſie
With Circumſtance might urge the contrary.
Sooner I'll think the Sun would ceaſe to chear
The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear;
Sooner that Rivers would run back, or *Thames*
With Ribs of Ice in *June* would bind his Streams:
Or Nature, by whoſe ſtrength the World endures,
Would change her Courſe, before you alter yours.
But, O that treacherous Breaſt, to whom weak you
Did truſt our Counſels, and we both may rue,
Having his Falſhood found too late! 'twas he
That made me caſt you guilty, and you me.
Whilſt he, black Wretch, betray'd each ſimple Word
We ſpake unto the coming of a third!
Curſt may he be that ſo our Love hath ſlain,
And wander wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*:
Wretched as he, and not deſerve leaſt pity:
In plaguing him, let Miſery be witty.
Let all Eyes ſhun him, and he ſhun each Eye,
Till he be noiſom as his Infamy:
May he without remorſe deny God thrice,
And not be truſted more on his Soul's price:
And after all ſelf-torment, when he dies,
May Wolves tear out his Heart, Vultures his Eyes,
Swine eat his Bowels, and his falſer Tongue,
That utter'd all, be to ſome Raven ſlung:
And let his Carrion Coarſe be a longer Feaſt
To the King's Dogs, than any other Beaſt.
Now I have curſt, let us our Love revive;
In me the Flame was never more alive.

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I could begin again to court and praiſe,
And in that Pleaſure lengthen the ſhort days
Of my Life's Leaſe; like Painters that do take
Delight, not in made Works, but whilſt they make.
I could renew thoſe Times, when firſt I ſaw
Love in your Eyes, that gave my Tongue the Law
To like what you lik'd, and at Masks, or Plays,
Commend the ſelf-ſame Actors, the ſame Ways,
Ask how you did, and often with intent
Of being officious, grow impertinent;
All which were ſuch loſt Paſtimes, as in theſe
Love was as ſubtly catch'd as a Diſeaſe.
But, being got, it is a Treaſure ſweet,
Which to defend, is harder than to get;
And ought not be profan'd on either part,
For though 'tis got by Chance, 'tis kept by Art.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod fœlix fauſtumque Convivis in Apolline *ſit.*

By BEN. JOHNSON.

1 *NEmo Aſymbolus, niſi Umbra, huc venito.*
2 *Idiota, Inſulſus, Triſtis, Turpis, abeſto.*
3 *Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honeſti, adſciſcuntor.*
4 *Nec lecta Fœmina repudiantor.*
5 *In Apparatu quod Convivis corruget Nares nil eſto.*
6 *Epula delectu potius quam ſumptu parentur.*
7 *Obſonator & cocus convivarum Gula periti ſunto.*
8 *De Diſcubitu non contenditor.*
9 *Miniſtri, à Dapibus oculati & muti,*
A Poculis auriti & celeres ſunto.
10 *Vina puris fontibus miniſtrentur, aut vapulet Hoſpes.*
11 *Moderatis poculis provocare ſodales fas eſto.*
12 *At Fabulis magis quam Vino velitatio fiat.*

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13 *Conviva nec muti nec loquaces ſunto.*
14 *De ſeriis ac ſacris Poti & Saturi ne differunto.*
15 *Fidicen, niſi accerſitus, non venito.*
16 *Admiſſo Riſu, Tripudiis, Choreis, Cantu, Salibus, Omni Gratiarum feſtivitate ſacra celebrantor.*
17 *Foci ſine felle ſunto.*
18 *Inſipida poemata nulla recitantor.*
19 *Verſus ſcribere nullus cogitor.*
20 *Argumentationis totus Strepitus abeſto.*
21 *Amatoriis querelis, ac ſuſpiriis liber Angulus eſto.*
22 *Lapitharum more Scyphis pugnare, Vitrea collidere, Feneſtras excutere, ſupellectilem dilacerare, nefas eſto.*
23 *Qui foràs vel dicta vel facta Eliminat, Eliminator.*
24 *Neminem rerum Pocula faciunto.*
Focus perennis eſto.

RULES *for the Tavern Academy*, &c.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

I.

1 AS the Fund of our Pleaſure, let each pay his ſhot,
Except ſome chance Friend whom a Member brings in.
2 Far hence be the *Sad*, the *Lewd Fop* and the *Sot*,
For ſuch have the Plagues of good Company been.

II.

3 Let the *Learned* and *Witty*, the *Jovial* and *Gay*,
The *Generous* and *Honeſt* Compoſe our free State;
4 *And the more to exalt our Delight whilſt we ſtay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice Female Mate.

III.

5 Let no Scent offenſive the Chamber infeſt.
6 Let Fancy, not Coſt, prepare all our Diſhes.
7 Let the Caterer mind the taſte of each Gueſt,
And the Cook in his Dreſſing comply with their Wiſhes.

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IV.

8 Let's have no diſturbance about taking Naces,
To ſhew your nice Breeding, or out of vain Pride.
9 Let the Drawers be ready with Wine and freſh
Glaſſes; [muſt be ty'd.
Let the Waiters have Eyes, tho' their Tongues

V.

10 Let our Wines without mixture, or Stum, be all fine,
Or call up the Maſter, and break his dull Noddle.
11 Let no ſober Bigot here think it a Sin,
To puſh on the chirping and moderate Bottle.

VI.

12 Let the Conteſts be rather of Books than of Wine.
13 Let the Company be neither noiſie nor mute,
14 Let none of things Serious, much leſs of Divine,
When Belly and Head's full, prophanely diſpute.

VII.

15 Let no ſawcy Fidler preſume to intrude,
Unleſs he is ſent for *to vary our Bliſs.*
16 With *Mirth, Wit,* and *Dancing* and *Singing* conclude,
To regale ev'ry Senſe, with Delight in exceſs.

VIII.

17 Let Raillery be without Malice or Heat.
18 Dull Poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no Poetaſter command or intreat
Another Extempore Verſes to make.

IX.

20 Let Argument bear no unmuſical ſound,
Nor Jars interpoſe ſacred Friendſhip to grieve.
21 For Generous Lovers let a Corner be found,
Where they in ſoft Sighs may their Paſſions relieve.

X.

22 Like the old Lapithites, with the Goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongſt Offences unpardon'd will
rank;
Or breaking of Windows, or Glaſſes for ſpight,
And ſpoiling the Goods for a Rakehelly Prank.

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XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said or what's done,
Be he baniſh'd for ever our Aſſembly Divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good Wine.

Over the Door at the Entrance into the APOLLO.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

WElcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*-----
Here he ſpeaks out of his Pottle,
Or the Tripos, his Tower Bottle:
All his Anſwers are Divine,
Truth it ſelf doth flow in Wine.
Hang up all the poor Hop-Drinkers,
Cries *Old Sym* the King of Skinkers.
He the half of Life abuſes,
That ſits watering with the Muſes.
Thoſe dull Girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the Milk of *Venus*,
And the Poet's Horſe accounted.
Ply it and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true *Phœbian* Liquor,
Chears the Brains, makes Wit the quicker,
Pays all Debts, cures all Diſeaſes,
And at once three Senſes pleaſes.
Welcome all that lead or follow,
To the Oracle of *Apollo*.

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Her Man deſcribed by her own Dictamen.

By Ben. Johnſon.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to eaſe me,
I will tell what Man would pleaſe me.
I would have him, if I could,
Noble; or of greater Blood:
Titles, I confeſs, do take me;
And a Woman God did make me:
French to boot, at leaſt in faſhion,
And his Manners of that Nation.
Young I'd have him too, and fair,
Yet a Man; with criſped Hair,
Caſt in thouſand Snares and Rings,
For *Love*'s Fingers, and his Wings:
Cheſnut Colour, or more ſlack
Gold, upon a Ground of Black.
Venus and *Minerva*'s Eyes,
For he muſt look wanton-wiſe.
Eye-brows bent, like *Cupid*'s Bow,
Front, an ample Field of Snow;
Even Noſe and Cheek (withal)
Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
Chin as woolly as the Peach;
And his Lip ſhould kiſſing teach,
Till he cheriſh'd too much Beard,
And make *Love* or me afeard.
He would have a Hand as ſoft
As the Down, and ſhew it oft;
Skin as ſmooth as any Ruſh,
And ſo thin to ſee a Bluſh
Riſing through it, e'er it came;
All his Blood ſhould be a Flame,
Quickly fir'd, as in Beginners
In Love's School, and yet no Sinners.

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'Twere too long to ſpeak of all,
What we Harmony do call,
In a body ſhould be there.
Well he ſhould his Cloths to wear;
Yet no Taylor help to make him,
Dreſt, you ſtill for Man ſhould take him,
And not think h'had eat a Stake,
Or were ſet up in a Brake.
Valiant he ſhould be as fire,
Shewing Danger more than Ire.
Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth,
And as honeſt as his Birth.
All his Actions to be ſuch,
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o'er-praiſe, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do Wrongs, nor Wrongs receive;
Nor tie Knots, nor Knots unweave;
And from Baſeneſs to be free,
As he durſt love Truth and me.
Such a Man, with every part,
I could give my very Heart;
But of one, if ſhort he came,
I can reſt me where I am.

A NYMPH's Paſſion.

By Ben. Johnſon.

I.

I Love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who,
For if the Nymphs ſhould know my Swain,
I fear they'd love him too;
Yet if it be not known,
The Pleaſure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow Joy is but our own.

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II.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me:
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a Plague 'bove Scorn;
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my Heart would as my Thought be torn.

III.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As Summers Sky, or purged Air,
And looks as Lillies do,
That are this Morning blown;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

IV.

But he hath Eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my Doubt;
Where Love may all his Torches light,
Though Hate had put them out:
But then t'increase my Fears,
What Nymph soe'er his Voice but hears,
Will be my Rival, though she have but Ears.

V.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
And he loves me; yet no
One unbecoming thought doth move
From either Heart, I know;
But so exempt from blame,
As it would be to each a Fame:
If Love, or Fear, would let me tell his Name.

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An ECLOGUE *on the Death of* BEN. JOHNSON, *between* Meliboeus *and* Hylas.

Written by the Earl of Falkland.

MELIBOEUS.

Hylas, the clear Day boasts a glorious Sun,
Our Troop is ready, and our Time is come:
That Fox who hath so long our Lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous Rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence, old *Aegon's* Son,
Rough *Corilas*, and lusty *Conyden*,
In part the Sport, in part Revenge define,
And both thy Terrier and thy Aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we staid,
The Prey devoures had our Prey been made.

HYLAS.

Oh! *Meliboeus* now I list not hunt;
Nor have that Vigour as before I wont;
My Presence will afford them no Relief,
That Beast I strive to chase is only Grief.

MELIBOEUS.

What mean thy folded Arms, thy down-cast Eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and Sighs which rise?
What mean thy Words which so distracted fall,
As all thy Joys had now one Funeral?
Cause for such Grief, can our Retirements yield?
That follows Courts, but Swains not to the Field.
Hath thy fleet Step-Dame to thy Sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy Herd hath some close Thief convey'd
From open Pastures to a darker Shade?
Part of thy Flock, hath some fierce Torrent drown'd?
Thy Harvest fail'd? or *Amaryllis* frown'd?

HYLAS.

Nor Love, nor Anger, Accident nor Thief,
Hath rais'd the Waves of my unbounded Grief;

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To cure this Cauſe, I would provoke the Ire
Of my fierce Step-Dame or ſeverer Sire,
Give all my Herds, Fields, Flocks, and all the Grace
That ever ſhone in *Amaryllis* Face.
Alas, that Bard, that glorious Bard is dead,
Who when I whilome Cities viſited, [Days,
Hath made them ſeem but Hours which were full
Whilſt he vouchſaf'd me his harmonious Lays:
And when he liv'd, I thought the Country then
A Torture, and no Manſion, but a Den.

MELIBOEUS.

JOHNSON you mean, unleſs I much do err,
I know the Perſon by the Character.

HYLAS.

You gueſs aright, it is too truly ſo,
From no leſs Spring could all theſe Rivers flow.

MELIBOEUS.

Ah *Hylas*! then thy Grief I cannot call
A Paſſion, when the Ground is rational.
I now excuſe thy Tears and Sighs, though thoſe
To Deluges, and theſe to Tempeſts roſe:
Her great Inſtructer gone, I know the Age
No leſs laments than doth the widow'd Stage.
And onely Vice and Folly now are glad,
Our Gods are troubled, and our Prince is ſad:
He chiefly who beſtows Light, Health and Art,
Feels this ſharp Grief pierce his immortal Heart,
He his neglected Lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger nobler *Helicon*,
To find his Herbs, which to his Wiſh prevail
For the leſs lov'd, ſhould his own Favourite fail:
So moan'd himſelf when *Daphne* he ador'd,
That Arts relieving all, ſhould fail their Lord.

HYLAS. [ſprings,

But ſay, from whence in thee this Knowledge
Of what his Favour was with Gods and Kings.

MELIBOEUS. [Towns

Dorus, who long had known Books, Men and
At laſt the honour of our Woods and Downs,

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Had often heard his Songs, was often fir'd
With their inchanting Power, e'er he retir'd,
And e'er himſelf to our ſtill Groves he brought
To meditate on what his Muſe had taught:
Here all his Joy was to revolve alone,
All that her Muſick to his Soul had ſhown,
Or in all Meetings to divert the ſtream
Of our Diſcourſe; and make his Friend his Theam,
And praiſing Works which that rare Loom hath
Impart that Pleaſure which he had receiv'd. [weav'd,
So in ſweet Notes (which did all Tunes excel,
But what he prais'd) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare Pen, what was the uſe and price,
The Bays of Virtue and the Scourge of Vice:
How the rich Ignorant he valued leaſt,
Nor for the Trappings would eſteem the Beaſt:
But did our Youth to noble Actions raiſe,
Hoping the meed of his immortal Praiſe:
How bright and ſoon his Muſes Morning ſhone,
Her Noon how laſting, and her Evening none:
How Speech exceeds not Dumbneſs, nor Verſe Proſe,
More than his Verſe the low rough Rhimes of thoſe,
(For ſuch his ſeen, they ſeem'd,) who higheſt rear'd,
Poſſeſt *Parnaſſus* e'er his Power appear'd:
Nor ſhall another Pen his Fame diſſolve,
'Till we this doubtful Problem can reſolve,
Which in his Works we moſt tranſcendent ſee,
Wit, Judgment, Learning, Art, or Induſtry,
Which 'Till is Never, ſo all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal Torrent grow:
His Learning ſuch, no Author old nor new,
Eſcap'd his reading that deſerv'd his view,
And ſuch his Judgment, ſo exact his Teſt,
Of what was beſt in Books, as what Books beſt,
That had he join'd thoſe Notes his Labours took,
From each moſt prais'd and praiſe-deſerving Book,
And could the World of that choice Treaſure boaſt,
It need not care though all the reſt were loſt:

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And ſuch his Wit, he wit paſt what he quotes,
And his Productions far exceed his Notes:
So in his Works where ought inſerted ſhows,
The nobleſt of the Plants engrafted ſhows,
That his adopted Children equal not
The generous Iſſue his own Brain begot:
So great his Art, that much which he did write,
Gave the Wiſe Wonder, and the Crowd Delight,
Each Sort as well as Sex admir'd his Wit,
The Hees and Shees, the Boxes, and the Pit;
And who leſs lik'd within, did rather chuſe
To tax their Judgments than ſuſpect his Muſe.
How no Spectator his chaſte Stage could call
The cauſe of any Crime of his, but all
With Thoughts and Wills purg'd and amended riſe,
From th' Ethick Lectures of his Comedies,
Where the Spectators act, and the aſham'd Age
Bluſheth to meet her Follies on the Stage;
Where each Man finds ſome Light he never ſought,
And leaves behind ſome Vanity he brought,
Whoſe Politicks no leſs the Minds direct,
Than theſe the Manners, not with leſs Effect,
When his Majeſtick Tragedies relate
All the Diſorders of a tottering State,
All the Diſtempers which on Kingdoms fall,
When Eaſe, and Wealth, and Vice are general,
And yet the Minds againſt all Fear aſſure,
And telling the Diſeaſe, preſcribe the Cure:
Where, as he tells what ſubtle Ways, what Friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wiſht-for Ends)
Ambitious and luxurious Perſons prove,
Whom vaſt Deſires, or mighty Wants do move,
The general Frame to ſap and undermine,
In proud *Sejanus*, and bold *Catiline*;
So in his vigilant Prince and Conſuls parts,
He ſhews the wiſer and the nobler Arts,
By which a State may be maintain'd, upheld,
And all theſe Works deſtroy'd, which Hell would build.

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Who (not like those who with small Praise had wait,
Had they not call'd in Judgment to their Wit)
Us'd not a tutoring Hand his to direct,
But was sole Workman and sole Architect:
And sure by what my Friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own Part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy Fields hold not a happier Ghost.

HYLAS.

Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear Youth)
Where most he past Belief, fell short of Truth:
Say on, what more he said, this gives Relief,
And though it raise my Cause, it bates my Grief.
Since Fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy Friend reviv'd.

MELIBOEUS.

More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother Words with my unpolish'd Stile)
And having told what Pitch his Worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what Reward it gain'd:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd Age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)
How he, when he could know it, reap'd his Fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his Name:
To him how daily flockt, what reverence gave,
All that had Wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his Ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at Glory from so great a Foe:
How the Wise too, did with meer Wits agree,
As *Pembroke*, *Portland*, and grave *Ambigny*;
Nor thought the rigid'st Senator a shame,
To contribute to so deserv'd a Fame:
How great *Eliza*, the Retreat of those,
Who weak and injur'd her Protection chose,
Her Subjects Joy, the Strength of her Allies,
The Fear and Wonder of her Enemies,

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With her judicious Favours did infuſe
Courage and Strength into his younger Muſe:
How learned *James*, whoſe Praiſe no end ſhall find,
(But ſtill enjoy a Fame pure like his Mind)
Who favour'd Quiet, and the Arts of Peace,
(Which in his Halcyon Days found large encreaſe)
Friend to the humbleſt if deſerving Swain,
Who was himſelf a part of *Phœbus* Train,
Declar'd great *Johnſon* worthieſt to receive
The Garland which the Muſes Hands did weave;
And though his Bounty did ſuſtain his Days,
Gave a more welcome Penſion in his Praiſe:
How mighty *Charles* amidſt that weighty Care,
In which three Kingdoms as their Bleſſing ſhare,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful Eyes,
That neither Power may force, nor Art ſurprize,
So bounded by no Shore, graſps all the Main,
And far as *Neptune* claims, extends his reign,
Found ſtill ſome time to hear and to admire,
The happy Sounds of his harmonious Lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted Throne,
And to his Muſes Feet combin'd his own: *In his*
As did his Queen, whoſe Perſon ſo diſcloſe'd *Maſks.*
A brighter Nymph than any Part impos'd,
When ſhe did join, by an harmonious Choice,
Her graceful Motions to his powerful Voice:
How above all the reſt was *Phœbus* fir'd
With love of Arts, which he himſelf inſpir'd,
Nor oftner by his Light our Senſe was chear'd,
Than he in Perſon to his ſight appear'd,
Nor did he write a Line, but to ſupply
With ſacred Flame the radiant God was by.

HYLAS.

Though none I ever heard this laſt rehearſe,
I ſaw as much when I did ſee his Verſe.

MELIBOEUS.

Since he, when living could ſuch Honours have,
What now will Piety pay to his Grave?

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Shall of the rich (whose Lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a Grave, much less a Pile)
The Monuments possess an ample Room,
And such a Wonder lye without a Tomb?
Raise thou him one in Verse, and there relate
His *Worth*, thy *Grief*, and our deplored State,
His great *Perfections*, our great Loss recite,
And let them meerly weep who cannot write.

HYLAS.

I like thy Saying, but oppose thy Choice,
So great a Task as this requires a Voice
Which must be heard, and listned to, by all,
And Fame's own Trumpet but appears too small;
Then for my slender Reed to sound his Name,
Would more my Folly than his Praise proclaim;
And when you wish my Weakness sing his Worth,
You charge a Mouse to bring a Mountain forth:
I am, by Nature form'd, by Woes made Dull,
My Head is emptier than my Heart is full;
Grief doth my Brain impair, as Tears supply,
Which makes my Face so moist, my Pen so dry:
Nor should this Work proceed from Woods and Downs,
But from the Academies, Courts, and Towns;
Let *Digby*, *Carew*, *Killigrew*, and *Maine*,
Godolphin, *Waller*, that inspired Train,
Or whose rare Pen beside deserves the Grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring Place,
Answer thy Wish, for none so fit appears
To raise his Tomb, as who are left his Heirs:
Yet for this Cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his Works, he built his Monument.

MELIBOEUS.

If to obey in this, thy Pen be loth,
It will not seem thy Weakness, but thy Sloth:
Our Towns prest by our Foes invading Might,
Our ancient *Druids* and young Virgins fight,
Employing feeble Limbs to the best use;
So *Johnson* dead, no Pen should plead excuse:

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For Elegies, howl all who cannot ſing;
For Tombs bring Turf, who cannot Marble bring.
Let all their Forces mix, join Verſe to Rime,
To ſave his Fame from that Invader, Time;
Whoſe Power, though his alone may well reſtrain,
Yet to ſo wiſht an end, no Care is vain;
And Time, like what our Brooks act in our Sight,
Oft ſinks the Weighty, and upholds the Light:
Beſides, to this, thy Pains I ſtrive to move
Leſs to expreſs his Glory than thy Love:
Not long before his Death, our Woods he meant
To viſit, and deſcend from *Thames* to *Trent*,
Meet with thy Elegy his Paſtoral,
And riſe as much as he vouchſaf'd to fall:
Suppoſe it chance no other Pen do join
In this Attempt, and the whole work be thine.
When the fierce fire the raſh Boy kindled, raign'd,
The whole World ſuffer'd; Earth alone complain'd:
Suppoſe that many more intend the ſame,
More taught by Art, and better known to Fame,
To that great Deluge which ſo far deſtroy'd, [ploy'd;
The Earth her Springs, as Heav'n his Show'rs em-
So may; who higheſt Marks of Honour wears,
Admit mean Partners in this Flood of Tears:
So oft the humbleſt join with loftieſt Things,
Nor only Princes weep the fate of Kings.

HYLAS.

I yield, I yield, thy Words my Thoughts have [ſtir'd,
And I am leſs perſwaded than inſpir'd;
Speech ſhall give Sorrow vent, and that Relief;
The Woods ſhall Eccho all the City's Grief:
I oft have Verſe on meaner Subjects made,
Should I give Preſents and leave Debts unpaid?
Want of Invention here is no Excuſe,
My Matter I ſhall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in Crowds), I only doubt,
So much would paſs, that nothing will get out,
Elſe in this Work which now my Thoughts intend
I ſhall find nothing hard, but how to end:

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I then but ask fit Time to ſmooth my Lays,
(And imitate in this the Pen I praiſe)
Which by the Subject's Power embalm'd, may laſt,
Whilſt the Sun Light, the Earth doth Shadows caſt,
And feather'd by thoſe Wings fly among Men,
Far as the Fame of Poetry and BEN.

Upon BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. Henry King.

I See that Wreath which doth the Wearer arm
'Gainſt the quick ſtroaks of Thunder, is no charm
To keep off Death's pale Dart: For (*Johnſon*) then
Thou hadſt been number'd ſtill with living Men:
Time's Sythe had fear'd thy Lawrel to invade,
Nor thee this Subject of our Sorrow made.
Amongſt thoſe many Votaries that come
To offer up their Garlands at thy Tomb,
Whilſt ſome more lofty Pens in their bright Verſe,
(Like glorious Tapers flaming on thy Herſe)
Shall light the dull and thankleſs World to ſee,
How great a maim it ſuffers, (wanting thee;)
Let not thy learned Shadow ſcorn, that I
Pay meaner Rites unto thy Memory:
And ſince I nought can add but in deſire,
Reſtore ſome ſparks which leapt from thine own fire.
What Ends ſoever other Quills invite,
I can profeſs, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain Ambition to be read,
But meerly Love and Juſtice to the dead,
Which rais'd my fameleſs Muſe; and cans'd her bring
Theſe Drops, as Tribute thrown into that Spring,
To whoſe moſt rich and fruitful Head we owe
The pureſt ſtreams of Language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; Thou taught'ſt the ruder Age,
To ſpeak by Grammar; and reform'dſt the Stage:

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Thy Comick Sock induc'd ſuch purged Senſe,
A *Lucrece* might have heard without offence.
Amongſt thoſe ſoaring Wits that did dilate
Our *Engliſh*, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thy ſelf was one
Helpt lift it up to ſuch propoſition,
That thus refin'd and roab'd it ſhall not ſpare
With the full *Greek* or *Latin* to compare.
For what Tongue ever durſt, but ours, tranſlate
Great *Tully*'s Eloquence, or *Homer*'s State?
Both which in their unblemiſh'd Luſtre ſhine,
From *Chapman*'s Pen, and from thy *Catiline*.
All I would ask for thee, in recompence
Of thy ſucceſsful Toyl, and Times expence
Is only this poor boon: That thoſe who can
Perhaps read *French*, or talk *Italian*,
Or do the lofty *Spaniard* affect,
(To ſhew their Skill in foreign Dialect)
Prove not themſelves ſo unnat'rally wiſe
They therefore ſhould their Mother-tongue deſpiſe:
(As if her Poets both for Stile and Wit,
Not equal'd, or not paſs'd their beſt that Writ)
Until by ſtudying *Johnſon* they have known
The Heighth, and Strength, and Plenty of their own.
Thus in what low Earth, or neglected Room,
So e'er thou ſleep'ſt, thy Book ſhall be thy Tomb,
Thou wilt go down a happy Coarſe, beſtrew'd
With thine own Flowers, and feel thy ſelf renew'd,
Whilſt thy immortal, never with'ring Bays
Shall yearly flouriſh in thy Reader's Praiſe.
And when more ſpreading Titles are forgot,
Or, ſpight of all their Lead and Sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and ſhrin'd in thine own Sheets wilt
A Relick fam'd by all Poſterity. [lye

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To the Memory of BEN. JOHNSON.

By Mr. Jaſper Mayne.

AS when the Veſtal Hearth went out, no fire
Leſs Holy than the flame that did expire
Could kindle it again: So at thy fall
Our Wit, great *Ben*, is too Apocryphal
To celebrate the Loſs, ſince 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be ſuch.
What thou wert, like th' hard Oracles of old,
Without an Ecſtaſie cannot be told.
We muſt be raviſh'd firſt, thou muſt infuſe
Thy ſelf into us both the Theam and Muſe.
Elſe, (though we all conſpir'd to make thy Herſe
Our Works) ſo that 't had been but one great Verſe,
Though the Prieſt had tranſlated for that time
The Liturgy, and bury'd thee in Rhime,
So that in Meeter we had heard it ſaid,
Poetick Duſt is to Poetick laid:
And though that Duſt being *Shakeſpear*'s thou might'ſt have
Not his Room, but the Poet for thy Grave;
So that, as thou didſt Prince of Numbers die
And live, ſo now thou might'ſt in Numbers lye,
'Twere frail Solemnity; Verſes on thee
And not like thine, would but kind Libels be;
And we, (not ſpeaking thy whole Worth) ſhould raiſe
Worſe blots, than they that envied thy Praiſe.
Indeed, thou need'ſt us not, ſince above all
Invention, thou wert thine own Funeral.
Hereafter, when Time hath fed on thy Tomb,
Th' Inſcription worn out, and the Marble dumb;
So that 'twould poſe a Critick to reſtore
Half Words, and Words expir'd ſo long before.
When thy maim'd Statue hath a ſentenc'd Face,
And Looks that are the horror of the Place,

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That 'twill be Learning, and Antiquity,
And ask a *Selden* to ſay, This was thee, [fear.
Thou'lt have a whole Name ſtill, nor need'ſt thou
That will be ruin'd, or loſe Noſe, or Hair.
Let others write ſo thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no Poſterity [then
Can add to thy Works; th' had their whole growth
When firſt Born, and came aged from thy Pen.
Whilſt living thou enjoy'dſt the fame and ſenſe
Of all that time gives but the Reverence.
When th'art of *Homer's* Years, no Man will ſay
Thy Poems are leſs worthy, but more gray:
'Tis Baſtard-Poetry, and o'th' falſe Blood
Which can't without Succeſſion be good.
Things that will always laſt, do thus agree
With things eternal; th'at once perfect be.
Scorn then their Cenſures, who gave't out, thy Wit
As long upon a Comedy did ſit
As Elephants bring forth; and that thy Blots
And Mendings took more time than Fortune Plots:
That ſuch thy Drought was, and ſo great thy Thirſt,
That all thy Plays were drawn at th' *Mermaid* firſt:
That the King's yearly Butt wrote, and his Wine
Hath more right than thou to thy *Catiline*.
Let ſuch Men keep a Diet, let their Wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, ſuffer a Fit.
When they've felt Tortures which out-pain the Gout,
Such, as with leſs, the State draws Treaſon out;
Though they ſhould the length of Conſumptions lye
Sick of their Verſe, and of their Poem dye,
'Twould not be thy worſt Scene, but would at laſt
Confirm their Boaſtings, and ſhew made in haſte.
He that writes well, writes quick, ſince the Rule's true,
Nothing is ſlowly done, that's always new.
So when thy *Fox* had ten times acted been,
Each day was firſt, but that 'twas cheaper ſeen.
And ſo thy *Alchymiſt* plaid o'er and o'er,
Was new o'th' Stage when 'twas not at the Door.

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We, like the Actors did repeat the Fit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy Wit:
Which was cast in those Forms, such Rules, such Arts,
That but to some not half thy Acts were Parts:
Since of some silken Judgments we may say,
They fill'd a Box two Hours, but saw no Play.
So that th' unlearned dost their Mony, and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy Scene was free from Monsters, no hard Plot
Call'd down a God t'unty th'unlikely Knot.
The Stage was still a Stage, two Entrances
Were not two Parts o'th' World; disjoin'd by Seas.
Thine were Land-Tragedies, no Prince was found
To swim a whole Scene out, then o'th' Stage drown'd;
Pitch'd Fields, as red Bull Wars, still felt thy Doom,
Thou laid'st no Sieges to the Musick-Room;
Nor would'st allow to thy best Comedies
Humours that should above the People rise:
Yet was thy Language and thy Stile so high,
Thy Sock to th' ancle, Buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chaft, so above Dramatick clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy Scene.
No foul loose Line did prostitute thy Wit,
Thou wrot'st thy Comedies, didst not commit.
We did the Vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made Judges, not bad Parts by th' Ear.
For thou ev'n Sin didst in such words array,
That some who came bad Parts, went out good Play.
Which ended not with th' Epilogue, the Age
Still acted, which grew Innocent from th' Stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some Sharpness, but thy Salt
Serv'd but with Pleasure to reform the Fault.
Men were laugh'd into Virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy Sting not Blood, but Humors draw,
So much doth Satyr more correct than Law;
Which was not Nature in thee, as some call
Thy Teeth, who say thy Wit lay in thy Gall.

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That thou didſt quarrel firſt, and then, in ſpight,
Didſt 'gainſt a Perſon of ſuch Vices write:
That 'twas Revenge, not Truth; that on the Stage
Carlo was not preſented, but thy Rage:
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy Meat took Notes, and thy Diſcourſe was Net.
We know thy free Vein had this Innocence,
To ſpare the Party, and to brand th' Offence.
And the juſt Indignation thou wert in
Did not expoſe *Shift*, but his Tricks and Ginn.
Thou mightſt have us'd th' old Comick freedom; theſe
Might have ſeen themſelves plaid, like *Socrates*.
Like *Cleon*, *Mammon* might the Knight have been,
If, as *Greek* Authors, thou hadſt turn'd *Greek* ſpleen;
And hadſt not choſen rather to tranſlate
Their *Learning* into *Engliſh*, not their hate:
Indeed this laſt, if thou hadſt been bereft
Of thy Humanity, might be call'd Theft.
The other was not; whatſoe'er was ſtrange
Or borrow'd in thee did grow thine by th' change.
Who without *Latin* helps hadſt been as rare
As *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, or as *Shakeſpear* were:
And like them, from thy native Stock couldſt ſay,
Poets and Kings are not born every Day.

In Memory of the moſt Worthy BENJAMIN JOHNSON.

By Mr. W. CARTWRIGHT.

FAther of Poets, though thine own great Day
Struck from thy ſelf, ſcorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in luſtre with it: Yet my Flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy Name.
For in the Acclamation of the leſs
There's Piety, though from it no acceſs.

And

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And though my ruder Thoughts make me of thoſe,
Who hide and cover what they ſhould diſcloſe:
Yet, where the Luſtre's ſuch, he makes it ſeen
Better to ſome, that draws the Veil between.
And what can more be hop'd, ſince that Divine
Free filling Spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have Fury, but no Raptures now;
Like Witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how.
And through Diſtemper, grown not ſtrong but fierce;
Inſtead of writing, only rave in Verſe:
Which when by thy Laws judg'd, 'twill be confeſs'd,
'Twas not to be inſpir'd, but be poſſeſs'd.
Where ſhall we find a Muſe like thine, that can
So well preſent and ſhew Man unto Man,
That each one finds his Twin, and thinks thy Art
Extends not to the Geſtures, but the Heart?
Where one ſo ſhewing Life to Life, that we
Think thou taught'ſt Cuſtom, and not Cuſtom thee?
Manners, that were Themes to thy Scenes, ſtill flow
In the ſame Stream, and are their Comments now:
Theſe Times thus living o'er thy Models, we
Think them not ſo much Wit, as Propheſie:
And tho' we know the Character, may ſwear
A *Sibyll*'s Finger hath been buſie there.
Things common thou ſpeak'ſt proper, which tho' [known
For Publick, ſtampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy Thoughts ſo order'd, ſo expreſs'd, that we
Conclude that thou didſt not Diſcourſe, but ſee
Language ſo maſter'd, that thy numerous Feet,
Laden with genuine Words, do always meet
Each in his Art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the Poet, like the Wiſeman, all:
Thine equal Skill thus wreſting nothing, made
Thy Pen ſeem not ſo much to write as Trade.
That Life, that *Venus* of all things, which we
Conceive or ſhew, proportion'd Decency,
Is not found ſcatter'd in thee here and there,
But, like the Soul, is wholly every where.

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No ſtrange perplexed Maze doth paſs for Plot,
Thou always doſt untie, not cut the Knot.
Thy Lab'rinths Doors are open'd by one Thread,
That ties, and runs through all what's done or ſaid.
No Power comes down with learned Hint and Rod,
Wit only, and Contrivance is thy God.
'Tis eaſie to gild Gold: There's ſmall Skill ſpent
Where ev'n the firſt rude Maſs is Ornament:
Thy Muſe took harder Metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and try'd, heated, and beat and toyl'd,
Sifted the Droſs, fil'd roughneſs, then grave droſs,
Vexing rude Subjects into Comelineſs.
Be it thy Glory then, that we may ſay,
Thou run'ſt where th' Foot was hindred by the way.
Nor doſt thou pour out, but diſpence thy Vein,
Skill'd when to ſpare, and when to entertain:
Not like our Wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can ſay, and their Friends too,
Pumping themſelves, for one Tonns noiſe, ſo dry,
As if they made their Wills in Poetry.
And ſuch ſprace Compoſitions preſs the Stage,
When Men tranſcribe themſelves, and not the Age,
Both ſuits of Plays are thus like Pictures ſhown,
Thine of the common Life, theirs of their own.
Thy Models yet are not ſo fram'd, as we
May call them Libels, and not Imagry:
No name on any Paſſe: 'tis thy Skill
To ſtrike the Vice, but ſpare the Perſon ſtill:
As he, who when he ſaw the Serpent wreath'd
About his ſleeping Son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his Soul, did ſo the Aſpect contrive,
To kill the Beaſt, but keep the Child alive:
So doſt thou aim thy Darts, which, even when
They kill the Poiſons, do but wake the Men.
Thy Thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy Launchings better than another's Cure;
And juſtly too: for th' Age grows more unſound
From the Fool's Paſſion, than the Wiſeman's Wound.

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No rotten Talk brokes for a Laugh; no Page
Commenc'd Man by th' Inſtructions of thy Stage;
No bargaining Line there; no provoc'tive Verſe;
Nothing but what *Lucretia* might rehearſe;
No need to make good Count'nance ill, and uſe
The Plea of ſtrict Life for a looſer Muſe:
No Woman ſul'd thy Quill: we can deſcry
No Verſe born under any *Cynthia*'s Eye:
Thy Star was Judgment only, and right Senſe,
Thy ſelf being to thy ſelf an Influence.
Stout Beauty is thy Grace: Stern Pleaſures do
Preſent Delights, but mingle Horrours too:
Thy Muſe doth thus like *Jove*'s fierce Girl appear,
With a fair Hand, but graſping of a Spear.
Where are they now that cry, thy Lamp did drink
More Oil than th' Author Wine, while he did think?
We do imbrace their Slander: thou haſt writ
Not for Diſpatch but Fame; no market Wit:
'Twas not thy Care, that it might paſs and ſell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor would'ſt thou venture it into the Ear,
Until the File would not make ſmooth, but wear:
Thy Verſe came ſeaſon'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the Author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer Judges roſe a Strife,
To make thee read as Claſſick in thy Life.
Thoſe that do hance applauſe, and ſuffrage beg,
'Cauſe they can Poems form upon one Leg,
Write not to Time, but to the Poet's Day:
There's a diſtance between Fame, and ſudden Pay.
Theſe Men ſing Kingdoms falls, as if that Fate
Us'd the ſame Force t' a Village, and a State:
Theſe ſerve *Tereus* bloody Supper in,
As if it had only a Sallad been:
Their *Catilines* are but Rencers, whoſe Fights riſe
Not to the Fame of Battel, but of Prize.
But thou ſtill purſ'ſt true Paſſions on; doſt write
With the ſame Courage that cry'd Captains fight;

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Giv'ſt the right bluſh and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loſs of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without ſwelling, without painting fair:
They Wretches, while they cannot ſtand to fit,
Are not Wits, but materials of Wit.
What though thy ſearching Wit did rake the Duſt
Of time, and purge old Metals of their Ruſt?
Is it no Labour, no Art, think they, to
Snatch Shipwracks from the Deep, as Divers do?
And reſcue Jewels from the covetous Sand,
Making the Seas hid Wealth adorn the Land?
What though thy culling Muſe did rob the ſtore
Of *Greek* and *Latin* Gardens, to bring o'er
Plants to thy native Soil? Their Virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy Still to their Eſſence doth refine
So many Drugs, is not the Water thine?
Thefts thus become juſt Works; they and their Grace
Are wholly thine: Thus doth the Stamp and Face
Make that the King's, that's raviſht from the Mine:
In others then 'tis Oar, in thee 'tis Coin.

Bleſt Life of Authors, unto whom we owe
Thoſe that we have, and thoſe that we want too:
Thou'rt all ſo good, that reading makes thee worſe,
And to have writ ſo well's thine only curſe.
Secure then of thy Merit, thou didſt hate
That ſervile baſe dependance upon fate:
Succeſs thou ne'er thought'ſt Virtue, nor that fit,
Which Chance, and th' Ages Faſhion did make hit;
Excluding thoſe from Life in after-time,
Who into Po'try firſt brought Lock and Rime: [Name
Who thought the Peoples breath good Air: Still'd
What was but Noiſe; and getting Briefs for fame
Gather'd the many's Suffrages, and thence
Made Commendation a Benevolence:
Thy Thoughts were their own Lawrel, and did win
That beſt Applauſe of being crown'd within.

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And though th' exacting Age, when deeper Years
Had interwoven Snow among thy Hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, cause they
Ne'er by thy Writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before:
Thine Art was thine Art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong Perfumes made them not smell thee less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy Quill: [Age,
Though those thy Thoughts, which the now queasie
Doth count but Clods, and refuse of the Stage,
Will come up Porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more Manners, and more Sense;
'Twas Judgement yet to yield, and we afford
Thy Silence as much Fame, as once thy Word:
Who like an aged Oak, the Leaves being gone,
Wast Food before, art now Religion;
Thought still more Rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great Soul of Numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing Gold, most valu'd now th' art lost;
When we shall feed on refuse Offals, when
We shall from Corn to Akorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two Names are one,
Johnson and Poetry, which now are gone.

A SONG.

ON the Bank of a River close under the Shade,
Young *Cleon* and *Sylvia* one Evening were laid;
The Youth pleaded strongly for proof of his Love,
But Honour had won her his Flame to reprove. [Sun,
She cry'd, where's the Luster, when Clouds shade the
Or what is rich *Nectar*, the taste being gone? [dwell.
'Mongst Flow'rs on the Stalk sweetest Odours do
But if gather'd, the Rose it self loses the smell.

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II.

Thou dearest of Nymphs, the brisk Shepherd reply'd,
If e'er thou wilt argue, begin on Love's side:
In Matters of State let grave Reason be shown,
But Love is a Power will be ruled by none;
Nor should a coy Beauty be counted so rare,
For Scandal can blast both the Chaste and the Fair.
Most fierce are the Joys Love's Alembick do fill,
And the Roses are sweetest when put to the Still.

A SONG.

THat beauteous Creature for whom I'm a Lover,
I cannot, I will not, I must not discover,
Yet mark well my Song, and some Token I'll give;
For she that both kills my Heart, and makes it live,
Is either call'd *Mary*, or *Betty*, or *Ann*.
Now guess if you can, now guess if you can.

II.

Her Stature is tall, and her Body is slender,
Her Eyes are most lovely, her Cheeks pale and tender,
Fine Pearls are her Teeth, and her Lips Cherry red,
Her Smiles would revive a Man though he were dead,
She'd make one in love were he never before;
But I say no more, but I say no more.

An AYRE *on a Ground.*

HIGH State and Honours to others impart,
But give me your Heart;
That Treasure, that Treasure alone, I beg for my own:
So gentle a Love, so frequent a Fire,
My Soul does inspire;
That Treasure, that Treasure alone, I beg for my own:

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Your Love let me crave, give me in poſſeſſing
So matchleſs a Bleſſing,
That Empire is all I would have:
Love's my Petition, and all my Ambition.
If e'er you Diſcover ſo faithful, ſo faithful a Lover,
So real a Flame,
I'll die, I'll die, I'll die, ſo give up my Game.

A SONG.

THE bright *Laurinda*, whoſe hard Fate
It was to love a Swain,
Ill-natur'd, faithleſs, and ingrate,
Grew weary of her Pain:
Long, long, alas! ſhe vainly ſtrove,
To free her Captive Heart from Love;
'Till urg'd too much by his Diſdain,
She broke at laſt the ſtrong-link'd Chain,
And vow'd ſhe ne'er would love again.

II.

The lovely Nymph now free as Air,
Gay as the blooming Spring,
To no ſoft Tale would lend an Ear,
But careleſs ſit and ſing:
Or if a moving Story wrought
Her frozen Breaſt to a kind thought,
She check'd her Heart, and cry'd, Ah! hold!
Amyntor thus his Story told,
Once burn'd as much, but now he's cold.

III.

Long thus ſhe kept her Liberty,
And by her all-conquering Eyes
A thouſand Youths did daily die
Her Beauty's Sacrifice;
'Till Love at laſt young *Cleon* brought,
The object of each Virgin's thought,

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Whose strange resistless Charms did move,
They made her burn and rage with Love,
And made her blest as those above.

A SONG.

I.

A Pox upon this needless Scorn,
Sylvia for shame the Cheat give o'er;
The end to which the Fair are born,
Is not to keep their Charms in store:
But lavishly dispose in haste
Of Joys, which none but Youth improve;
Joys which decay when Beauty's past,
And who, when Beauty's past, will love?

II.

When Age those Glories shall deface,
Revenging all your cold Disdain,
And *Sylvia* shall neglected pass,
By every once-admiring Swain:
And we can only Pity pay,
When you in vain too late shall burn;
If Love increase, and Youth decay,
Ah *Sylvia*! who will make return?

III.

Then haste my *Sylvia* to the Grove,
Where all the Sweets of *May* conspire;
And teach us every Art of Love,
And raise our Charms of Pleasure higher:
And when Embracing we shall lye,
Closely in Shades, on Banks of Flowers;
The duller World whilst we defie,
Years would be Minutes, Ages Hours.

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DAMON *the Mower.*

By Andrew Marvell, *Esq;*

HArk how the Mower *Damon* ſung,
With love of *Juliana* ſtung!
While ev'ry thing did ſeem to paint
The Scene more fit for his Complaint.
Like her fair Eyes the Day was fair;
But ſcorching like his am'rous Care.
Sharp like his Scythe his Sorrow was,
And wither'd like his Hopes the Graſs.

II.

Oh what unuſual Heats are here,
Which thus our Sun-burn'd Meadows fear!
The Graſs-hopper its Pipe gives o'er;
And hamſtring'd Frogs can dance no more.
But in the Brook the green Frog wades;
And Graſs-hoppers ſeek out the Shades.
Only the Snake, that kept within,
Now glitters in its ſecond Skin.

III.

This heat the Sun could never raiſe,
Nor Dog-ſtar ſo inflames the Days.
It from an higher Beauty grow'th,
Which burns the Fields and Mower both:
Which made the Dog, and makes the Sun
Hotter than his own *Phaeton*,
Not *July* cauſeth theſe Extreams,
But *Juliana*'s ſcorching Beams.

IV.

Tell me where I may paſs the Fires
Of the hot Day, or hot Deſires.
To what cool Cave ſhall I deſcend,
Or to what gelid Fountain bend?
Alas! I look for Eaſe in vain,
When Remedies themſelves complain.

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No moisture but my Tears do rest,
Nor Cold but in her Icy Breast.

V.

How long wilt thou, fair Shepherdess,
Esteem me, and my Presents less?
To thee the harmless Snake I bring,
Disarmed of its Teeth and Sting.
To thee *Chameleons* changing-hue,
And Oak-leaves tipt with Honey dew.
Yet thou ungrateful hast not sought
Nor what they ate, nor who them brought.

VI.

I am the Mower *Damon*, known
Through all the Meadows I have mown:
On me the Morn her Dew distils
Before her darling Daffadils.
And, if at Noon my toil me heat,
The Sun himself licks off my Sweat.
While, going home, the Ev'ning sweet
In Cowslip-water baths my Feet.

VII.

What, though the piping Shepherd stock
The Plains with an unnumb'red Flock,
This Scythe of mine discovers wide
More Ground than all his Sheep do hide,
With this the Golden Fleece I shear
Of all these Closes ev'ry Year.
And though in Wool more poor than they,
Yet am I richer far in Hay.

VIII.

Nor am I so deform'd to sight,
If in my Scythe I looked right;
In which I see my Picture done,
As in a crescent Moon the Sun.
The deathless Fairies take me oft
To lead them in their Dances soft;
And, when I tune my self to sing,
About me they contract their Ring.

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IX.

How happy might I ſtill have mow'd,
Had not Love here his Thiſtles ſow'd!
But now I all the Day complain,
Joining my Labour to my Pain;
And with my Scythe cut down the Graſs,
Yet ſtill my Grief is where it was:
But, when the Iron blunter grows,
Sighing I whet my Scythe and Woes.

X.

While thus he threw his Elbow round,
Depopulating all the Ground,
And, with his whiſtling Scythe, does cut
Each ſtroke betwixt the Earth and Root,
The edged Steel by careleſs chance
Did into his own Ankle glance;
And there among the Graſs fell down,
By his own Scythe, the Mower mown.

XI.

Alas! ſaid he, theſe hurts are ſlight
To thoſe that die by Love's deſpight.
With Shepherds-purſe, and Clowns-all-heal,
The Blood I ſtanch, and Wound I ſeal.
Only for him no Cure is found,
Whom *Juliana*'s Eyes do wound.
'Tis Death alone that this muſt do:
For Death thou art a Mower too.

AMETAS *and* THESTYLIS *making Hay-Ropes.*

By Andrew Marvell, Eſq;

AMETAS.

THink'ſt thou that this Love can ſtand,
Whilſt thou ſtill doſt ſay me Nay?

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Love unpaid does ſoon diſband:
Love binds Love as Hay binds Hay.
THESTYLIS.
Think'ſt thou that this Rope would twine,
If we both ſhould turn one way?
Where both Parties ſo combine,
Neither Love will twiſt, nor Hay.
AMETAS.
Thus you vain Excuſes find,
Which your ſelf and us delay:
And Love ties a Woman's Mind
Looſer than with Ropes of Hay.
THESTYLIS.
What you cannot conſtant hope,
Muſt be taken as you may.
AMETAS.
Then let's both lay by our Rope,
And go kiſs within the Hay.

Some VERSES *ſent by a Friend to one who twice ventur'd his Carcaſe in Marriage.*

THE Husband's the Pilot, the Wife is the Ocean,
He always in danger, ſhe always in motion;
And he that in Wedlock twice hazards his Carcaſe,
Twice ventures the Drowning, and Faith that's a hard caſe.
Even at our own Weapons the Females defeat us,
And Death, only Death can ſign our *Quietus*.
Not to tell you ſad Stories of Liberty loſt,
Our Mirth is all pall'd, and our Meaſures all croſt;
That Pagan Confinement, that damnable Station,
Suites no other State or Degree in the Nation.
The *Levite* it keeps from Parochial Duty,
For who can at once mind Religion and Beauty?

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The Rich it alarms with Expences and Trouble,
And a poor Beaft, you know, can ſcarce carry double.
'Twas invented they tell you to keep us from falling,
O the Virtues and Graces of ſhrill Caterwawling!
How it palls in your Gain; but pray how do you know, Sir,
How often your Neighbour breaks in your Incloſure?
For this is the principal Comfort of Marriage,
You muſt eat, tho' a hundred have ſpit in your Porridge.
If at Night you're unactive, or fail in performing,
Enter Thunder and Lightning, and Blood-ſhed next Morning;
Luſt's the Bane of your Shanks, O dear Mr. *Horner*,
This comes of your ſinning with Crape in a Corner.
Then to make up the Breach all your Strength you muſt rally,
And labour and ſweat like a Slave in a Gally;
And ſtill you muſt charge, O bleſſed Condition!
Tho' you know, to your coſt, you've no more Ammunition:
Till at laſt the poor Tool of a mortified Man
Is unable to make a poor Flaſh in the Pan.
Fire, Flood, and Female begin with a Letter,
But for all the World's not a Farthing the better.
Your Flood is ſoon gone, and your Fire you muſt humble,
If into the Flames Store of Water you tumble;
But to cure the damn'd Luſt of your Wife's Titillation,
You may uſe all the Engins and Pumps in the Nation,
As well you may piſs out the laſt Conflagration.
And thus I have ſent you my Thoughts of the matter,
You may judge as you pleaſe, I ſcorn for to flatter;
I could ſay much more, but here ends the Chapter.

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An Epitaph upon a Stumbling-Horſe.

HERE lyes a Horſe beneath this Stone,
Who living oft hath lain on one:
A noble Steed, who as he went
Proclaimed ſtill his great Deſcent.
A proudly headed Nag he was,
And hence it often came to paſs
That he his Feet not valued,
But ſtill ſtood much upon his Head.
He was no War-Horſe, yet he knew
The Art to ſquat and lye perdeu.
Yet many a Horſe long train'd in Wars
Had never half ſo many Scars;
There's only this ſmall difference in't,
Theirs were of Steel, and his of Flint.
He was no Hunter, nor did care
To follow Chaſe of Fox or Hare;
Yet had this property of Hound,
He ſtill was ſmelling on the Ground.
And tho' Dame Nature did not frame
Him for a Finder of the Game,
Yet were it loſt, none certainly
Would ſooner ſtumble on't than he.
He was no Racer, as ſome ſay,
Tho' ſome conclude the other way,
And ſay for ſwiftneſs he might run
Againſt the Horſes of the Sun:
For though full ſwift Don *Phœbus* be,
This would be ſooner down than he.
For his Opinion, Critick Wit
Does very much in gueſſing it.
Some ſay he was Conformiſt Breed,
He bow'd ſo low: but ſome this Steed
Think may for Nonconformiſt go,
At every thing he ſtumbles ſo.
Some think him Presbyter, 'cauſe he
Brings *Rider* down to Parity.

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But ſome ſay no; for by this knack
He ſtill throws *Jockey* from his Back.
Some think him Papiſt, 'cauſe ſo prone
He was to worſhipping of Stone.
Some think again, that tripping he
Confutes Infallibility;
But moſt allow him, which is worſe,
No more Religion than a Horſe.
Well now he's dead, no wonder is't,
For Mother Earth long ſince he kiſt
And what it was, full well did know,
To turn his Heels up long ago.
If any to inquire ſhall pleaſe
What caus'd his Death, 'twas a Diſeaſe
Call'd Epilepſe by learned Leech,
But Falling-ſickneſs in plain Speech.
And now good Coroner, ſince he hath
By his own ſtumbling caus'd his Death,
In King's High-way pray let him reſt,
With this Inſcription on his Breaſt.

Deſpiſe me not ye paſſing Steeds,
Nor toſs in ſcorn your lofty Heads:
What mine is now, may be your Lot;
For where's the Horſe that ſtumbles not?
But ſince my Charity does enjoin
To wiſh you milder fates than mine;
When e'er it is your hap to ſtumble,
Oh may you trip, but never tumble.

PROLOGUE *for Sir* John Falſtaff, *riſing ſlowly to ſoft Muſick.*

SEE *Britons*, ſee one half before your Eyes
Of the old *Falſtaff* labouring to riſe.
Curſe on theſe ſtraitlac'd Traps and *French* Machines,
None but a Genie can aſcend theſe Scenes.

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Once more my *Engliſh* Air I breathe again,
And ſmooth my double Ruff, and double Chin.
Now let me ſee what Beauties gild the Sphere;
Body O me! the Ladies ſtill are fair:
The Boxes ſhine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Robas* at the Bull.
But Supream *Jove*, what waſhy Rogues are here?
Are theſe the Sons of Beef and *Engliſh* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dreamt of Kine ſo lean,
This comes of meagre Soop and ſour Champaign.
Degenerate Race! Let your old Sire adviſe,
If you deſire to fill the Fair Ones Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aſpire to humble Bliſs,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiſs,
Till quite worn out with acting Beaux and Wits,
You're all ſent crawling to the Gravel-Pits:
Pretending Claps, there languiſhing you lye,
And let the Maids of the Green-ſickneſs die.
The Caſe was other when we rul'd the Roaſt,
We robb'd and raviſh'd, but you Sigh and Toaſt.
But here I ſee a Side-box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turnſpits of the Maſtiff kind.
Half bred they ſeem, mark'd with the Mungrel's Curſe,
Oons! which among you dares attempt a Purſe?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cauſe,
And let my Wit and Humour find Applauſe;
Shew your Diſdain thoſe nauſeous Scenes to taſte,
Where *French* Buffoon like leaneſt *Switzer* dreſt,
Turns all good Politicks to Farce and Jeſt.
Baniſh ſuch Apes, and ſave the ſinking Stage;
Let Mimes and ſqueaking Eunuchs fill your Rage;
On ſuch let your deſcending Curſe be try'd,
Preſerve plump *Jack*, and baniſh all beſide.

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MUSICK's EMPIRE.

By *Andrew Marvell*, Esq;

FIrſt was the World as one great Cymbal made,
Where Jarring Winds to infant Nature plaid.
All Muſick was a ſolitary Sound,
To hollow Rocks and murm'ring Fountains bound.

II.

Jubal firſt made the wilder Notes agree;
And *Jubal* tuned Muſick's *Jubilee:*
He call'd the Ecchoes from their ſullen Cell,
And built the Organs City, where they dwell.

III.

Each ſought a Conſort in that lovely Place;
And Virgin Trebles wed the manly Baſe.
From whence the Progeny of Numbers new
Into harmonious Colonies withdrew.

IV.

Some to the Lute, ſome to the Viol went,
And others choſe the Cornet eloquent.
Theſe practiſing the Wind, and thoſe the Wire,
To ſing Mens Triumphs, or in Heaven's Choir.

V.

Then Muſick, the Moſaique of the Air,
Did of all theſe a ſolemn Noiſe prepare:
With which ſhe gain'd the Empire of the Ear,
Including all between the Earth and Sphear.

VI.

Victorious Sounds! yet here your Homage do
Unto a gentler Conqueror than you;
Who though he flies the Muſick of his Praiſe,
Would with you Heaven's Hallelujah's raiſe.

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The GARDEN.

By Andrew Marvell, Esq;

HOW vainly Men themſelves amaze
To win the Palm, the Oak, or Bays;
And their unceſſant Labours ſee
Crown'd from ſome ſingle Herb or Tree,
Whoſe ſhort and narrow verged Shade
Does prudently their Toils upbraid;
While all Flow'rs and all Trees do cloſe
To weave the Garlands of Repoſe.

II.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy Siſter dear!
Miſtaken long, I ſought you then
In buſie Companies of Men.
Your ſacred Plants, if here below,
Only among the Plants will grow.
Society is all but rude,
To this delicious Solitude.

III.

No white nor red was ever ſeen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond Lovers, cruel as their Flame,
Cut in theſe Trees their Miſtreſs' Name.
Little, Alas, they know, or heed,
How far theſe Beauties hers exceed!
Fair Trees! where s'e'er you Barks I wound,
No Name ſhall but your own be found.

IV.

What wond'rous Life in this I lead!
Ripe Apples drop about my Head;
The Luſcious Cluſters of the Vine
Upon my Mouth do crush their Wine;
The Nectarel, and curious Peach,
Into my Hands themſelves do reach;

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Stumbling on Melons, as I paſs,
Inſnar'd with Flow'rs, I fall on Graſs.

V.

Here at the Fountain's ſliding foot,
Or at ſome Fruit-tree's moſſy Root,
Caſting the Bodies Veſt aſide,
My Soul into the Boughs does glide:
There like a Bird it ſits, and ſings,
Then whets and claps its ſilver Wings;
And, 'till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its Plumes the various Light.

VI.

Such was that happy Garden-ſtate,
While Man there walk'd without a Mate:
After a Place ſo pure, and ſweet,
What other Help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a Mortal's ſhare
To wander ſolitary there:
Two Paradiſes 'twere in one
To live in Paradiſe alone.

VII.

How well the skilful Gardner drew
Of Flow'rs and Herbs this Dial new!
Where from above the milder Sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiack run;
And, as it works, th' induſtrious Bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could ſuch ſweet and wholſome Hours
Be reckon'd but with Herbs and Flow'rs!

A SONG.

MUST poor Lovers ſtill be wooing,
Beauties muſt they never gain?
Muſt they always be purſuing,
Never, never, to obtain?

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Can you glory in our Dying?
  Bleeding Wounds ſhould Pity move;
Can you glory in denying?
  Yield at laſt, and crown our Love.
Then all the little Gods of Love that are near us,
And all the ſweet Birds of the Grove that can hear us;
In the Air and on Boughs ſhall attend us around,
All the *Cupids* with Roſes ſhall cover the Ground,
Whil'ſt our am'rous Birds chanting, the Eccho's
[reſound.

II.

Then with Myrtle Wreaths ſurrounded,
  Underneath cool Shades we lye;
Both Eye-wounding, both Eye-wounded,
  There both killing, we'll both die.
Thy bright Eyes ſhall gently fire me,
  Mirth, and Wit, and Gallantry;
And thy charming Looks inſpire me,
  With new Themes of Poetry.
Then all the little Gods, *&c.*

A SONG.

I.

Lucinda by a ſecret Art,
  Unknown to all but her;
Which ſhe has practis'd on my Heart,
  Has charm'd the Wanderer:
Enjoyment, which did uſe t'abate
  The vigour of Love's Heat,
Does now freſh Appetites create,
  The Pleaſures to repeat.

II.

So fares it with the Bird that's took,
  And into Bondage brought;
At firſt his Priſon how to brook,
  With difficulties taught:

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But with kind tender Uſage bred,
Grows pleas'd with his Abode;
And with more Delicates is fed,
Than e'er he found abroad,

A SONG

YOU I love by all that's true,
More than all things here below;
With a Paſſion far more great,
Then e'er Creature loved yet:
And yet ſtill you cry, forbear,
Love no more, or love not here.

II.

Bid the Miſer leave his Ore,
Bid the Wretched ſigh no more;
Bid the old be young again,
Bid the Nun not think of Man:
Sylvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

III.

Love's not a thing of Choice, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate:
Sylvia then do what you will,
Eaſe or cure, torment or kill,
Be kind or cruel, falſe or true;
Love I muſt, and none but you.

A DIALOGUE between *DAPHNET* and *AMINTAS*.

DAPHNET.

SO pale *Amintas* do thy Looks appear
As if thy Doom drew near;
Whence do thy Sorrows flow?

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AMINTAS.

From Diſcontent, the Plague of Pow'r below;
I'm weary of this World, and would another know.

DAPHNET.

Can this poor World find no Relief,
To cure thy melancholy Grief,
Nor tempting Hopes of Happineſs draw near,
That may contain thy Wiſhes here?

AMINTAS.

The World, in all its Pomp and State,
Is but a Lottery of Fate,
Where Fortune blindly does beſtow
Favours on him to whom ſhe ne'er did owe;
Where Fondlings meritleſs as wiſe,
Enjoy the Prize,
And Fate her Equity denies.

DAPHNET.

Fortune, a Cheat unto our Hopes,
Is ſent to ſteal away the Bleſſing of Content,
Depending on our Fraud, renews our Care,
And brings us to Deſpair;

AMINTAS.

But few repine at Fate, who happy are.

DAPHNET.

Alas poor Swain! thoſe whom you daily ſee,
That ſeem far happier than thee,
More Troubles undergo,
In all they think or do,
And to the World leſs happy are than we.

AMINTAS.

Then to be happy, is to be content.

DAPHNET.

'Twas ſo by Heaven meant,

AMINTAS.

But I am troubled.

DAPHNET.

No, it muſt not be,
I'll charm away thy Grief with Harmony.

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All Trouble muſt be baniſh'd hence!

AMINTAS.

Then *Daphney* try thy Influence.

CHORUS.

Let Muſick be our Charm,
To keep the Mind from harm;
Let helpleſs Trouble live alone,
Let Envy make her moan;
Let helpleſs Trouble live alone,
Let Envy, make her moan,
While all thoſe Bleſſings we purſue,
Still wait on me and you,
And fall, and fall, as on our Flocks the Morning Dew.

To the LORDS *aſſembled in* COUNCIL: *The Petition of* Tho. Brown,

Humbly Sheweth,

SHould you order *Tom Brown*
To be Whipt thro' the Town
For ſcurvy Lampoon,
Tate, *Southern*, and *Crown*,
Their Pens will lay down.
E'en *Durfey* himſelf, and ſuch merry Fellows,
That put their whole truſt in Tunes and Trangdillos,
May hang up themſelves, and their Harps on the Willows.
For if Poets are puniſh'd for Libelling Traſh,
Jo. Dryden, at ſixty, may yet fear the Laſh.

No Penſion nor Praiſe,
All Birch and no Bays;
Theſe are not right ways
Our Fancies to raiſe
To the writing of Plays,
And Prologues ſo witty,
That jerk at the City;

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And now and then hit
Some Friend in the Pit,
So hard, and ſo pat,
Till he hides with his Hat
His monſtrous Crevat.
The Pulpits alone
Can never preach down
The Fops of the Town:
Then pardon *Tom Brown*,
And let him write on.
But if you had rather convert the poor Sinner,
His foul railing Mouth may be ſtopt with a Dinner,
Give him Cloths to his Back, ſome Meat and much Drink,
Then clap him cloſe Priſoner without Pen and Ink.

And your Petitioner ſhall ever pray, &c.

The CONFEDERATES: *Or, the firſt Happy Day of the* Iſland Princeſs.

YE vile Traducers of the Female Kind,
Who think the Fair to Cruelty inclin'd,
Recant your Error, and with Shame confeſs,
Their tender Care of *Skipwith* in Diſtreſs.
For now to vindicate this Monarch's Right,
The *Scotch* and *Engliſh* equal Charms unite;
In ſolemn Leagues contending Nations join,
And *Britain* labours with the vaſt Deſign:
An Opera with loud Applauſe is play'd,
Which fam'd *Motteux* in ſoft Heroicks made,
And all the ſworn Confederates reſort
To view the Triumph of their Sov'reigns Court;
In bright Array the well-train'd Hoſt appears,
Supream Command brave *Derentwater* bears.

And

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And next in Front *George Howard*'s Bride does ſhine,
The living Honour of that antient Line.
The Wings are led by Chiefs of matchleſs Worth,
Great *Hamilton*, the Glory of the North,
Commands the left; and *England*'s dear Delight,
The bold *F——ter*, charges on the Right.
The Prince to welcome his propitious Friends,
A Throne erected on the Stage aſcends.
He ſaid: Bleſt Angels for great Ends deſign'd,
The beſt (and ſure the faireſt) of your Kind,
How ſhall I praiſe, or in what Numbers ſing
Your juſt Compaſſion of an injur'd King?
Till you appear'd, no Proſpect did remain
My Crown and falling Scepter to maintain,
No noiſie Beaux in all my Realm were found,
No beauteous Nymphs my empty Boxes crown'd.
But ſtill I ſaw (O dire Heart-breaking Woe!)
My own ſad Conſort in the foremoſt Row:
But this auſpicious Day new Empire gives,
And if by your Support my Nation lives,
For you my Bards ſhall tune the ſweeteſt Lays,
Norton and *Henly* ſhall reſound your Praiſe;
And I, not laſt of the Harmonious Train,
Will give a looſe to my Poetick Vein.
To him Great *Darwentwater* thus reply'd:
Thou mighty Prince in many Dangers try'd,
Born to diſpute ſevere Decrees of Fate,
The nurſing Father of a ſickly State;
Behold the Pillars of thy lawful Reign,
Thy Regal Rights we promiſe to maintain;
Our brighteſt Nymphs ſhall thy Dominions grace
With all the Beauties of the Highland Race;
The Beaux ſhall make thee their peculiar Care,
(For Beaux will always wait upon the Fair)
For thee kind *Bereton* and bold *Web* ſhall fight,
Lord *Scot* ſhall ogle, and my Spouſe ſhall write:
Thus ſhall thy Court our *Engliſh* Youth engroſs,
And all the *Scotch* from *Drummond* down to *Roſs*.

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Now in his Throne the King ſecurely ſate,
But O! this Change alarm'd the Rival States;
Beſides he lately brib'd in Breach of Laws,
The fair Deſerter of her Uncle's Cauſe.
This rouz'd the Monarch of the neighbouring Crown,
A drowſie Prince, too careleſs of Renown,
Yet prompt to Vengeance and untaught to yield,
Great *Scarſdale* challeng'd *Skipwith* to the Field:
Whole Shoals of Poets for this Chief declare,
And Vaſſal Players attend him to the War.
Skipwith with Joy the dreadful Summons took,
And brought an equal Force: Then *Scarſdale* ſpoke;

Thou Bane of Empire, Foe to human Kind,
Whom neither Leagues nor Laws of Nations bind,
For Cares of high Poetick Sway unfit,
Thou Shame of Learning and Reproach of Wit,
Reſtore bright *Helen* to my longing Sight,
Or now my Signal ſhall begin the Fight.

Hold, ſaid the Foe, thy warlike Hoſt remove,
Nor let our Bards the Chance of Battel prove;
Should Death deprive us of their ſhining Parts,
What would become of all the Liberal Arts?
Should *Dennis* fall, whoſe high Majeſtick Wit
And awful Judgment like two Tallies fit,
Adieu ſtrong Odes and every lofty Strain,
The Tragick Rant, and proud Pindarick Vein.
Should tuneful *Durfey* now reſign his Breath,
The Lyrick Muſe would ſcarce ſurvive his Death:
But ſhould Divine *Motteux* unſimely die,
The gaſping Nine would in Convulſions lie.
For theſe bold Champions ſafer Arms provide,
And let their Pens the doubtful Strife decide.

The King conſents, and urg'd by publick Good,
Wiſely retreats to ſave his Peoples Blood.
The moving Legions leave the duſty Plain,
And ſafe at home Poetick Wars maintain.

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A LETTER *from* J. P. *to Colonel* H. *occasion'd by the Colonel's two late Letters.*

O *Harry*, canſt thou find no Subject fit,
But thy beſt Friend, to exerciſe thy Wit;
No Order but the Toaſt to ridicule?
Why with things ſacred doſt thou play the Fool?
Sadly condemn'd (the Poets common Curſe)
Still to be writing, and ſtill writing worſe.
Thy firſt Eſſay was with ſome Fancy fir'd,
Thy laſt was by ſome *Grubſtreet* Muſe inſpir'd;
So harſh the Numbers, Raillery ſo groſs,
Sure 'twas tranſlated out of *Scotch* by *Roſs*.
Is this thy Gratitude for all the Wine
The Knights beſtow'd, who never taſted thine?
And doſt thou thus our Myſteries diſcloſe,
And in rude Rhime our Preſident expoſe?
How oft haſt thou with awful Silence heard
The midnight Lectures of that Reverend Bard,
When with his Glaſs in Hand he doth unfold
What Faith the Prieſts of all Religions hold;
What old *Socinus*, and *Molinos* teach,
And what the modern *Philadelphians* preach;
What nice Remarks each different Tongue affords,
And curious Etymologies of Words?
Then he goes on to ſearch Decrees of Fate,
And give ſtrong Proofs about a future State:
Not old *Silenus* ſo divinely ſpoke
Of hidden Truths in *Virgil*'s ſacred Book,
When with a load of Wine and Knowledge fraught,
The drunken God the liſtning Satyrs taught;
And doſt thou thus his Care and Pains requite,
To make thee learned in thy own Deſpite?
Hard Fate of Greatneſs! tho' a Man ſhould be
As wiſe as *Aſbly*, or refin'd like thee,

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Like *Fletcher* ſhould for *England*'s Glory toil,
And plot as deep as *Monmouth*, or as *Moyle*,
Yet *Barber*, *B*-----*y*, and ſuch Wits as thoſe,
Would find out ſomething in him to expoſe.
Thrice happy *B*----, who alike does prove
Succeſsful in Affairs of State and Love;
Grave as Sir *Harry* in a Council-Chair,
Yet ſmart as *Archer* to engage the Fair.
Such are his Mien, his Perſon, and his Parts,
He ſeems by Nature form'd to gain their Hearts;
And ſuch his Prudence to protect their Fame,
Safe are his Darts, and innocent his Flame:
None e'er for him provok'd her Husband's Rage,
Nor ſtood recorded yet in *Walker*'s Page.
The Jealous truſt him with their Wives alone,
Who guards them from all Arrows but his own.
Bold to attack, yet skilful to defend,
He plays at once the Lover and the Friend;
But he's a Theam too lofty for thy Pitch,
Aim not at things that are above thy reach.
Mildmay ſeems fitting for a Stile like thine,
And *William Pawlet* in thy Works would ſhine;
Lord *Ratcliff*'s Poems might thy Satyr fit,
But what haſt thou to do with Men of Wit?
Reſign the Task to ſome ſublimer Muſe,
To tell what Beauties *Burl*----*n* purſues,
What powerful Charms did *Angleſea* recal,
And who now warms the Heart of gentle *Maule*;
What lovely Youth *Boyle* fondly doth careſs,
Or ſtrowling *Punk* does brawny *Granvile* bleſs;
What new Swivante *Manwaring* will clap,
And who by *Walſh* is deſtin'd to a Rape;
How *Therrold* ſtill for *Mazareen* doth burn,
And Lady *Mary* does loſt *Kingſton* mourn.
Well it becomes wiſe *William*'s rightful Heir
To fix his ſerious Inclinations there.
Where ſolid Prudence the fit Choice commends,
And from the Mother Chaſtity deſcends.

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But groundleſs Fears oblig'd him to deſiſt,
And no bold Man will venture to be bleſt,
Till Heaven provides, the Family to grace,
Some daring Hero of the Regal Race.
But theſe are Subjects that ſurpaſs thy Rhimes,
Draw thou the Fops or Husbands of the Times;
Or if to charge the Fair thy Fancy moves,
Write *Popham*'s Life, or Madam *Griffin*'s Loves.
One Labour too to *Ranelagh* is due,
Who with falſe Beauty does deface the true;
And may arrive with Diligence and Care
In time to rival *Darwentwater*'s Heir.
On ſuch as theſe thy Doggrel Numbers try,
And freſh Memoirs Lord *Edward* will ſupply.
But all whoſe Beauty and whoſe Virtue ſhine,
Should be protected from ſuch Pens as thine:
From them, dear *Harry*, modeſtly abſtain,
Nor ever more immortal Charms profane.
More I could ſay, but Buſineſs muſt not wait,
And I to day muſt open a Debate.
If after all the Criticks tell us right,
Who ſay ſome other did thoſe Rhimes indite,
And ſet thy Name to what thou didſt not write;
Then pardon this Impertinence in me,
Who am thy moſt aſſured Friend *J. P.*

Cure for Green Sickneſs, 1702.

AS fair *Olinda* ſat beneath a ſhady Tree,
Much Love I did proffer to her, and ſhe the like to me;
But when I kiſs'd her lovely Lips, and preſs'd her to be kind,
She cry'd O no, but I remember, Womens words [are Wind.
I hug'd her till her Breath grew ſhort, then farther did intrude,
She ſcratch'd and ſtruggl'd modeſtly, and told me I [was rude.

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I beg'd her Pardon twenty times, and ſome Concern did feign, [again.
But like a bold preſumptuous Sinner did the ſame
At laſt I did by Dalliance raiſe the pretty Nymph's Deſire,
Our Inclinations equal were, and mutual was our Fire.
Then in the height of Joy ſhe cry'd, O I'm undone I fear, [quite, my Dear.
O kill me, ſtick me; ſtick me, kill me; kill me

On the Lord LOVELACE's *coming to* Oxford *from* Glocester *Goal in* December, 1688.

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
By a Proteſtant Peer and his Brother o'th' Blade,
Who in Triumph his Lordſhip from *Glocester* convey'd,
Which no body can deny.

II.

Had you ſeen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
Equipt in their thred-bare grey Coats and high Shooes,
You'd have ſworn not the Goal, but all Hell was broke looſe, Which, *&c.*

III.

In rank and in file there rode many a Man,
Some march'd in the Rear, and ſome in the Van,
And for want of their Hats they had Head-pieces on, Which, *&c.*

IV.

Tho' Arms were not plenty, yet armed they come
With ſtout oaken Plants and Crabtree Stieks ſome,
To cudgel the Pope and the bald Pates of *Rome*, Which, *&c.*

V.

Some had two able Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted they ſtood ſtourly to't,
But for the Name of a Horſe they'd as good went on foot, Which, *&c.*

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VI.

In all theſe gay Troops, 'mongſt twenty ſcarce one
Had Halbert or Piſtol, Sword, Carbine or Gun;
A Sign they did mean no great Harm ſhould be done,
Which, &c.

VII.

One Horſe wore a Halter among all the reſt,
Nor had the dull Wight half the Senſe of his Beaſt,
And he of the two did deſerve the Rope beſt,
Which, &c.

VIII.

Here were many Gallants, I warrant you that
Had Ribbons of Orange and Seamans Cravat,
The Defect of their Arms was made up in State,
Which, &c.

IX.

Here *Mordant* and *G*----on their pamper'd Steeds prance,
D----- *Trafh*----, *G*----- next, and *F. Willis* advance,
Who phyz'd at the *Switzer* that can'd him in *France*,
Which, &c.

X.

In this Cavalcade, for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord *Levelace* rode firſt, and the next follow'd after,
They gallopt up Town firſt, and then down to Water,
Which, &c.

XI.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous Faſhion,
Bid him welcome to Town in a fine pen'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking ſuch Care of the Nation,
Which, &c.

XII.

His Honour the next day in Courtſhip exceeding,
Return'd a fine Speech to ſhew them his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in print will be well worth the reading,
Which, &c.

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XIII.

Having thus far proceeded to ſecure the Town,
The Guards were ſtrait ſet, and the Bridges beat down,
And tho' no great Courage, yet his Conduct was ſhown,
Which, *&c.*

XIV.

Next Night's Alarum our Warriors ſurpriſe,
Drums beat, Trumpets ſound, and at Midnight all riſe
To fight the King's Army that came in diſguiſe,
Which, *&c.*

XV.

The Cits were ſtrait armed, expert Men and able,
With Prongs and with Coal-ſtaffs march'd next whooping Rabble,
In as great a Confuſion as ever was *Babel*,
Which, *&c.*

XVI.

In the midſt of the Mob two fat Draymen appear,
To guard Mr. Enſign a huge naſty Tar,
Who flouriſh'd a Blanket for Colours of War,
Which, *&c.*

XVII.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er ſcarce
So pleaſantly burleſqu'd the angry God *Mars*,
Or of Affairs warlike e'er made ſuch a Farce,
Which, *&c.*

XVIII.

At the foot of the Colours blith *Crenden* did go,
Who play'd a new Tune you very well know,
His Bagpipes ſqueak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero*,
Which, *&c.*

XIX.

And had the Dear *Joys* now but come in the nick,
I fancy they had ſhown them a ſlippery Trick,
And march'd more nimbly without their Muſick,
Which no Body can deny.

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ADAM's SLEEP.

SLeep, *Adam*, ſleep, and take thy Reſt,
Let no ſad Thoughts poſſeſs thy Breaſt;
But when thou wak'ſt, look up and ſee
What thy Creator hath done for thee:
A Creature from thy Side is ta'en,
Who 'till thou wake, ſhe wants a Name;
Fleſh of thy Fleſh, Bone of thy Bone,
A Mate moſt fit for thee alone.
Wake, *Adam*, wake, to embrace thy Bride,
Who is newly riſen from thy Side;
But in the midſt of thy Delights, beware,
Leſt her Enticements prove thy Snare.

A SONG.

FAIN would I, *Chloris*, e'er I die,
Bequeath you ſuch a Legacy,
That you might ſay when I am gone,
None hath the like: My Heart alone
Were the beſt Gift I could beſtow,
But that's already yours, you know.
So that 'till you my Heart reſign,
Or fill with yours the Place of mine,
And by that Grace my Store renew,
I ſhall have nought worth giving you;
Whoſe Breaſt has all the Wealth I have,
Save a faint Carcaſe and a Grave:
But had I as many Hearts as Hairs,
As many Lives as Love has Fears,
As many Lives as Years have Hours,
They ſhould be all and only yours.

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HERO's *Complaint to* LEANDER.

NOR com'ſt thou yet, my ſlothful Love! nor yet *Leander*! Oh my *Leander*! can'ſt thou forget
Thy *Hero*? *Leander*, why doſt thou ſtay,
Who holds thee? Cruel! what hath begot delay?
Too ſoon alas! the Roſey-finger'd Morn
Will chaſe the darkſome Night. Ah me! I burn
And die in this my languiſhing Deſire.
See! ſee! the Taper waſtes in his own Fire,
Like me; and will be ſpent before thou come.
Make haſte then my *Leander*, prethee come.
Behold the Winds and Seas, deaf and enrag'd,
My Imprecations have in part aſſwag'd;
Their Fury's paſt; but thou more deaf than they,
More mercileſs, torment'ſt me with delay.
If far from hence, upon thy Native Shoar,
Such high Delight thou tak'ſt, why didſt thou more
Incite my hot Deſires with faithleſs Lines,
Flatt'ring me with Promiſe, that when the Winds
Became leſs high, and Shores had ſome Repoſe,
If I did but the friendly Torch expoſe
To be thy Guide, thou would'ſt not fail to come?
The Shores have Peace, the Winds and Seas are dumb,
Thy *Hero* here attends thee, and the Light
Invades the Horror of the ſable Night;
Come quickly then, and in theſe Arms appear,
That have been oft thy chiefeſt Calm, thy Sphear.
Wretch that I am! 'tis ſo, you Gods! 'tis ſo!
Whilſt here I vent to Heav'n and Seas my Woe,
He at *Abydos* in a newer Flame
Forgets that e'er he heard poor *Hero*'s Name.
Ah! lighter than Bloſſoms, or the fleeting Air
That ſheds them; How! O how can'ſt thou repair
Thy broken Faith! Is this the dear Reſpect
Thou bear'ſt to Oaths and Vows, thus to neglect

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Both *Cytherea* and her *Nun*! Is this
Th' inviolable Band of *Hymen*? This
That knot, before the facred Altar made
Of Sea-born *Venus*! Heav'ns lend your Aid,
And arm your ſelves in Thunder! Oh! but ſtay,
What vain Fear tranſports thee, *Hero*, away
With jealous Fury? *Leander*'s thine, thou his;
And the poor Youth at home lamenting is
The wary Eyes of his old Parents; now
Steals from them apace unto the Shoar, now
With haſty hand doth fling his Robes from him,
And even now bold Boy attempts to ſwim,
Parting the ſwelling Waves with Iv'ry Arms,
Born up alone by Love's all-powerful Charms.
You gentler peaceful Winds, if ever Love
Had Pow'r in you, if ever you did prove
Leaſt ſpark of *Cupid*'s Flame, for pity's ſake
With ſofter Gales more ſmooth and eaſie make
The troubled Flood unto my Soul's Delight.
You Show'rs, you Storms and Tempeſts black as Night,
Retire your Fury, 'till my Love appear,
And bleſs theſe Shoars in ſafety, and I here
Within theſe Arms enfold my only Treaſure;
Then all in Rage and Horror ſend at Pleaſure
The frothy Billows high as Heaven, that he
May here be ever forc'd to dwell with me.
But hark! O wonder! what ſudden Storm is this?
Seas menace Heav'n, and the Winds do hiſs,
In ſcorn of this my juſt Requeſt. Retire,
Retire, my too too vent'rous Love, retire,
Tempt not the angry Seas. Ah me! ah me!
The Light, the Light's blown out! O Gods! O deadly
Night! *Neptune*, *Æolus*, ye pow'rful Deities,
Spare, O ſpare my Jewel! pity the Cries
And Tears of wretched *Hero*! 'Tis *Leander*
Truſts you with his Love and Life, fair *Leander*,
Beauty of theſe Shoars. See! ſee the baſhful Morn,
For ſorrow of my ſad Laments, hath torn

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Through cloudy Night a paſſage to my Aid,
And here beneath amidſt the horrid Shade,
By her faint Light, ſomething methinks I ſee
Reſembling my Soul's Joy. Woe's me! 'tis he!
Drown'd by th' impetuous Flood. O diſmal Hour!
Curſt be theſe Seas, theſe Shoars, this Light, this
In ſpite of Fates, dear Love, to thee I come, [Tow'r!
Leander's Boſom ſhall be *Hero*'s Tomb.

A SONG.

I.

WHat art thou Love? whence are theſe Charms,
That thus thou bear'ſt an univerſal Rule?
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the Wiſeman Fool.

II.

In vain we chaſe thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts reſiſt thy Yoke;
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all thoſe high Reſolves are broke.

III.

Can we e'er hope thou ſhould'ſt be true,
Whom we have found ſo often baſe?
Gozen'd and cheated, ſtill we view
And fawn upon the treacherous Face.

IV.

In vain our Nature we accuſe,
And doat becauſe ſhe ſays we muſt.
This for a Brute were an Excuſe,
Whoſe very Soul and Life is Luſt.

V.

To get our Likeneſs, what is that?
Our Likeneſs is but Miſery:
Why ſhould I toil to propagate
Another thing as vile as I?

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VI.

From Hands divine our Spirits came,
And Gods that made us did inſpire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

A New CATCH.

WOuld you know how we meet o'er our jolly full Bowls?
As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls;
The Sweet melts the Sharp, the Kind ſooths the Strong,
And nothing but Friendſhip grows all the Night long:
We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Deſire,
Love only remains, our unquenchable Fire.

On Mr. MILTON'S *Paradiſe Loſt.*

By Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

WHen I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender Book his vaſt Deſign unfold,
Meſſiah Crown'd, God's reconcil'd Decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden Tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All; the Argument
Held me a while miſ-doubting his Intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred Truths to Fable and old Song,
(So *Sampſon* groap'd the Temple's Poſts in ſpight)
The World o'erwhelming to revenge his Sight.
Yet as I read, ſoon growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his Project, the Succeſs did fear;
Through that wide Field how he his way ſhould find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Underſtanding blind;
Leſt he perplext the things he would explain,
And what was eaſie he ſhould render vain.

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Or if a Work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was, that ſome leſs skilful Hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence preſume the whole Creation's day
To change in Scenes, and ſhow it in a Play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor deſpiſe
My cauſeleſs, yet not impious, Surmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy Labours to pretend a Share.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one Thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their Ignorance or Theft.
That Majeſty which through thy Work doth reign
Draws the Devout, deterring the Profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once Delight and Horror on us ſeize,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much Gravity and Eaſe;
And above humane flight doſt ſoar aloft,
With Plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The Bird nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing
So never flags, but always keeps on Wing.
Where couldſt thou Words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expoance of Mind?
Juſt Heav'n thee, like *Tireſias*, to requite,
Rewards with Propheſie thy loſs of Sight.
Well mightſt thou ſcorn thy Readers to allure
With tinkling Rhime, of thy own Senſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And like a Pack-horſe tires without his Bells.
Their Fancies like our bushy Points appear,
The Poets tag them; we for faſhion wear.
I too tranſported by the Mode offend,
And while I meant to Praiſe thee, muſt commend.
Thy Verſe created like thy Theme ſublime,
In Number, Weight, and Meaſure, needs not Rhime.

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Senec. Tragœd. ex Thyeſte Chor. 2.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

Tranſlated by Andrew Marvell, *Eſq;*

CLimb at Court for me that will
Tottering Favour's Pinnacle;
All I ſeek is to lye ſtill.
Settled in ſome ſecret Neſt
In calm Leiſure let me reſt;
And far off the publick Stage
Paſs away my ſilent Age.
Thus when without noiſe, unknown,
I have liv'd out all my Span,
I ſhall die without a Groan,
An old honeſt Country-man.
Who expos'd to others Eyes,
Into his own Heart never pries,
Death to him's a ſtrange Surpriſe.

A SONG.

TAlk, *Strephon*, no more of what's honeſt and juſt;
For Friendſhip is Int'reſt, and Love is but Luſt;
To the Purſe and no farther the one does extend,
And after Enjoyment your Love's at an end.
Then no longer maintain what your Actions deny,
Your oft-broken Vows your Aſſertions belye:
When I once ſee your Words with your Actions agree,
I'll believe you the Man that you now ſeem to be.
That you once have deceiv'd me I do not complain,
But 'tis my own Fault if you cheat me again;
For none will the Fate of that Pilot deplore,
Who wrecks on that Shelf where he ſtranded before.

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A PROLOGUE *design'd for* TAMERLANE, *but never spoke.*

Written by Dr. G——th.

TO Day a mighty Hero comes to warm
Your curdling Blood, and bid you, *Britains*, arm.
To Valour much he owes, to Virtue more;
He fights to save, and conquers to restore.
He strains no Texts, nor makes Dragoons perswade;
He likes Religion, but he hates the Trade.
Born for Mankind, they by his Labours live;
Their Property is his Prerogative.
His Sword destroys less than his Mercy saves,
And none, except his Passions, are his Slaves.
Such, *Britains*, is the Prince that you possess,
In Council greatest, and in Camps no less:
Brave, but not Cruel; Wise without Deceit;
Born for an Age curs'd with a *Bajazet*.
But you, disdaining to be too secure,
Ask his Protection, and yet grudge his Power.
With you a Monarch's Right is in dispute;
Who gives Supplies, are only Absolute.
Britain, for shame your factious Feuds decline,
Too long you've labour'd for the *Bourbon* Line:
Assert lost Rights, an *Austrian* Prince alone
Is born to nod upon a *Spanish* Throne.
A Cause no less could on Great *Eugene* call,
Steep *Alpine* Rocks require an *Hannibal*:
He shows you your lost Honour to retrieve;
Our Troops will fight, when once the Senate give.
Quit your Cabals and Factions, and in spite
Of Whig and Tory in this Cause unite.
One Vote will then send *Anjou* back to *France*,
There let the Meteor end his airy Dance:
Else to the *Mantuan* Soil he may repair,
(E'en abdicated Gods were *Latium*'s Care)
At worst, he'll find some *Cornish* Borough here.

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On the Counteſs of D——r *Miſtreſs to King* J—— II. 1680.

By the Earl of D———.

TELL me *Dormida*, why ſo gay,
Why ſuch Embroidery, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dreſſes find a way
To ſtop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II.

Wilt thou ſtill ſparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Canſt thou forget the Age and Pox?
Can all that ſhines on Shells and Roche
Make thee a fine young thing?

III.

So have I ſeen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,
Repleat with many a helliſh Spark,
As wiſe Philoſophers remark,
At once both ſtink and ſhine;

The GOLDEN AGE Reſtor'd. *A Poem in Imitation of the fourth Paſtoral of* Virgil; *ſuppos'd to have been taken from a* Sibylline *Prophecy.*

———Paulo Majora canamus.

SIcilian *Muſe, begin a loftier Flight,*
Not all in Trees and lowly Shrubs delight:
Or if your Rural Shades you ſtill purſue,
Make your Shades fit for able Stateſmens View.

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The time is come, by antient Bards foretold,
Reſtoring the *Saturnian* Age of Gold:
The Vile, Degenerate, Whiggiſh Off-ſpring ends,
A High-Church Progeny from Heaven deſcends.
O learned *Oxford*, ſpare no ſacred Pains [reigns.
To nurſe the glorious Breed, now thy own *B---ley*
And thou Great *S---l*, darling of this Land,
Do'ſt foremoſt in that fam'd Commiſſion ſtand;
Whoſe deep Remarks the liſt'ning World admires,
By whoſe auſpicious Care old *R----gh* expires.
Your mighty Genius no ſtrict Rules can bind;
You puniſh Men for Crimes, which you want time to find.
Senates ſhall now like Holy Synods be,
And Holy Synods Senate-like agree.
M----th and *M-----n* here inſtruct the Youth,
There *B--ks* and *Kim--ly* maintain the ſacred Truth.
P---is and *H--lin* here with equal Claim,
Thro' wide *Weſt-Saxon* Realms extend their Fame;
There *B---eh* and *H--per* Right Divine convey,
Nor treat their Biſhops in a human Way.
Now all our Factions, all our Fears ſhall ceaſe,
And Tories rule the promis'd Land in Peace.
Malice ſhall die, and noxious Poiſons fail: [ſail:
H-----y ſhall ceaſe to trick, and *S----ur* ceaſe to
~~The Lambs ſhall with the Lions walk unhurt,~~
And *H----x* with *H---* meet civilly at Court.
Viceroys, like Providence, with diſtant Care,
Shall govern Kingdoms where they ne'er appear,
Pacifick Admirals, to ſave the Fleet,
Shall fly from Conqueſt, and ſhall Conqueſt meet:
Commanders ſhall be prais'd at *William*'s Coſt,
And Honour be retriev'd before 'tis loſt.
Br---ton and *Bur--by* the Court ſhall grace,
And *H----* ſhall not diſdain to ſhare a Place.
Forgotten *Molineux* and *Maſon* now
Revive and ſhine again in *F----* and *H---*.
But as they ſtronger grow and mend their Strain,
By choice Examples of King *Charles*'s Reign;

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Bold *Bel---fis* and Patriot *Da--nant* then,
One ſhall employ the Sword, and one the Pen:
Troops ſhall be led to plunder, not to fight,
The Tool of Faction ſhall to Peace invite, [unite.
And Foes to Union be imploy'd the Kingdoms to-
Yet ſtill ſome Whigs among the Peers are found,
Like Brambles flouriſhing in barren Ground.
Som--rs maliciouſly imploys his Care
To make the Lords the Legiſlature ſhare.
Bu---t declares how *French* Dragooning roſe,
And Biſhops Perſecuting Bills oppoſe:
Till *R---r*'s cool Temper ſhall be fir'd, [mir'd.
And *N--th*'s and *Not---m*'s ſtrong Reas'nings be ad-
But when due Time their Counſels ſhall mature,
And freſh Removes have made the Game ſecure;
When *Som----et* and *Dev---ire* give Place
To *Windham*'s *B----d*, and to *R-----d*'s Grace,
Both Converts great; when Juſtice is refin'd,
And Corporations garbled to their Mind,
Then Paſſive Doctrines ſhall with Glory riſe,
Before them hated Moderation flies,
And Antichriſtian Toleration dies.
Gr---ile ſhall ſeize the long expected Chair,
Ga----in to ſome Country-Seat repair;
P----ke from all Employments be debar'd, [Reward.
And *Mar---gh* for antient Crimes receive his juſt
France, that this happy Change ſo wiſely has begun,
Shall bleſs the great Deſign, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Come on, young *J----*'s Friends, this is the Time,
come on;
Receive juſt Honours, and ſurround the Throne.
Boldly your Loyal Principles maintain,
H---s now rules the State, and *R---* the Main.
Gr---es is at hand the Members to reward,
And Troops are truſted to your own *Gr----rd*.
The faithful Clubs aſſemble at the *Vine*,
And *French* Intrigues are broach'd o'er *Engliſh* Wine.
Freely the *S---te* the Deſign proclaims,
Affronting *W----m*, and applauding *J----es*,

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Good antient Members with a ſolemn Face,
Propoſe that Safety give to Order place;
And what they dare not openly diſſuade,
Is by Expedients ineffectual made.
E'en *F---ch* and *Mu---ve*, whom the Court careſs,
Exalt its Praiſes, but its Power depreſs;
And that Impartial Juſtice may be ſeen,
Confirm to Friends what they refus'd the Queen.
Biſhops who moſt advanc'd Good *J*----'s Cauſe
In Church and State, now reap deſerv'd Applauſe:
While thoſe who rather made the Tow'r their Choice,
Are ſtil'd Unchriſtian by the Nation's Voice.
Avow'dly now St. *David's* Cauſe thy own,
And *T*----*es*'s Votes for Simony atone.
Archbiſhop *K*--*n* ſhall from *Longleat* be drawn,
While firm Nonjurors from behind ſtand crowding for the Lawn.
And thou, great *W*----*th*, to reward thy Charge,
Shalt ſail to *Lambeth* in his Grace's Barge.
See by baſe Rebels *J*----*es* the Juſt betray'd,
See his Three Realms by vile U----rs ſway'd;
Then ſee with Joy his lawful H--- reſtor'd,
And erring Nations own their injur'd L----.
O would kind Heaven ſo long my Life maintain,
Inſpiring Raptures worthy ſuch a Reign!
Not *Thracian St. J*----*ns* ſhould with me contend,
Nor my ſweet Lays harmonious *Ha*---*nd* mend:
Not tho' young *Davenant St. J*---*ns* ſhould protect,
Or the ſhrewd Doctor *Ha*---*nd*'s Lines correct.
Nay ſhould *Tr*---*am* in St. *Maws* compare his Songs to mine; [reſign.
Tr----*am*, tho' St. *Maws* were Judge, his Laurel ſhould
Prepare, Auſpicious Youth, thy Friends to meet;
Sir *G*---- already has prepar'd the Fleet.
Should Rival *Neptune* (who with envious Mind
In times of Danger ſtill this Chief confin'd)
Now ſend the Gout, the Hero to diſgrace,
Honeſt *G*--- *Ch*---- may ſupply his Place.

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A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

I.

CEase, anxious World, your fruitless Pain,
To grasp forbidden Store;
Your study'd Labours shall prove vain,
Your Alchymy unblest;
Whilst Seeds of far more precious Ore
Are ripen'd in my Breast:

II.

My Breast, the Forge of happier Love,
Where my *Lucinda* lives;
And the rich Stock does so improve,
As she her Art employs;
That ev'ry Smile and Touch she gives,
Turns all to Golden Joys.

III.

Since then we can such Treasures raise,
Let's no Expence refuse;
In Love let's lay out all our Days;
How can we e'er be Poor,
When ev'ry Blessing that we use
Begets a thousand more?

A SONG by Sir George Ethridge.

IN some kind Dream upon her, Slumber, steal,
And to *Lucinda*, all I beg, reveal;
Breath gentlest Words into her Ears,
Words full of Love, but full of Fears;
Such Words as may prevail, like Pray'rs
From a Poor dying Martyr's Tongue,
By the sweet Voice of Pity sung.
Touch with the Voice the more inchanting Lute,
To make the Charms strike all Repulses mute:

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These may insensibly impart,
My tender Wishes to her Heart,
And by a Sympathetick Force,
So tune its Strings to Love's Discourse;
That when my Griefs compel a Groan,
Her Sighs may Eccho to my Moan.

A SONG by Mr. John How.

HOW can they taste of Joys or Grief,
Who Beauty's Pow'r did never prove?
Love's all our Torment, our Relief,
Our Fate depends alone on Love:

II.

Were I in heavy Chains confin'd,
Neæra's Smiles would ease that State;
Nor Wealth, nor Pow'r, could bless my Mind,
Curs'd by her Absence, or her Hate.

III.

Of all the Plants which shade the Field,
The fragrant Myrtle does surpass;
No Flow'r so gay, that does not yield
To blooming Roses gaudy Dress.

IV.

No Star so bright that can be seen,
When *Phœbus* Glories gild the Skies;
No Nymph so proud adorns the Green,
But yields to fair *Neæra*'s Eyes.

V.

The Amorous Swains no Off'rings bring,
To *Cupid*'s Altar as before;
To her they pray, to her they sing,
And own in Love no other Pow'r.

VI.

If thou thy Empire wilt regain,
On thy Conqu'ror try thy Dart;
Touch with Pity for my Pain
Neæra's cold disdainful Heart.

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Part of VIRGIL's IVth *Georgick*.

By *Mr.* CREECH.

Aristæus, having loſt his Bees, goes by his Mother's Direction to Proteus, *to know why the Gods had ſent this Plague*; Proteus *tells him they ſent it to revenge the Injury he had done* Orpheus, *in being the Cauſe of his Bride's Death, and ſo goes on with the Story of his Paſſion.*

NOW ſcorching *Sirius* burnt the thirſty Moors,
And Seas contracted left their naked Shores;
The Earth lay chop'd, no Spring ſupply'd his Flood,
And mid-day Rays boil'd up the Streams to Mud:
When *Proteus* coming to his uſual Cave,
The Sea-Calf following ſpouts the brackiſh Wave:
Spread o'er the Sand the ſcatter'd Monſters lay,
He (like a Shepherd at the cloſe of day,
When Heifers ſeek their Stalls, and round a Rock
The bleating Lambs the hungry Wolves provoke)
Sits mid'ſt the Beach, and counts the ſcaly Flock.
Scarce was he laid, ſcarce Sleep had ſeal'd his Eyes,
When *Ariſtæus*, eager to ſurpriſe,
Invades and binds him: Strait he ſtarts and roars,
And with ſhrill Noiſes fills the ecchoing Shoars:
He flies to his old Arts, and ſtrives to 'ſcape
By frequent Change, and varying of his Shape:
All monſtrous Forms put on, he would appear
A Flame, a Flood, a Lion, or a Bear:
When nought avail'd, he turn'd himſelf again;
And thus ſpoke with the Accent of a Man:
By whoſe Advice haſt thou ſo raſhly preſt,
Bold Youth, on me? And what do'ſt thou requeſt?
You know, great God, you know, the Swain reply'd,
For who can cheat you? who his Wants can hide?

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But ſtrive to change no more: I humbly come,
And by the Gods commands, to know my Doom:
For what I'm puniſh'd, whence theſe Plagues aroſe,
And by what means I may retrieve my Loſs:
This ſaid, the angry God with fury ſhook,
His Eyes ſhot flame, and horror chang'd his Look,
He gnaſh'd his Teeth, and thus at laſt he ſpoke.

No common Gods, no common Gods purſue,
Thou ſuffer'ſt what to thy great Crimes is due;
At wretched *Orpheus* ſuit theſe Plagues commence,
Tho' (Fate being kind) too ſmall for thy Offence.
To Heaven's ſtrict Juſtice he his Wrongs apply'd,
And call'd down Vengeance for his periſh'd Bride:
She, while ſhe fled from thee, unhappy Maid,
By heedleſs Fear to treacherous Banks betray'd,
Ne'er ſaw the Snake glide o'er the graſſie Ground,
But e'er ſhe knew the Foe, ſhe felt the Wound:
Her fellow *Dryads* fill'd the Hills with cries,
In Groans the ſoften'd *Rhodope* replies;
Rough *Thrace*, the *Getes*, and *Hebrus* ſtreams lament,
Forget their Fury, and in Grief conſent:
While he to doleful tunes his Strings does move,
And ſtrove to ſolace his uneaſie Love:
Thee, thee, dear Bride, on deſart ſhoars alone
He mourn'd at riſing, and at ſetting Sun:
His reſtleſs Love did natural Fears expel,
He dar'd to enter the black Jaws of Hell,
He ſaw the Grove, where gloomy horrors ſpread,
The Ghoſts and ghaſtly Tyrant of the dead;
With thoſe rough Pow'rs, that there ſeverely reign,
Unus'd to pity, when poor Men complain:

He ſtrook his Harp, and ſtrait a numerous Throng
Of airy People fled to hear the Song,
Thither vaſt Troops of wretched Lovers came,
And ſhriekt at the Remembrance of their Flame;
With heavy Grief and gloomy Thoughts oppreſt,
Meagre each Shape, and Wounds in every Breaſt;

(How

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(How deep, ah me! and wide muſt mine appear,
If ſo much Beauty can be ſo ſevere!)
With theſe, mixt Troops of Fathers, Husbands, Wives,
As thick as ſwarms of Bees fly round their Hives
At Evening cloſe, or when a Tempeſt drives:
With Ghoſts of Heroes, and of Babes expos'd,
And Sons whoſe dying Eyes their Mothers clos'd:
Which now the dull unnavigable Flood,
With black *Cocytus* horrid Weeds and Mud
And *Styx*, in nine large Channels ſpread, confine:
The wondrous Numbers ſoft'ned all beneath,
Hell, and the inmoſt flinty ſeats of Death;
Snakes round the Furies Heads did upward rear,
And ſeem'd to liſten to the pleaſing Air;
While fiery *Styx* in milder Streams did rowl,
And *Cerberus* gap'd, but yet forbore to howl,
Ixion's Wheel ſtood ſtill, all Tortures ceaſt,
And Hell amaz'd knew an unuſual Reſt.
All Dangers paſt beyond the reach of fear,
Reſtor'd *Eurydice* breath'd the upper Air,
Following behind (for mov'd by his Complaint
Hell added this Condition to the Grant)
When fury ſoon the heedleſs Lover ſeiz'd,
(To be forgiven, if Hell could be appeas'd)
For near the Confines of Ætherial Air,
Unmindful, and unable to forbear,
He ſtopt, look'd back, (what cannot Love perſuade?)
To take one view of the unhappy Maid:
Here all his Pains were loſt, one greedy Look
Defeats his Hopes, and Hell's Conditions broke,
Thrice *Styx* reſounded, thrice *Avernus* ſhook:
A fatal Meſſenger from *Pluto* flew,
And ſnatch'd the Forfeit from a ſecond View:
Backward ſhe fell; Ah me! too greedy Youth,
(She cry'd) what fury now hath ruin'd both!
Death ſummons me again, cold Fates ſurpriſe,
And Icy Sleep ſpreads o'er my nodding Eyes:

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Wrapt up in Night I feel the *Stygian* Shore,
And ſtretch my Arms to thee in vain, ah thine no more!
This ſcarce pronounc'd, like Smoke diſperſt in Air,
So vaniſh'd the twice-loſt unhappy Fair;
And left him catching at the flying Shade:
He ſtood diſtracted, much he would have ſaid,
In vain; for *Charon* wou'd not waft him o'er,
Once he had paſs'd, and now muſt hope no more.
What ſhould he do? Where ſhould he ſeek Repoſe?
Where fly the trouble of his ſecond Loſs?
In what ſoft Numbers ſhould the Wretch complain,
And beg his dear *Eurydice* again!
She now grew cold in *Charon*'s Boat beneath,
And ſadly ſail'd to the known Seats of Death:
But while nine circling Months in order turn'd,
Beneath bleak Rocks (thus Fame reports) he mourn'd:
By freezing *Strymon*'s unfrequented Stream,
Eurydice, his loſt *Eurydice*, his Theme;
And while he ſang this ſad event of Love,
He tam'd fierce Tygers, and made Oaks to move:
With ſuch ſoft Tunes, and ſuch a doleful Song
Sweet Nightingales bewail their raviſht young,
Which ſome hard-hearted Swain hath born away
While Callow Birds, or kill'd the eaſie Prey;
Reſtleſs they ſit, renew their mournful ſtrains,
And with ſad Paſſion fill their neighb'ring Plains.
No face cou'd win him, and no charms cou'd move,
He fled the heinous Thoughts of ſecond Love:
In vain the *Thracians* woo'd; Wit, Wealth, Eſteem,
Thoſe great Enticers, loſt their Force on him:
Alone he wander'd thro' the *Scythian* Snows,
Where Icy *Tanais* freezeth as it flows;
Thro' Fields ſtill white with Froſt, or beat with Hail,
Conſtant to Grief, and eager to bewail:
Eurydice, the Gods vain Gift, employs
His Thoughts, and makes him Deaf to other Joys.
The ſlighted *Thracians* Heat this Scorn increaſt,
They breath'd Revenge, and fir'd at *Bacchus* Feaſt,

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(For what ſo ſoon as Wine makes Fury burn?
And what can wound a Maid ſo deep as Scorn?)
Full of their God they wretched *Orpheus* tore,
Scatter'd his Limbs, and drank his reeking Gore:
His Head torn off, as *Hebrus* roll'd along,
Eurydice fell from his dying Tongue.
His parting Soul, when flying thro' the Wound,
Cry'd, Ah *Eurydice*; the Floods around
Eurydice, *Eurydice* the Banks reſound.

The Fourteenth ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

I.

AH! Friend, the poſting Years how faſt they fly!
Nor can the ſtricteſt Piety
Defer incroaching Age,
Or Death's reſiſtleſs Rage:
If you each Day
A Hecatomb of Bulls ſhou'd ſlay,
The ſmoaking Hoſt cou'd not ſubdue
The Tyrant to be kind to you.
From *Geryon*'s Head he ſnatch'd the triple Crown,
Into th' infernal Lake the Monarch tumbl'd down.
The Prince, and Peaſant of this World, muſt be
Thus wafted to Eternity.

II.

In vain from bloody Wars are Mortals free,
Or the rough Storms of the Tempeſtuous Sea,
In vain they take ſuch care
To ſhield their Bodies from autumnal Air.
Diſmal *Cocytus* they muſt ferry o'er,
Whoſe languid Stream moves dully by the Shore.
And in their Paſſage we ſhall ſee
Of tortur'd Ghoſts the various Miſery.

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III.

Thy ſtately Houſe, thy pleaſing Wife
And Children, (Bleſſings dear as Life,)
Muſt all be left, nor ſhalt thou have,
Of all thy grafted Plants, one Tree;
Unleſs the diſmal *Cypreſs* follow thee,
The ſhort-liv'd Lord of all, to thy cold Grave.
But the impriſon'd *Burgundy*
Thy jolly Heir ſhall ſtraight ſet free.
Releas'd from Lock and Key, the ſparkling Wine
Shall flow, and make the drunken Pavement ſhine.

The Firſt Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

Tranſlated into *Engliſh*.

THYRSIS.

Goat-Herd, the Muſick of yon' whiſtling Pine,
Tho' ſweet, yet is not half ſo ſweet as thine;
Thou, when the ſound of thy ſhrill Pipe is heard,
Art next to our great Maſter *Pan* prefer'd:
Next him in Skill, and next him in Reward.
If *Pan* receive a Goat of horned Brow,
A younger Goat is thy unqueſtion'd Due:
If he a younger Goat, a Kid belongs to you.
And Kids you know, until the ſwelling Teat
Yields Milk, are no unpalatable Meat.

GOAT-HERD.

Sweeter thy Numbers, *Shepherd*, and thy Song,
Than that fair lovely Stream, which down along
From yonder Hillock's gently riſing Side
Pours the ſmooth Current of its eaſie Tide.
If a white Ewe the Muſes Off'ring be,
A ſpotleſs Lamb ſhall be thy ſecond Fee:
If their's a Lamb; the Ewe's reſerv'd for thee.

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THYRSIS.

And wilt thou, *Goat-Herd*, on yon riſing Ground,
With Streams refreſh'd, and ſpreading Mirtles crown'd,
Say, wilt thou one ſweet charming Song rehearſe?
I'll feed thy Flock, and liſten to thy Verſe.

GOAT-HERD.

Shepherd, I dare not tread that hallow'd Ground!
'Tis now high Noon, and *Pan* will hear the Sound.
Weary'd with Sport, he there lyes down to reſt:
And 'tis an angry God when at the beſt.
But, *Thyrſis*, you can *Daphnis* Story tell,
And underſtand the rural Numbers well.
Let us retire then to the Sylvan Shade,
By reverend Oaks extended Branches made,
Where an old Seat ſtands rear'd upon the Green:
Hard by *Priapus*, and the Nymphs are ſeen.
There if thou ſing one of thy nobleſt Lays,
And thy loud Voice in ſuch ſweet Accents raiſe,
As when you baffled *Corome*, and won the Bays,
Thrice ſhalt thou milk my Goat; come, pr'ythee do:
Two Pails ſhe fills, although ſhe ſuckles Two.
Beſides a brave large Goblet ſhall be thine;
New made, new turn'd, and ſmelling wond'rous fine.
Sweet wholſom Wax the inner Hollow hides,
And two neat Handles grace the well wrought ſides.
About the brim a creeping Ivy twines,
Thro' whoſe brown Leaves the brighter *Crocus* ſhines.
Within, a Woman's lovely Image ſtands:
(A noble Piece! not wrought by mortal Hands!)
Around her Head a braided Fillet goes:
A decent Veil adown her Shoulders flows.
By her two blooming Youths by turns complain,
Each ſtriving who ſhall the bleſt Conqueſt gain:
Both eagerly contend, but both in vain.
She now on This her wanton Glances throws,
And now on That a careleſs Smile beſtows:
Whilſt they their big ſwol'n Eye-lids hardly rear,
And ſilently accuſe the cruel Fair.

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Next on a Cliff a Fiſher-man you'll view,
Who his lov'd Sport does eagerly purſue.
His gather'd Net juſt hov'ring o'er the Sea,
He labours at the Caſt on his half-bended Knee.
You'd ſwear his active Limbs work'd to and fro,
So tight he is, ſo fitted for the Throw.
His Neck enlarg'd with ſwelling Veins appears:
Much is his Strength, tho' many are his Years.
Not far from hence a ſeeming Vineyard grows,
The Vines all neatly ſet in graceful Rows,
Whoſe weighty Cluſters bend the yielding Boughs.
And a young Lad on a Tree's neighb'ring Root
Sits idlely by, to watch the ripening Fruit.
By him, two Foxes unregarded ſteal:
Each craftily deſigns a diff'rent Meal.
One tow'rds the Vineyard caſts a longing Eye;
Looks to, and fro; and then creeps ſoftly by:
Whilſt t'other couch'd in a cloſe Ambuſcade
To intercept the Scrip and Vict'als laid,
Reſolves not firſt to quit the deſtin'd Prey,
'Till he has ſent the Younker Supperleſs away.
Mean while with both his Hands, and both his Eyes,
He's plaiting Straws, and making Traps for Flies.
With Art and Care he the fine Play-thing twines,
Surveys it, and applauds his own Deſigns:
Unmindful of his Bag, or of his Vines.
The Cup beſides a Wood-bine does contain,
Which round the Bottom wreaths its leafie Train,
Admir'd and envy'd by each gazing Swain!
I know, you'll ſay your ſelf, 'tis ſtrangely fine!
The Workman, and the Workmanſhip Divine!
I bought it when I croſt th' *Italian* Seas,
The Price a dainty Kid, and a large New-milk Cheeſe;
Unus'd it lyes, unfully'd, neat and trim:
Nor have my Lips once touch'd the ſhining Brim.
With this I'd willingly reward thy Pains,
Would'ſt thou but ſing thoſe my beloved Strains.
Nor envy I thy Skill: No---envious Death
Too ſoon (alas!) will ſtop that charming Breath:

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Come on then, Sing, dear Shepherd, while you may.

THYRSIS.

Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
'Tis *Thyrſis* ſings, *Thyrſis* on *Ætna* born:
The grateful Hills do his lov'd Notes return.
Where were the Nymphs? Where, in that fatal Day,
When *Daphnis*, lovely *Daphnis*, pin'd away?
Did ye by *Peneus*, or on *Pindus* ſtray?
(For ſure ye were not by *Anapus* ſide,
Nor *Ætna*'s Top, nor *Acis* Silver Tide.)
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
For him the Panthers and the Tygers mourn'd:
They came, they ſaw; and with ſwoln Eyes return'd.
Lions themſelves did uncouth Sorrows bear,
Their Savage Fierceneſs ſoftning to a Tear.
Cloſe by his Feet the Bulls and Heifers lay;
The Calves forgot their Feeding, and their Play;
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Swift *Hermes* firſt came down to his Relief:
Daphnis, he cry'd, from whence this fooliſh Grief?
What Nymph, what Goddeſs ſteals thy Heart away?
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Next him the Shepherds, and the Goat-herds came:
All ask'd the Reaſon of ſo ſtrange a Flame.
Priapus came too-----
He came, and ask'd him with a pitying Eye,
Why all this Grief? Ah! wretched *Daphnis*, why?
While the falſe Nymph, unmindful of thy Pains,
Now climbs the Hills, now skims it o'er the Plains,
Where-e'er blind Chance or Fancy leads the way:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Ah! fooliſh and impatient of the Smart,
With which the wanton Boy hath pierc'd thy Heart!
An * Herdſman thou wert thought; a Goat-herd
ſure thou art.
The Goat-herd, when from ſome old craggy Rock
He views the ſportful Paſtimes of his Flock,

* Βούτας μὲν ἐλέγευ· τραγὸν δ' αἰπόλῳ ἀνδρὶ ἔοικας,

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And ſees 'em how they friſk, and how they play,
Grieves that he's not a Goat, as well as they:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
And you too, when you ſee the Nymphs advance
Their nimble Feet in a well-order'd Dance, [ſmile,
And hear 'em how they talk, and ſee 'em how they
Are griev'd that you muſt ſtand neglected all the while.
All this, without an Anſwer, heard the Swain;
Still he went on, and nouriſh'd ſtill the Pain.
He found his Love increaſe, and Life decay:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Then *Venus* came, and rais'd his drooping Head:
Forc'd an inſulting Smile, and thus ſhe ſaid.
You thought, fond Swain, that you could Love ſubdue:
But Love, it ſeems, at laſt has conquer'd you.
Strong are his Charms, and mighty is his Sway:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
She ſpake——And thus the mournful Swain reply'd.
Ah! Foe to me, and all Mankind beſide!
Ah! cruel Goddeſs! ſpare thy Taunts at laſt;
Nor urge a Death that's drawing on ſo faſt.
Too well I know my fatal Hour is come,
My † Sun declining to its Weſtern Home.
Yet ev'n in Death thy Scorns I will repay:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Hence, *Cyprian* Queen, to *Ida*'s Tops repair,
Anchiſes, lov'd *Anchiſes* waits you there.
There ſpreading Oaks will cover you around:
Here humble Shrubs ſcarce peep above the Ground;
And buſie Bees are humming all the Day.
The noiſe is great, 'twill ſpoil your am'rous Play:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.
Adonis too!----the Boy is lovely fair!
He feeds his Flocks, he hunts the nimble Hare;
And boldly chaſes ev'ry Beaſt of Prey:
Begin, ſweet Muſe, begin the Rural Lay.

† Ἤδη γὰρ ῥιάσδοι πάγθ' ἅλιος ἄμμι διδύκειν.

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Ye Panthers, Lions, and ye Wolves adieu!
Who now ſhall traverſe the thick Woods with you?
No more ſhall you be chas'd, no more ſhall I purſue.
Hail *Arethuſa*, lovely Fountain hail! [Vale!
Farewel ye Streams that flow thro' *Tyber*'s flow'ry
Farewel!----The Gods forbid my longer Stay:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Pan, *Pan*, where-e'er your wanding Footſteps
Whether on *Lyce*'s airy Tops you rove, [move;
Or ſporting in the vaſt *Menalian* Grove:
Haſte, quickly haſte, leave the high Tomb, that nods
O'er *Helick*'s Cliff, the wonder of the Gods!
And to fair *Sicily* thy Steps convey;
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Here take my waxen Pipe, well join'd, and fit;
An uſeleſs Pipe to me! and I to it!
For Love and Fate have ſummon'd me away:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
On Brambles now let Violets be born,
And op'ning Roſes bluſh on ev'ry Thorn:
Let all things Nature's Contradiction wear,
And barren Pine-trees yield the mellow Pear.
Since *Daphnis* dies, what can be ſtrange, or new?
Hounds now ſhall fly, and trembling Fawns purſue;
Screech-Owls ſhall ſing, and Thruſhes yield the Day:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
Thus *Daphnis* ſpake, and more he would have ſung:
But Death prevail'd upon his trembling Tongue.
Fair *Venus* ſtrove to raiſe her drooping Son:
In vain ſhe ſtrove, for his laſt Thread was ſpun.
Black *Stygian* Waves ſurround the darling Boy
Of every Nymph, and every Muſe's Joy.
Lifeleſs he lies, and ſtill as harden'd Clay,
Who was ſo Young, ſo Lovely, and ſo Gay:
Leave off, fond Muſe, leave off the Rural Lay.
The Cup and Goat you cannot now refuſe:
I'll milk her; and I'll offer to my Muſe.

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All hail, ye Muſes, that inſpire my Tongue!
A better Day ſhall have a better Song.

GOAT-HERD.

May dropping Combs on thoſe ſweet Lips diſtil,
And thy lov'd Mouth with *Attick* Honey fill.
For much, much ſweeter is thy tuneful Voice,
Than, when on ſunny Days with chearful noiſe,
The Vocal Inſects of the Spring rejoice.
Here, take the promis'd Cup: How bright the look!
How fine the Smell! ſure from ſome fragrant Brook,
The bath of ſmiling *Hours*, it the gay tincture took!
Here * *Ciſſy*, hitherward,—Come, milk her now:
My Kids, forbear to leap: for if you do,
The Goat may chance to leap as well as you.

The REAPERS.

The Tenth Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

Engliſhed by Mr. William Bowles, *of* King's *College in* Cambridge.

MILO. BATTUS.

M. ARE you grown lazy, or does ſome Diſeaſe,
Oh *Battus*, bind your Hands, and Sinews ſeize,
That like a Sheep prickt by a pointed Thorn,
Still you're behind, and lag at ev'ry Turn?
What in the Heat and Evening will you do,
Who early in the Morning loiter ſo?

B. Milo, thou piece of Flint, thou all of Stone,
Did'ſt never yet an abſent Friend bemoan?

M. Who, but ſuch Fools as thou, the Abſent mind?
Sure what concerns you more, you here may find.

B. Did Love ne'er yet thy Senſes waking keep,
Trouble thy Dreams, or interrupt thy Sleep?

* *Kiccaliſa, the Name of the Goat.*

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M. The Gods preſerve me from that reſtleſs Care.
Oh Reapers all, the gilded Bait beware!
B. But I nine Days the Paſſion Love have felt,
With inward fires conſume, and ſlowly melt.
See! all neglected lyes before my Door,
While I run mad for a confounded Whore.
She who pip'd lately at *Hippocoon*'s Feaſt,
Charm'd every Ear, and wounded every Gueſt!
M. The Gods for ſome old Sins have ſent this Evil,
And ſhame long due has reach'd thee from the Devil.
B. Beware, inſulting *Cupid* has a Dart,
And it may one Day reach thy ſtubborn Heart.
M. Come, you're a Poet, ſing ſome am'rous Song,
'Twill eaſe your Toil, and make the Day leſs long.
B. Oh Muſe! aſſiſt my Song, and make it flow,
For you freſh Charms on all you ſing beſtow.
Bombyce (Oh my deareſt) do not frown,
They call thee Tawny, but I call thee Brown.
Yet bluſh not, Dear: Black is the Violet,
And *Hyacinth* with Letters all o'erwrit;
Yet both are ſweet, and both for Garlands fit.
Kids the green Leaves, Wolves the young Kids purſue,
And *Battus*, ſweet *Bombyce*, follows you.
Oh! had the envious Gods not made me poor,
Had I rich *Croſus* Wealth and mighty Store,
In *Venus* Temple ſhould our Statues ſtand;
Thou with thy Pipe and Taber in thy Hand,
I in a Dancer's Poſture, gay, new ſhod,
Form'd of pure Gold, and glorious as a God!
Thy Voice, *Bombyce*, is moſt ſoft and ſweet,
But who can praiſe enough thy humour, and thy Silver Feet?
M. *Battus* deceiv'd us, a great Poet grown,
What Verſe is here! But are they, Friend, thy own?
How juſt the Rhymes, how equally they meet,
The Numbers how harmonious, and how ſweet!
Yet mark, and this diviner Song attend,
'Twas by immortal *Lytierſes* penn'd.

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Smile on the Corn, O *Ceres!* bleſs the Field,
May the full Ears a plenteous Harveſt yield.
Gather your Sheaves (Oh Friends!) and better bind,
See how they're blown, and ſcatter'd by the Wind:
Haſte, leſt ſome jeering Paſſenger ſhould ſay,
Oh lazy Rogues! their Hire is thrown away.
Reapers obſerve, and to the Southweſt turn
Your Sheaves; 'twill fill the Ears, and ſwell the Corn.
Threſhers at Noon, and in the burning Heat,
(Then the light Chaff flies out) ſhould toil and ſweat;
But Reapers ſhould with the ſweet Wood-Lark riſe,
And ſleep when *Phœbus* mounts the Southern Skies.
Happy the Frogs who in the Waters dwell!
They ſuck in Drink for Air, and proudly ſwell.
Oh niggard Bayliff! we could dine on Beans,
And ſpare your windy Cabbage, and your Pains.
Such Songs at once delight us, and improve;
But thy ſad Ditty, and thy tale of Love
Keep for thy Mother, *Battus*, I adviſe,
When ſtretch'd and yawning in her Bed ſhe lyes.

AITHΣ. *Or, the Twelfth* Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

SCarce three whole Days, my lovely Youth, had paſt
Since thou and I met here, and parted laſt,
And yet ſo ſluggiſhly the Minutes flew,
I thought it Ages till we met anew.
Gay Youth and Vigour were already fled,
Already envious Time began to ſhed
A ſnowy White around my drooping Head.
As to Spring's Brav'ry rugged Winter yields;
The hoary Mountains to the ſmiling Fields;
As by the faithful Shepherd new-yean'd Lambs
Are much leſs valu'd than their fleecy Dams;

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As to wild Plumbs the Damſcen is preferr'd;
As nimble Does out-ſtrip the duller Herd;
As Maids ſeem fairer in their blooming Pride,
Than thoſe who *Hymen*'s Joys have often try'd;
As *Philomel*, when warbling forth her Love,
Excels the feather'd Quire of ev'ry tuneful Grove;
So much doſt thou all other Youths excel:
They Speak not, Look not, Love not half ſo well!
Sweeter thy Face! more raviſhing thy Charms!
No Gueſt ſo welcome to my longing Arms!
When firſt I view'd thoſe much lov'd Eyes of thine
At diſtance, and from far encount'ring mine,
I ran, I flew, to meet th' expected Boy
With all the tranſports of unruly Joy.
Not with ſuch eager haſte, ſuch fond Deſires,
The Traveller, when ſcorch'd by *Syrian* Fires,
To ſome well-ſpreading Beach's Shade retires.
O! that ſome God would equal Flames impart!
And ſpread a mutual Warmth thro' either Heart!
'Till Men ſhould quote our Names for loving well;
And Age to Age the pleaſing Story tell.
Two Men there were (criesſome well meaning Tongue)
Whoſe Friendſhip equal on Love's Ballance hung:
(*Eſpnilus* one, *Aites* t'other Name,
Both ſurely fix'd in the Records of Fame)
Of honeſt ancient Make and heav'nly Mould,
Such as in good King *Saturn*'s Days of Old
Flouriſh'd, and ſtamp'd the Age's Name with Gold.
Grant, mighty *Jove*, that after many a Day,
While we amidſt th' *Elyſian* Valleys ſtray,
Some welcome Ghoſt may this glad Meſſage ſay,
Your Loves, the copious Theme of ev'ry Tongue,
Ev'n now with laſting Praiſe are daily ſung;
Admir'd by all, but chiefly by the Young.
But Pray'rs are vain! the ruling Pow'rs on high,
Whate'er I ask, can grant, or can deny.
In the mean time thee my due Songs ſhall praiſe,
Thee, the glad matter of my tuneful Lays:
Nor ſhall the well meant Verſe a tell-tale Bliſter

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Nay ſhould you chide, I'll catch the pleaſing ſound,
Since the ſame Mouth that made, can heal the Wound.
Ye *Megarenſians*, who from *Niſa*'s Shoar
Plow up the Sea with many a well-tim'd Oar,
May all your Labours glad Succeſs attend:
You, who to *Diocles*, that generous Friend,
Due Honours and becoming Reverence pay:
When rowling Years bring on the happy Day,
Then round his Tomb the crowded Youth reſort,
With Lips well fitted for the wanton Sport:
And he, whoſe pointed Kiſs is ſweeteſt found,
Returns with Laurels, and freſh Garlands crown'd.
Happy the Boy that bears the Prize away!
Happy, I grant: But O far happier they,
Who, from the Seats of their much envy'd bliſs,
Receiv'd the Tribute of each wanton Kiſs!
Surely to *Ganymed* their Pray'rs are made,
That, while the am'rous Strife is warmly plaid,
He would their Lips with equal Virtues guide
To thoſe which in the faithful Stone reſide:
Whoſe Touch apply'd, the Artiſt can explore
The baſer Mettal from the ſhining Ore.

ΚΗΡΙΟΚΛΕΠΤΗΣ: *Or the Nineteenth* Idyllium *of* Theocritus.

CUpid, the ſlieſt Rogue alive,
One Day was plundring of a Hive:
But as with too eager Haſte
He ſtrove the liquid Sweets to taſte,
A Bee ſurpriz'd the heedleſs Boy;
Prick'd him, and daſh'd th' expected Joy.
The Urchin, when he felt the Smart
Of the envenom'd angry Dart,
He kick'd, he ſlung, he ſpurn'd the Ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the Wound:

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He blow'd and chaf'd the Wound in vain!
The rubbing ſtill increas'd the Pain.
Straight to his Mother's Lap he hies,
With ſwelling Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
Cries ſhe----What does my *Cupid* ail?
When thus he told his mournful Tale.
A little Bird they call a Bee,
With yellow Wings; ſee, Mother, ſee
How it has gor'd, and wounded me!
And are not you, reply'd his Mother,
For all the World juſt ſuch another?
Juſt ſuch another angry thing,
Like in Bulk and like in Sting.
For when you aim a pois'nous Dart,
Againſt ſome poor unwary Heart,
How little is the Archer found!
And yet how wide, how deep the Wound!

A SONG.

I.

IN a dark ſilent ſhady Grove,
Fit for the Delights of Love,
As on *Corinna*'s Breaſt I panting lay,
My right Hand playing with *&c.*

II.

A thouſand Words and amorous Kiſſes
Prepar'd us both for more ſubſtantial Bliſſes;
And thus the haſty Moments ſlipt away,
Loſt in the Tranſport of *&c.*

III.

She bluſh'd to ſee her Innocence betray'd,
And the ſmall Oppoſition ſhe had made,
Yet hug'd me cloſe, and with a Sigh did ſay,
Once more, my Dear, once more *&c.*

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IV.

But O the Power to pleaſe this Nymph was paſt,
Too violent a Flame can never laſt;
So we remitted to another Day
The Proſecution of *&c. catera.*

The Complaint of ARIADNA. *Out of* CATULLUS.

By Mr. *WILLIAM BOWLES.*

The ARGUMENT.

The Poet in the Epithalamium *of* Peleus *and* Thetis, *deſcribes the Genial Bed, on which was wrought the Story of* Theſeus *and* Ariadne, *and on that occaſion makes a long Digreſſion, part of which is the Subject of the following Poem.*

THere on th' extreameſt Beach, and fartheſt Sand
Deſerted *Ariadna* ſeem'd to ſtand,
New wak'd, and raving with her Love, ſhe flew
To the dire Shoar, from whence ſhe might purſue
With longing Eyes, but all alas in vain!
The winged Bark o'er the tempeſtuous Main;
For bury'd in fallacious Sleep ſhe lay
While thro' the Waves falſe *Theſeus* cut his way,
Regardleſs of her Fate who ſav'd his Youth;
Winds bore away his Promiſe and his Truth.
Like ſome wild *Bacchanal* unmov'd ſhe ſtood,
And with fix'd Eyes ſurvey'd the raging Flood.
There with alternate Waves the Sea does rowl,
Nor leſs the Tempeſts that diſtract her Soul;
Abandon'd to the Winds her flowing Hair,
Rage in her Soul expreſt, and wild Deſpair.
Her riſing Breaſts with Indignation ſwell,
And her looſe Robes diſdainfully repell.

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The shining Ornaments that dreſt her Head,
When with the glorious Raviſher ſhe fled,
Now at their Miſtreſs Feet neglected lay,
Sport of the wanton Waves that with them play.
But ſhe nor them regards, nor Waves that beat
Her ſnowy Legs, and wound her tender Feet:
On *Theſeus* her loſt Senſes all attend,
And all the Paſſions of her Soul depend.
Long did her weaker Senſe contend in vain,
She ſunk at laſt beneath the mighty Pain:
With various Ills beſet, and ſtupid grown,
She loſt the Pow'r thoſe Ills ev'n to bemoan:
But when the firſt Aſſault and fierce Surprize
Were paſt, and Grief had found a Paſſage at her Eyes,
With cruel Hands her ſnowy Breaſt ſhe wounds,
Theſeus, in vain, through all the Shoar reſounds.
Now urg'd by Love ſhe plunges in the Main,
And now draws back her tender Feet again:
Thrice ſhe repeats the vain Attempt to wade,
Thrice Fear and Cold her ſhiv'ring Limbs invade.
Fainting at laſt ſhe hung her beauteous Head,
And fixing on the Shoar her Eyes, ſhe ſaid,
Ah cruel Man! and did I leave for thee
My Parents, Friends, (for thou waſt all to me)
And is my Love, and is my Faith thus paid?
Oh Cruelty unheard! a wretched Maid
Here on a naked Shoar abandon'd, and betray'd!
Betray'd to Miſchiefs of which Death's the leaſt,
And plung'd in Ills too great to be expreſt.
Yet the Gods will, the Gods contemn'd by you,
With Vengeance thy devoted Ship purſue,
O'ertake thy Sails, and rack thy guilty Breaſt,
And with new Plagues th' ill-omen'd Flight infeſt.
But tho' no Pity thy ſtern Breaſt could move,
Nor angry Gods, nor ill requited Love,
Yet ſenſe of Honour ſure ſhould touch thy Heart,
And ſhame from low, unmanly Flight divert,

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With other Hopes my eaſie Faith you fed,
A glorious Triumph, and a Nuptial Bed;
But all thoſe Joys with thee, alas! are fled.
Let no vain Woman Vows and Oaths believe,
They only with more Form and Pomp deceive:
To compaſs their lewd ends the Wretches ſwear,
Of Oaths profuſe, nor Gods nor Temples ſpare;
But when enjoy'd-----
Nor broken Vows, nor angry Heav'n they fear.
But, O ye Women! warn'd by me, be wiſe,
Turn their falſe Oaths on them, their Arts, their Lies;
Diſſemble, fawn, weep, ſwear when you betray,
Defeat the Gameſters at their own foul Play.
Oh baniſht Faith! But now from certain Death
I ſnatcht the Wretch, and ſav'd his perjur'd Breath,
His Life with my own Brother's Blood I bought,
And Love by ſuch a cruel Service ſought.
By *Me* preſerv'd, yet *Me* he does betray,
And to wild Beaſts expoſe an eaſie Prey!
Nor thou of Royal Race, nor Human Stock [Rock;
Waſt born, but nurs'd by Bears, and iſſu'd from a
Too plain thou doſt thy dire Extraction prove,
Who Death for Life return'ſt, and Hate for Love.
Yet he ſecurely Sails! and I in vain
Recal the fled, and to deaf Rocks complain.
Unmov'd they ſtand; yet could they ſee and hear,
More human would than cruel Man appear.
But I-----
Muſt the ſad Pleaſure of Compaſſion want,
And die unheard, and loſe my laſt Complaint.
Happy, ye Gods! too happy had I liv'd,
Hadſt thou, O charming Stranger, ne'er arriv'd;
Diſſembl'd Sweetneſs in thy Look does ſhine,
But ah! th' inhuman Monſters lurk within.
What now remains; Or whom ſhall I implore
In a wild Iſle, on a deſerted Shoar?
Shall I return, and beg my Father's Aid?
My Father's! whom ingrateful I betray'd,
And with my Brother's cruel Murderer fled!

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But, *Theſeus*, *Ariadna*'s Conſtant, Kind,
Kind as the Seas, and Conſtant as the Wind.
See! wretched Maid, vaſt Seas around thee roar,
And angry Waves beat the reſounding Shoar,
Cut off thy Hopes, and intercept thy Flight,
No Ship appears to bleſs thy Longing Sight.
The diſmal Iſle no human Footſtep bears,
But a ſad Silence doubles all my Fears,
And Fate in all its dreadful Shapes appears.
Ev'n fainting Nature ſcarce maintains the ſtrife
Betwixt prevailing Death, and yielding Life.
Yet, e'er I die, revenging Gods I'll call,
And curſe him firſt, and then contented fall.
Aſcend ye Furies then, aſcend, and hear
My laſt Complaints, and grant my dying Pray'r,
Which Grief and Rage for ill-rewarded Love,
And the deep Senſe of his Injuſtice move:
Oh ſuffer not my lateſt Words to fly
Like common Air; and unregarded die!
With Vengeance his dire Treachery purſue,
For Vengeance, Goddeſſes, attends on you,
Terror with you, Deſpair and Death appear,
And all the frightful Forms the Guilty fear.
May his proud Ship by furious Billows toſt,
On Rocks, or ſome wild Shoar like this, be loſt;
There may he fall, or late returning ſee,
(If ſo the Gods, and ſo the Fates decree)
A mournful Houſe, polluted by the Dead,
And Furies ever wait on his * Inceſtuous Bed.
Jove heard, and did the juſt Requeſt approve,
And nodding ſhook Earth, Seas, and all the radiant Lights above.

* *He carried away her Siſter* Phædra.

The Twentieth Idyllium *of* THEOCRITUS.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

PROUD *Eunica*, when I advanc'd to Kiſs,
Laugh'd loud, and cry'd, How ignorant he is!
Alas poor Man! dare you, a wretched Swain,
Lips ſuch as theſe, and ſuch a Mouth prophane?
No: To prevent your ruſtick Freedom, know
They're unacquainted yet with ſuch as you:
But your ſoft Lip, your Beard, your horny Fiſt,
All charming, and all ſuing to be kiſt,
Your matted Hair, and your ſmooth Chin invite,
Conſpire to make you Lovely to the ſight.
Oh how you look, how prettily you play,
How ſoft your Words, and what fine things you ſay!
Yet, to prevent Infection, pray be gone,
Your Neighbourhood, methinks, is dang'rous grown;
Vaniſh, nor dare to touch me, Oh the Shame!
He ſmells of the rank Goats from which he came!
This ſaid, with Indignation thrice ſhe ſpit,
Survey'd me with Diſdain from Head to Feet;
Then was fierce Rage, and conſcious Beauty ſeen
In all her Motions, and her haughty Meen.
She pray'd, as if ſhe ſome Contagion fear'd,
Caſt a diſdainful Smile, and diſappear'd.
My boiling Blood ſprang with my Rage, and ſpread
O'er all my burning Face a fiery Red; [ſhed.
So Roſes bluſh, when Night her kindly Dew has
I rage, I curſe the haughty Jilt, that jeer'd
My graceful Perſon, and my comely Beard.
Ye Shepherds, I conjure you, tell me true,
Has any God caſt my old Form anew?
How am I chang'd? For once a matchleſs Grace
Shone in the charming Features of my Face,
Like creeping Ivy did my Beard o'ergrow,
And my long Hair in untaught Curls did flow,

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My Brows were black, and my large Forehead white,
My ſparkling Eyes ſhot forth a radiant Light;
In ſweeteſt Words did my ſoft Language flow,
As Honey ſweet, and ſoft as falling Snow;
When with loud Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpir'd,
The liſt'ning Shepherds all my Skill admir'd;
Me all the Virgins on our Mountains love,
They praiſe my Beauty, and my Flames approve.
Such tho' I am, yet me, becauſe a Swain,
(How nice theſe Town-bred Women are, how
Gay *Eunica* rejected with Diſdain. [vain!)
And ſhe, it ſeems, has never heard, or read
How *Bacchus*, now a God, a Flock once fed.
Venus her ſelf did the Profeſſion grace,
By Love transform'd into a Country Laſs:
The *Phrygian* Fields and Woods her Flames can tell,
And how her much bewail'd *Adonis* fell.
How oft on *Latmos* did the Moon deſcend
From her bright Chariot to her *Carian* Friend,
And abſent from the Sky whole Nights with him
did ſpend?
To ſhining in her Orb prefer her Love,
Stoop and deſert her glorious Seat above?
And was not he a Shepherd? Sure he was;
Yet did not ſhe diſdain his low Embrace.
The Gods great Mother too, and greater *Jove*,
Their Majeſty laid by, could Shepherds love:
The *Phrygian* Groves, and conſcious *Ida* know
What She for *Atys*, He for *Ganymed* could do.
But prouder *Eunica* diſdains alone
What Gods, and greateſt Goddeſſes have done:
Fairer it ſeems by much, and greater ſhe,
Than *Venus*, *Cynthia*, or than *Cybele*.
Oh my fair *Venus*, may you ne'er find one
Worthy your Love, in Country, or in Town,
But to a Virgin Bed condemn'd, for ever lye alone!

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To LESBIA. *Out of* CATULLUS.

LET's live, my dearest *Lesbia*, and love,
The little time that Nature lends improve;
In Mirth and Pleasure let us waste the day,
Nor care a farthing what old Dotards say;
The Suns may rise again that once are set,
Their usual Labour, and old Course repeat;
But when our Days once turn'd have lost their Light,
We must sleep on one long eternal Night:
A thousand Kisses, Dear, a hundred more,
Another hundred *Lesbia*, I am poor:
Another thousand, *Lesbia*, and as warm,
Let every Touch surprize, and pressing Charm:
And when repeated thousands numerous grow
We'll kiss out all again, that none may know
How many you have lent, and what I owe:
While I'll in gross with eager haste repay,
And kiss a long Eternity away.

To *LESBIA*.

MY *Lesbia* swears she would *Catullus* wed,
Tho' *Jove* himself should come and ask her Bed;
True, this she swears by all the Pow'rs above,
But she's a Woman speaking to her Love:
That single Thought my growing Faith defeats,
'Tis necessary for them to be Cheats:
They must be false, they must their Oaths forget,
So pleasing is the Lech'ry of Deceit;
What Women tell their Servants, fade like Dreams,
And should be writ in Air, or running Streams.

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The Seventh ODE *of the Fourth Book of* HORACE.

By an unknown Hand.

WInter's diſſolv'd, behold a World's new Face!
How Graſs the Ground, how Leaves their Branches grace. [yield,
That Earth which would not to the Plough-ſhare
Is ſofter now and eaſie to be till'd.
And frozen Streams, thaw'd by th' approaching Sun,
With whiſp'ring Murmurs in their Channels run:
The naked Nymphs and Graces dance around,
And o'er the flowry Meadows nimbly bound.
The Months that run on Time's immortal Wheels,
The Seaſons treading on each others Heels,
The winged Hours that ſwiftly paſs away,
And ſpightfully conſume the ſmiling Day,
Tell us, that all things muſt with them decay.
The Year rowls round us in a conſtant Ring,
And ſultry Summer waſtes the milder Spring:
Whoſe hot Meridian quickly overpaſt,
Declines to *Autumn*, which with bounteous haſte
Comes crown'd with Grapes, but ſuddenly is croſt,
Cold Winter nips his Vintage with a Froſt.
The Moon renews its Orb to ſhine more bright;
But when Death's Hand puts out our mortal Light,
With us alas 'tis ever ever Night!
With *Tullus* and with *Ancus* we ſhall be,
And the brave Souls of vaniſh'd *Heroes* ſee.
Who knows if Gods above, who all things ſway,
Will ſuffer thee to live another Day?
Then pleaſe thy Genius, and betimes take care,
To leave but little to thy greedy Heir.
When among crouds of Ghoſts thou ſhalt appear,
And from the Judge thy fatal Sentence hear,

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Not Birth, nor Eloquence, nor Wealth, nor all
That thou canſt plead can the paſt Doom recal,
Diana, though a Goddeſs, cannot take
Her chaſte *Hippolytus* from *Lethe*'s Lake,
Perithous bound in Fetters muſt remain,
Theſeus no more can break his Adamantine Chain.

The Tenth ODE *of the Second Book of* HORACE.

Rectius vives Licini, &c.

WE muſt all live, and we would all live well,
But how to do it very few can tell;
He ſure doth beſt, who a true mean can keep,
Nor boldly ſails too far into the Deep,
Nor yet too fearfully creeps near the Land,
And runs the danger of the Rocks and Sand.
Who to that happy *Medium* can attain,
" Who neither ſeeks for nor deſpiſes Gain,
" Who neither ſinks too low, nor aims too high,
He ſhuns th' unwholſome Ills of Poverty;
And is ſecure from Envy, which attends
A ſumptuous Table, and a croud of Friends.
Their Treacherous height doth the tall Pines expoſe,
To the rude blaſts of ev'ry Wind that blows.
And lofty Towers unfortunately high,
Are near their Ruin as they're near the Sky;
And when they fall, what was their Pride before,
Serves only then t'increaſe their fall the more.
Who wiſely governs and directs his Mind
Never deſpairs, though Fortune be unkind;
He hopes, and though he finds he hop'd in vain,
He bears it patiently, and hopes again.
And if at laſt a kinder Fate conſpires,
To heap upon him more than he deſires:

He

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He then ſuſpects the kindneſs he enjoys,
Takes it with thanks, but with ſuch care employs,
As if that Fate, weary of giving more,
Would once reſume what it beſtow'd before.
He finds Man's Life, by an Eternal Skill,
Is temper'd equally with good and ill.
Fate ſhapes our Lives, as it divides the Years,
Hopes are our Summer, and our Winter's Fears;
And 'tis by an unerring Rule decreed,
That this ſhall that alternately ſucceed.
Therefore when Fate's unkind, dear Friend, be wiſe,
And bear its Ills without the leaſt ſurpriſe.
The more you are oppreſs'd, bear up the more,
Weather the Tempeſt 'till its rage be o'er.
But if too proſperous and too ſtrong a gale,
Should rather ruffle than juſt fill your Sail,
Leſſen it; and let it take but ſo much Wind,
As is proportion'd to the courſe deſign'd;
" For 'tis the greateſt part of human Skill,
" To uſe good Fortune, and to bear our ill.

The Eighteenth Epiſtle of the Firſt Book of HORACE.

Si bene te novi, &c.

DEAR Friend, for ſurely I may call him ſo,
Who doth ſo well the Laws of Friendſhip know;
I'm ſure you mean the Kindneſs you profeſs,
And to be lov'd by you's a Happineſs;
Not like him who with Eloquence and Pains,
The ſpecious Title of a Friend obtains;
And the next day, to pleaſe ſome Man of Senſe,
Breaks Jeſts at his deluded Friend's expence;
As Jilts, who by a quick compendious way,
To gain new Lovers, do the old betray.

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There is another failing of the Mind,
Equal to this, of a quite different kind;
I mean that rude uncultivated skill,
Which ſome have got of uſing all Men ill;
Out of a zealous and unhewn pretence
Of Freedom, and a virtuous Innocence;
Who, 'cauſe they cannot fawn, betray, nor cheat,
Think they may puſh and juſtle all they meet,
And blame whate'er they ſee, complain, and brawl,
And think their Virtues make amends for all;
They neither comb their Head, nor waſh their Face,
But think their virtuous Naſtineſs a grace.
Whenas true Virtue in a *medium* lies,
And that to turn to either Hand's a Vice.
Others there are, who too obſequious grown,
Live more for others pleaſure than their own;
Applauding whatſoe'er they hear or ſee,
By a too nauſeous Civility:
And if a Man of Title or Eſtate,
Doth ſome ſtrange Story, true or falſe, relate,
Obſequiouſly they cringe, and vouch it all,
Repeat his Words, and catch them as they fall;
As School Boys follow what the Maſters ſay,
Or like an Actor prompted in a Play.
Some Men there are ſo full of their own Senſe,
They take the leaſt Diſpute for an Offence;
And if ſome wiſer Friend their heat reſtrains,
And ſays the Subject is not worth the pains;
Straight they reply, What I have ſaid is true,
And I'll defend it againſt him and you;
And if he ſtill dares ſay 'tis not, I'll die,
Rather than not maintain he ſays a Lie.
Now, would you ſee from whence theſe heats ariſe,
And where th' important contradiction lies;
'Tis but to know, if, when a Client's preſt,
Sawyer or *Williams* pleads his Cauſe the beſt:
Or if to *Windſor* he moſt minutes gains,
Who goes by *Colebrook*, or who goes by *Staines*;

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Who ſpends his Wealth in Pleaſure, and at Play,
And yet affects to be well-cloath'd and gay,
And comes to want; and yet dreads nothing more,
Than to be thought neceſſitous and poor:
Him his rich Kinſman is afraid to ſee,
Shuns like a Burthen to the Family;
And rails at Vices, which have made him poor,
Though he himſelf perhaps hath many more:
Or tells him wiſely, Couſin have a care,
And your Expences with your Rents compare;
Since you inherit but a ſmall Eſtate,
Your Pleaſures, Couſin, muſt be moderate.
I know, you think to huff, and live like me,
Couſin, my Wealth ſupports my Vanity.
But they, who've Wit, and not Eſtate enough,
Muſt cut their Coat according to their Stuff;
Therefore forbear t'affect Equality,
Forget you've ſuch a fooliſh Friend as me.
There was a Courtier, who to puniſh thoſe,
Who, though below him, he believed his Foes;
And more effectually to vent his Rage,
Sent them fine Cloaths and a new Equipage;
For then the fooliſh Sparks couragious grown,
Set up for roaring Bullies of the Town;
Muſt go to Plays, and in the Boxes ſit,
Then to a Whore, and live like Men of Wit;
'Till at the laſt, their Coach and Horſes ſpent,
Their Cloaths grown dirty, and their Ribbons rent:
Their Fortune chang'd, their Appetite the ſame,
And 'tis too late their Follies to reclaim,
They muſt turn Porters, or in Taverns wait,
And buy their Pleaſures at a cheaper rate;
And 'midſt their dirty Miſtreſſes and Wives,
Lead out the reſt of their miſtaken Lives.
Never be too inquiſitive to find
The hidden Secrets of another's Mind,
For when you've torn one Secret from his Breaſt,
You run great riſque of loſing all the reſt;

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And if he ſhould unimportun'd impart
His ſecret Thoughts, and truſt you with his Heart,
Let not your Drinking, Anger, Pride or Luſt,
Ever invite you to betray the Truſt.
Firſt never praiſe your own Deſigns, and then
Ne'er leſſen the Deſigns of other Men;
Nor when a Friend invites you any where,
To ſet a Partridge, or to chaſe a Hare,
Beg he'd excuſe you for this once, and ſay,
You muſt go home, and ſtudy all the Day.
So 'twas that once *Amphion* jealous grown,
That *Zethus* lov'd no Pleaſures but his own;
Was forc'd to give his Brother's Friendſhip o'er,
Or to reſolve to touch his Lyre no more;
He choſe the ſafeſt and the wiſeſt way,
And to oblige his Brother, left his Play.
Do you the ſame, and for the ſelf-ſame End,
Obey your civil importuning Friend;
And when he leads his Dogs into the Plain,
Quit your untimely Labours of the Brain,
And leave your ſerious Studies, that you may
Sup with an equal Pleaſure on the Prey.
Hunting's an old and honourable Sport,
Lov'd in the Country, and eſteem'd at Court;
Healthful to th' Body, pleaſing to the Eye,
And practis'd by our old Nobility:
Who ſee you love the Pleaſures they admire,
Will equally approve what you deſire;
Such Condeſcenſion will more Friendſhip gain,
Than the beſt Rules which your wiſe Books contain.
Talk not of others Lives, or have a care
Of whom you talk, to whom, and what, and where;
For you don't only wound the Man you blame,
But all Mankind; who will expect the ſame.
Shun all inquiſitive and curious Men,
For what they hear they will relate again;
And he who hath impatient craving Ears,
Hath a looſe Tongue to utter all he hears.

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And Words, like th' moving Air of which they're
When once let looſe, can never be reclaim'd. [fram'd,
Where you've acceſs to a rich pow'rful Man,
Govern your Mind with all the care you can;
And be not by your fooliſh Luſt betray'd,
To court his Couſin, or debauch his Maid:
Leſt with a little Portion, and the pride
Of being to the Family ally'd,
He gives you either; with which Bounty bleſt,
You muſt quit all Pretenſions to the reſt;
Or leſt, incens'd at your Attempt, and griev'd
You ſhould abuſe the Kindneſs you receiv'd;
He coldly thwarts your impotent deſire,
'Till you at laſt chuſe rather to retire,
Than tempt his Anger any more; and ſo
Loſe a great Patron, and a Miſtreſs too.
Next have a care, what Men you recommend
To th' Service or Eſteem of your rich Friend;
Leſt for his Service or Eſteem unfit,
They load you with the Faults which they commit:
But as the wiſeſt Men with all their Skill
May be deceiv'd, and place their Friendſhip ill:
So when you ſee you've err'd, you muſt refuſe
To defend thoſe whom their own Crimes accuſe.
But if through Envy of malicious Men
They be accus'd, you muſt protect them then,
And plead their Cauſe your ſelf; for when you ſee
Him you commend, attack'd with Infamy,
Know that 'tis you they hate, when him they blame;
Him they have wounded, but at you they aim;
And when your Neighbour's Houſe is ſet on Fire,
You muſt his Safety as your own conſpire.
Such hidden Fires, though in the Suburbs caſt,
Neglected, may conſume the Town at laſt.
They who don't know the Dangers, which attend
The glittering Court of a rich pow'rful Friend;
Love no Eſtate ſo much, and think they're bleſt,
When they make but a Leg amongſt the reſt;

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But they who've try'd it, and with prudent Care
Do all its Honours, and its Ills compare,
Fear to engage, leſt with their Time and Pain,
They loſe more Pleaſure than they hop'd to gain.
See you, that while your Veſſel's under Sail,
You make your beſt Advantage of the Gale;
Leſt the Wind changes, and ſome ſtormy Rain
Should throw you back to your firſt Port again.
You muſt endeavour to diſpoſe your Mind
To pleaſe all Humours of a different kind;
Whoſe Temper's ſerious, and their Humour ſad,
They think all blithe and merry Men are mad;
They who are merry, and whoſe Humour's free,
Abhor a ſad and ſerious Gravity;
They who are ſlow and heavy, can't admit
The Friendſhip of a quick and ready Wit;
The Slothful hate the buſie active Men,
And are deteſted by the ſame again.
They whoſe free Humour prompts them to be gay,
To Drink all Night, and Revel all the Day,
Abhor the Man, that can his Cups refuſe;
Though his untimely Virtue to excuſe,
He ſwears that one ſuch merry drinking Feaſt,
Would make him Sick for a whole Week at leaſt.
Suffer no Cloud to dwell upon your Brow,
The modeſt Men are thought obſcure and low;
And they, who an affected Silence keep,
Are thought to be too rigid, ſower and deep.
Amongſt all other things, do not omit
To ſearch the Writings of great Men of Wit,
And in the Converſation of the Wiſe,
In what true Happineſs and Pleaſure lyes;
Which are the ſafeſt Rules to live at eaſe,
And the beſt way to make all Fortunes pleaſe;
Leſt through the craving Hopes of gaining more,
And fear of loſing what you gain'd before,
Your poor unſatisfy'd miſguided Mind,
To needy Wiſhes, and falſe Joys confin'd,

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Puts its free boundleſs ſearching Thoughts in Chains,
And where it ſought its Pleaſure, finds its Pains.
If virtuous Thoughts, and if a prudent Heart
Be giv'n by Nature, or obtain'd by Art;
What leſſens Care, the Mind's uneaſie Pain,
And reconciles us to our ſelves again;
Which doth the trueſt Happineſs create,
Unblemiſh'd Honour, or a great Eſtate;
Or a ſafe private Quiet, which betrays
It ſelf to eaſe, and cheats away the Days.
When I am at-----where my kind Fate
Hath plac'd my little moderate Eſtate,
Where Nature's care hath equally employ'd
Its inward Treaſures, and its outward Pride;
What Thoughts d'ye think thoſe eaſie Joys inſpire?
What do you think I covet and deſire?
'Tis, That I may but undiſturb'd poſſeſs
The littl' I have, and, if Heaven pleaſes, leſs;
That I, to Nature and my ſelf, may give
The little time that I have left to live;
Some Books, in which I ſome new thoughts may find,
To entertain, and to refreſh my Mind;
Some Horſes, which may help me to partake
The lawful Pleaſures which the Seaſons make;
An eaſie Plenty, which at leaſt may ſpare
The frugal Pains of a Domeſtick Care;
A Friend, if that a faithful Friend there be,
Who can love ſuch an idle Life, and me;
Then, Heav'n, give me but Life and Health, I'll find
A grateful Soul, and a contented Mind.

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A SONG.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

Freedom is a real Treaſure,
Love a Dream, all falſe and vain;
Short, uncertain is the Pleaſure,
Sure and laſting is the Pain.

II.

A ſincere and tender Paſſion
Some ill Planet ever-rules;
Ah how blind is Inclination!
Fate and Women dote on Fools.

Anſwer'd by Mr. WHARTON.

When Wits from Sighing turn to Railing,
Ill Succeſs pleads ſome Excuſe;
Always trying, ever failing,
Will provoke the dulleſt Muſe.

II.

Cupid a revengeful God is,
Woe be to the Poet's Heart,
Flannel Shirts and Whale-bone Bodice
Are not proof againſt his Dart.

Another ANSWER.

Why this talking ſtill of Dying,
Why this diſmal Look and Groan,
Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing,
Let theſe fruitleſs Arts alone.
Love's the Child of Joy and Pleaſure,
Born of Beauty, nurſt with Wit,

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Much amiss you take your Measure,
This dull whining way to hit.

II.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
By th' effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the Point pursue.
Brisk and gay appear in Woing,
Pleasant be if you would please;
All this Talking, and no Doing,
Will not Love, but Hate, increase.

The Eighth Satyr of the First Book of HORACE.

By Mr. STAFFORD.

I Was, at first, a piece of Fig-tree Wood,
And long an honest Joiner pond'ring stood,
Whether he should employ his shaping Tool,
To make a God of me, or a Joint-stool;
Each Knob he weigh'd, on every Inch did plod,
And rather chose to turn me to a God:
As a *Priapus* hence I grew ador'd,
The fear of ev'ry Thief, and ev'ry Bird.
The Raskals from their pilfring Tricks desist,
And dread each wooden Finger of my Fist.
The Reeds stuck in my Cap the Peckers fright,
From our new Orchards far they take their flight,
And dare not touch a Pippin in my Sight.
When any of the Rabble did decease,
They brought 'em to this place to stink in Peace;
Unnoisom here the Snuffs of Rogues went out,
'Twas once a common Grave for all the Rout.
Loose *Nomentanus* left his Riots here,
And lewd *Pantalabus* forgot to jeer.

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Nor in these Pit-holes might they put a Bone,
Could lye beneath a Dunghil of its own.
But now the Ground for Slaves no more they tear,
Sweet are the Walks, and vital is the Air:
Myrtle and Orange Groves the Eye delight,
Where Sculls and Shanks did mix a ghastly Sight.
While here I stand, the Guardian of the Trees,
Not all the Jays are half the Grievances,
As are those Hags, who diligent in ill,
Are either poys'ning or bewitching still.
These I can neither hurt nor terrifie;
But ev'ry Night, when once the Moon is high,
They haunt these Allies with their Shrieks and Groans,
And pick up baneful Herbs, and human Bones.
I saw *Canidia* here, her Feet were bare,
Black were her Robes, and loose her flaky Hair;
With her fierce *Sagana* went stalking round,
Their hideous howlings shook the trembling Ground,
A Paleness, casting Horror round the Place,
Sat dead, and terrible on either Face.
Their impious Trunks upon the Earth they cast,
And dug it with their Nails in frantick haste.
A cole-black Lamb then with their Teeth they tore,
And in the Pit they pour'd the reeking Gore:
By this they force the tortur'd Ghosts from Hell,
And Answers to their wild Demands compel.
Two Images they brought of Wax, and Wool,
The Waxen was a little puling Fool;
A chidden Image ready still to skip,
Whene'er the Woollen one but snapt his Whip,
On *Hecate* aloud this Beldame calls,
Tisiphone as loud the other bawls.
A thousand Serpents hiss'd upon the Ground,
And Hell-hounds compass'd all the Gardens round.
Behind the Tombs, to shun the horrid Sight,
The Moon skulk'd down, or out of shame or fright.
May every Crow and Cuckow, if I lye,
Aim at my Crown as often as they fly:
And never miss a Dab tho' ne'er so high,

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May villain *Julius*, and his raskal Crew,
Use me with just such Ceremony too.
But how much time and patience would it cost,
To tell the Gabblings of each Hag and Ghost?
Or how the Earth the ugly Beldame scrapes,
And hides the Beards of Wolves, and Teeth of Snakes;
While on the Fire the waxen Image fries.
Vext to the Heart to see their Sorceries,
My Ears torn with their bellowing Sprights, my Guts,
My Fig-tree Bowels, wambled at the Sluts.
Mad for Revenge I gather'd all my Wind,
And bounc'd, like fifty Bladders, from behind.
Scar'd with the Noise they scudd away to Town,
While *Sagana*'s false Hair comes dropping down:
Canidia tumbles o'er, for want of Breath,
And scatters from her Jaws her set of Teeth;
I almost burst to see their Labours croft,
Their Bones, their Herbs, and all their Devils lost.

An O D E. *Sung before King* CHARLES II. *on* New-Years-Day.

By Mr. J. Allestry.

ARise, Great Monarch; see the joyful Day,
Dress in the glories of the East,
Presumes to interrupt your sacred Rest.
Never did Night more willingly give way,
Or Morn more chearfully appear,
Big with the mighty tidings of a New-born Year.

II.

Blest be that Sun, who in Time's fruitful Womb,
Was to this noble Embassie design'd,
To Head the Golden Troops of Days to come,
Nor lagg'd ingloriously behind,

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Ignobly in the last Years Throng to rise and set.
In this 'tis happier far than *May*,
Since to add Years is greater than to give a Day.

CHORUS.

Oh may the happy Days encrease,
With Spoils of War, and Wealth of Peace.
Till Time and Age shall swallow'd be,
Lost in vast Eternity.
May Charles *ne'er quit his sacred Throne,*
Himself succeed himself alone.
And to lengthen out his Time,
Take, God, from us and give to him.
That so each World a Charles *may know,*
Father above and Son below.

III.

Hark, the Jocund Sphears renew
Their chearful and melodious Song,
While the glad Gods are pleas'd to view
The rich and painted throng
Of happy Days, in their fair order march along.
Move on, ye prosperous Hours, move on,
Finish your Course so well begun;
Let no ill Omen dare prophane
Your beauteous and harmonious Train,
Or Jealousies or foolish Fears disturb you as you run.

IV.

See, mighty *Charles*, how all the Minutes press,
Each longing which shall first appear;
Since in this renowned Year,
Not one but feels a secret Happiness,
As big with new Events and some unheard Success:
See how our Troubles vanish, see
How the tumultuous Tribes agree.
Propitious Winds bear all our Griefs away,
And Peace clears up the troubled Day.
Not a Wrinkle, not a Scar
Of Faction or dishonest War,
But Pomps and Triumphs deck the Noble *Kalendar*.

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A SONG.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Sylvia the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green;
She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest
By the towzing and tumbling and touching her Breast;
She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

II.

Ah! she cry'd; ah for a languishing Maid
In a Country of Christians to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close!
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

III.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
He saw the sad Wound, and in pity drew near,
Then show'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the Pain was no more than a Maiden may bear;
When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close.
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

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The Episode *of the Death of* CAMILLA.

Translated out of the Eleventh Book of *Virgil's Æneids.*

By Mr. STAFFORD.

ON Death and Wounds *Camilla* looks with joy,
Freed from a Breast, the fiercer to destroy.
Now, thick as Hail, her fatal Darts she flings;
The two-edg'd Ax now on their Helmets rings.
Her Shoulders bore *Diana's* Arms and Bow:
And if, too strongly prest, she fled before a Foe.
Her Shafts, revers'd, did death and horror bear,
And found the Rash, who durst pursue the Fair.
Near her fierce *Tulla*, and *Tarpeia* ride,
And bold *Larina* conquering by her side.
These above all *Camilla's* Breast did share;
For Faith in Peace, and Gallantry in War.
Such were the *Thracian*, *Amazonian* Bands,
When first they dy'd with Blood *Thermodoons* Sands.
Such Troops *Hippolyta* her self did head,
And such the bold *Penthesilea* led,
When Female shouts alarm'd the trembling Fields,
And glaring Beams shot bright from Maiden Shields.
Who, gallant Virgin, who by thee were slain?
What gasping Numbers strew'd upon the Plain?
Thy Spear first through *Eumenius* passage found;
Whole torrents gush'd out of his Mouth and Wound;
With gnashing Teeth, in pangs, the Earth he tore,
And rowl'd himself, half delug'd, in his Gore.
Then hapless *Pagasus*, and *Lyris* bleed:
The latter reining up his fainting Steed;
The first as to his Aid he stretch'd his Hand,
Both at an instant, headlong, struck the Sand.
Her Arm *Amastrus* next, and *Tereas* feel.
Then follows *Chromis* with her lifted Steel,

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Of all her Quiver not a Shaft was loſt,
But each attended by a *Trojan* Ghoſt.
Strong *Orphitus*, (in Arms unknown before,)
In Battle an *Apulian* Courſer bore.
His brawny Back wrapt in a Bullock's Skin,
Upon his Head a Wolf did fiercely grin,
Above the reſt his mighty Shoulders ſhow,
And he looks down upon the Troops below:
Him (and 'twas eaſie, while his Fellows fled)
She ſtruck along, and thus ſhe triumph'd while he bled,
Some Coward Game thou didſt believe to chace,
But, Hunter, ſee a Woman ſtops thy Race.
Yet to requiting Ghoſts this Glory bear,
Thy Soul was yielded to *Camilla*'s Spear.

The mighty *Butes* next receives her Lance,
(While Breaſt to Breaſt the Combatants advance,)
Clanging between his Armour's joints it rung,
While on his Arm his uſeleſs Target hung.

Then from *Orſilochus* in Circle runs,
And follows the Purſuer, while ſhe ſhuns.
For ſtill with craft a narrow Ring ſhe wheels,
And brings her ſelf up to the Chaſer's Heels.
Her Ax, regardleſs of his Prayers and Groans,
She craſhes thro' his Armour and his Bones.
Redoubled Stroaks the vanquiſh'd Foe ſuſtains,
His reeking Face beſpatter'd with his Brains.

Chance brought unhappy *Aunus* to the Place:
Who ſtopping ſhort, ſtar'd wildly in her Face.
Of all to whom *Liguria* Fraud imparts,
While Fate allow'd that fraud, he was of ſubtleſt Arts;
Who, when he ſaw he cou'd not ſhun the Fight,
Strives to avoid the Virgin by his ſleight;
And cries aloud, What Courage can you ſhow,
By cunning Horſemanſhip to cheat a Foe?
Forego your Horſe, and ſtrive not to betray,
But dare to combat, a more equal way:
'Tis thus we ſee who merits Glory beſt.
So brav'd, fierce Indignation fires her Breaſt;

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Dismounted from her Horse, in open Field,
Now, first she draws her Sword, and lifts her Shield.
He, thinking that his Cunning did succeed,
Reins round his Horse, and urges all his speed,
His golden Rowels hidden in his Sides:
When thus his useless Fraud the Maid derides:
Poor Wretch, that swell'st with a deluding Pride,
In vain thy Country's little Arts are try'd.
No more the Coward shall behold his Sire;
Then plies her Feet, quick as the nimble Fire,
And up before his Horse's Head she strains;
When seizing, with a furious Hand, his Reins,
She wreaks her Fury on his spouting Veins.
So, from a Rock, a Hawk soars high above,
And in a Cloud with ease o'ertakes a Dove;
His Pounces so the grappled Foe assail,
And Blood and Feathers mingle in a Hail.
Now *Jove*, to whom Mankind is still in sight,
With more than usual Care beholds the Fight.
And urging *Tarchon* on, to rage inspires.
The furious Deeds to which his Blood he fires.
He spurs through Slaughter, and his failing Troops,
And with his Voice lifts every Arm that droops.
He shouts his Name in every Soldiers Ears:
Reviling thus the Spirits which he chears.
Ye sham'd, and ever branded *Tyrrhene* Race,
From whence this Terror, and your Souls so base?
When tender Virgins triumph in the Field,
Let every brawny Arm let fall his Shield,
And break the coward Sword he dare not wield.
Not thus you fly the daring She by Night;
Nor Goblets, that your drunken Throats invite.
This is your Choice, when with lewd Bacchanals,
Y're call'd by the fat Sacrifice, it waits not when it calls.
Thus having said-----
He Spurs, with headlong Rage, among his Foes,
As if he only had his Life to lose.
And meeting *Venulus*, his Arms he clasps;
The Armour dints beneath the furious Grasps.

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High from his Horſe the ſprawling Foe he rears,
And thwart his Courſers Neck the Prize he bears.
The *Trojans* ſhout, the *Latines* turn their Eyes;
While ſwift as lightning airy *Tarchon* flies.
Who breaks his Lance, and views his Armour round,
To find where he might fix the deadly Wound;
The Foe writhes doubling backward on the Horſe,
And to defend his Throat oppoſes force to force.
As when an Eagle high his courſe does take,
And in his griping Tallons bears a Snake,
A thouſand Folds the Serpent caſts, and high [Sky,
Setting his ſpeckled Scales, goes whiſtling thro' the
The fearleſs Bird but deeper goars his Prey,
And thro' the Clouds he cuts his airy Way.
So from the midſt of all his Enemies,
Triumphant *Tarchon* ſnatch'd and bore his Prize.
The Troops that ſhrunk, with Emulation preſs
To reach his Danger now, to reach at his Succeſs.
Then *Arruns*, doom'd in ſpight of all his Art,
Surrounds the nimble Virgin with his Dart.
And, ſlily watching for his Time, would try
To join his Safety with his Treachery.
Where-e'er her Rage the bold *Camilla* ſends,
There creeping *Arruns* ſilently attends.
When, tir'd with conquering, ſhe retires from fight,
He ſteals about his Horſe, and keeps her in his ſight.
In all her Rounds from him ſhe cannot part,
Who ſhakes his treacherous, but inevitable Dart.
Chloreus, the Prieſt of *Cybele*, did glare
In *Phrygian* Arms remarkable afar.
A foaming Steed he rode, whoſe hanches caſe,
Like Feathers, Scales of mingled Gold and Braſs.
He, clad in foreign Purple, gaul'd the Foe
With *Cretan* Arrows from a *Lycian* Bow.
Gold was that Bow, and Gold his Helmet too:
Gay were his upper Robes, which looſely flew.
Each Limb was cover'd o'er with ſomething rare,
And as he fought he gliſter'd ev'ry where.

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Or that the Temple might the Trophies hold,
Or elſe to ſhine her ſelf in *Trojan* Gold;
Him the fierce Maid purſues thro' all her Foes;
Regardleſs of the Life ſhe did expoſe:
Him Eyes alone, to other Dangers blind,
And manly Force employs, to pleaſe a Virgin's Mind.
His Dart now *Arruns*, from his Ambuſh, throws;
And thus to Heav'n he ſends his coward Vows.
Apollo, oh thou greateſt Deity!
Patron of bleſt *Soractis*, and of me;
(For we are all thy own, whole Woods of Pine
We heap in Piles, which to thy Glory ſhine;
And when we trample on the Fire, our Soles,
By thee preſerv'd, contemn the glowing Coals;)
My mighty Patron make me wipe away
The ſhame of this diſhonourable Day.
Nor Spoils nor Triumph from the Deed I claim,
But truſt my future Actions with my Fame.
This raging Female Plague but overcome,
Let me return unthank'd, inglorious home.
Apollo heard, to half his Pray'r inclin'd:
The reſt he mingles with the fleeting Wind.
He gives *Camilla*'s Ruin to his Pray'r:
To ſee his Country, that was loſt in Air.
As ſinging o'er the Field the Jav'lin flies,
Upon the Queen the Army turn their Eyes.
But ſhe, intent upon her golden Prey,
Nor minds, nor hears it cut the hiſſing way,
'Till in her Side it takes its deadly reſt;
And drinks the Virgin Purple of her Breaſt.
The trembling *Amazons* run to her Aid,
And in their Arms they catch the falling Maid.
More quick than they the frightned *Arruns* flies,
And feels a Terror mingled with his Joys.
He truſts no more his Safety to his Spear;
Ev'n her expiring Courage gives him fear.
So runs a Wolf ſmear'd with ſome Shepherd's Blood,
And ſtrives to gain the ſhelter of a Wood,

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Before the Darts his panting ſides aſſail,
And claps between his Legs his ſhiv'ring Tail;
Conſcious of the audacious bloody Deed,
As *Aruns* ſeeks his Troops ſtretch'd on his ſpeed,
Where in their Centre, quaking, he attends,
And skulks behind the Targets of his Friends.
She ſtrives to draw the Dart, but wedg'd among
Her Ribs, deep to the Wound the Weapon clung;
Then fainting routs in Death her cloſing Eyes,
While from her Cheeks the chearful Beauty flies.
To *Acca* thus ſhe breaths her laſt of Breath:
Acca that ſhar'd with her in all, but Death:
Ah Friend! you once have ſeen me draw the Bow,
But Fate and Darkneſs hover round me now.
Make haſte to *Turnus*, bid him bring with ſpeed
His freſh Reſerves, and to my Charge ſucceed,
Cover the City, and repel the Foe.
Thus having ſaid, her Hands the Reins forego;
Down from her Horſe ſhe ſinks, then gaſping lies
In a cold Sweat, and by degrees ſhe dies:
Her drooping Neck declines upon her Breaſt,
Her ſwimming Head with Slumber is oppreſt;
The lingring Soul th' unwelcome Doom receives,
And murm'ring with Diſdain, the beauteous Body leaves.

To my HEART.

WHAT ail'ſt thou, oh thou trembling Thing,
To Pant and Languiſh in my Breaſt,
Like Birds that fain wou'd try the callow Wing,
And leave the downy Neſt?
Why haſt thou fill'd thy ſelf with Thought,
Strange, new, fantaſtick as the Air?
Why to thy Peaceful Empire haſt thou brought
That reſtleſs Tyrant, Care?

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But oh! alas, I ask in vain;
Thou anſwer'ſt nothing back again,
But in ſoft Sighs *Amyntor*'s Name.

Oh thou Betrayer of my Liberty,
Thou fond Deceiver, what's the Youth to thee!
What has he done, what has he ſaid,
That thus has conquer'd or betray'd?
He came and ſaw, but 'twas by ſuch a Light
As ſcarce diſtinguiſht Day from Night;
Such as in thick-grown Shades is found,
When here and there a piercing Beam
Scatters faint ſpangl'd Sun-ſhine on the Ground;
And caſts about a melancholy Gleam;
But ſo obſcure, I cou'd not ſee
The charming Eyes that wounded thee;
But they, like Gems, by their own Light
Betray'd their value through the Gloom of Night.

I felt thee heave at every Look,
And ſtop my Language as I ſpoke.
I felt thy Blood fly upward to my Face,
While thou unguarded lay,
Yielding to every Word, to every Grace,
Fond to be made a Prey.
I left thee watching in my Eyes,
And liſt'ning in my Ear,
Diſcovering Weakneſs in thy Sighs,
Uneaſie with thy Fear:
Suffering Imagination to deceive,
I found thee willing to believe,
And with the treacherous Shade conſpire,
To let into thy ſelf a dangerous Fire.

Ah fooliſh Wanderer, ſay, what would'ſt thou do,
If thou ſhould'ſt find at ſecond View,
That all thou fancieſt now were true?
If thou ſhould'ſt find by Day thoſe Charms,
Which thus obſerv'd threaten undoing Harms;

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If thou ſhould'ſt find that awful Mien
Nor the Effects of firſt Addreſs,
Nor of my Converſation diſeſteem,
But noble native Sullenneſs;
If thou ſhould'ſt find that ſoft good-natur'd Voice
(Unus'd to Inſolence and Noiſe)
Still thus adorn'd with Modeſty,
And his Mind's Virtues with his Wit agree;
Tell me, thou forward laviſh Fool,
What Reaſon cou'd thy Fate controul,
Or ſave the Ruin of thy Soul?

Ceaſe then to languiſh for the coming Day,
That may direct his wand'ring Steps that way,
When I again ſhall the lov'd Form ſurvey.

CATO's *Anſwer to* LABIENUS, *when he adviſ'd him to conſult the Oracle of* Jupiter Ammon.

Being a Paraphraſtical Tranſlation of part of the Ninth Book of Lucan, beginning at

——Quid quæri, Labiene, jubes, &c.

By Mr. WOLSELEY.

WHAT ſhou'd I ask my Friend, which beſt wou'd [be,
To live inſlav'd, or thus in Arms die free?
If any Force can Honour's Price abate?
Or Virtue bow beneath the Blows of Fate?
If Fortune's Threats a ſteady Soul diſdains?
Or if the Joys of Life be worth the Pains?
If it our Happineſs at all import
Whether the fooliſh Scene be long or ſhort?

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If when we do but aim at noble Ends
Th' Attempt alone immortal Fame attends?
If for bad Accidents, which thickeſt preſs
On Merit, we ſhou'd like a good Cauſe leſs;
Or be the fonder of it for Succeſs?
All this is clear, wove in our Minds it ſticks,
Nor *Ammon*, nor his Prieſts, can deeper fix;
Without the Clergy's venial Cant and Pains
God's never-fruſtrate Will holds ours in Chains,
Nor can we act but what th' All-wiſe ordains:
Who needs no Voice, nor periſhing Words, to ſay
Our wild Deſires, and give his Creatures Law.
Whate'er to know, or needful was or fit,
In the wiſe Frame of Human Souls 'tis writ;
Both what we ought to do, and what forbear,
He, once for all, did at our Births declare.
But never did he ſeek out Deſart Lands,
To bury Truth in unfrequented Sands;
Or to a corner of the World withdrew,
Head of a Sect, and partial to a few.
Nature's vaſt Fabrick is his Houſe alone, [Throne.
This Globe his Foot-ſtool, and high Heav'n his
In Earth, Air, Sea, and in whoe'er excels,
In knowing Heads and honeſt Hearts he dwells.
Why ſeek we then among theſe barren Sands,
In narrow Shrines, and Temples built with Hands,
Him, whoſe dread Preſence does all Places fill?
Or look but in our Reaſon for his Will?
All we e'er ſaw is God! in all we find
Apparent Prints of the eternal Mind.
Let floating Fools their Courſe by Prophets ſteer,
And always of the future live in fear;
No Oracle, or Dream the Croud is told,
Can make me more or leſs reſolv'd and bold:
But ſurer Death, which equally on all,
Both on the Coward and the Brave muſt fall.
This ſaid, and turning with diſdain about,
He left ſcorn'd *Ammon* to the vulgar Rout.

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A Letter to Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

By Mr. PRYOR.

SIR,

AS once a Twelve-Month to the Prieſt,
Whom ſome call Pope, ſome Antichriſt,
The *Spaniſh* King preſents a Gennet,
To ſhow his Love;-----That's all that's in it:
For if his Holineſs wou'd thump
His rev'rend Bum 'gainſt Horſe's Rump,
He might be equipt from his own Stable,
With one more white, and eke more able.
Or as with Gondola's and Men, his
Good Excellence, the Duke of *Venice*,
(I wiſh for Rhime 't had been the King)
Sails out, and gives the Gulph a Ring;
Which Trick of State he wiſely maintains
Keeps Kindneſs up 'twixt old Acquaintance;
For elſe, in honeſt Truth, the Sea
Has much leſs need of Gold than he.
Or, not to Rove, and pump ones Fancy
For Popiſh Similes beyond Sea;
As Folks, from Mud-wall'd Tenement,
Bring Landlords Pepper-Corn for Rent,
Preſent a Turkey, or an Hen,
To thoſe might better ſpare them Ten;
Ev'n ſo, with all Submiſſion, I
(For firſt Men inſtance, then apply;)
Send you each Yeas a homely Letter,
Who may return me much a better.
Then take it, Sir, as it was writ,
To pay Reſpect, and not ſhow Wit;
Nor look a-skew at what it ſaith:
There's no Petition in it---Faith.
Here ſome wou'd ſcratch their Heads, and try
What they ſhou'd write, and how, and why:

But I conceive ſuch Folks are quite in
Miſtakes, in Theory of Writing.
If once for Principle 'tis laid,
That Thought is Trouble to the Head;
I argue thus: The World agrees
That he writes well who writes with Eaſe;
Then he, by Sequel Logical,
Writes beſt who never thinks at all.
Verſe comes from Heav'n, like inward Light,
Meer Human Pains can ne'er come by't:
The God, not we, the Poem makes;
We only tell Folks what he ſpeaks.
Hence, when Anatomiſts diſcourſe
How like Brutes Organs are to ours,
They grant, if higher Powers think fit,
A Bear might ſoon be made a Wit.
And that, for any thing in Nature,
Pigs might ſqueak Love-Odes, Dogs bark Satyr.
Memnon, tho' Stone, was counted Vocal,
But 'twas the God mean while that ſpoke all:
Rome oft has heard a Croſs haranguing,
With prompting Prieſt behind the Hangings;
The Wooden Head reſolv'd the Queſtion,
While you and *Petys* helpt the Jeſt on.
Your crabbed Rogues that read *Lucretius*
Are againſt Gods, you know, and teach us,
The God makes not the Poet, but
The *Theſis*, *vice-verſa* put,
Shou'd *Hebrew-wiſe* be underſtood,
And means, *the Poet makes the God.*
Ægyptian Gard'ners thus are ſaid, to
Have ſet the Leeks they after pray'd to;
And *Romiſh* Bakers praiſe the Deity,
They chipp'd, while yet in its Paniety;
That when you Poets ſwear and cry,
The God inſpires, I rave, I die;
If inward Wind does truly ſwell you
'T muſt be the Cholick in your Belly.

That

That Writing is but juſt like Dice,
And lucky Mains make People wiſe;
That jumbled Words, if Fortune throw 'em,
Shall well as *Dryden* form a Poem;
Or make a Speech correct and witty,
As you know who——at the Committee.
So Atoms dancing round the Center,
They urge made all things at a venture.
But granting Matters ſhou'd be ſpoke
By Method, rather than by Luck,
This may confine their younger Stiles,
Whom *Dryden Pedagogues* at *Will's*;
But never cou'd be meant to tie
Authentick Wits, like you, and I:
For as young Children, who are ty'd in
Go-Carts, to keep their Steps from ſliding,
When Members knit, and Legs grow ſtronger,
Make uſe of ſuch Machine no longer;
But leap *pro libitu*, and ſcout
On Horſe call'd *Hobby*, or without:
So when, at School, we firſt declaim,
Old *Busby* walks us in a Theme,
Whoſe Props ſupport our Infant Vein,
And help the Rickets in the Brain;
But when our Souls their force dilate,
And Thoughts grow up to Wit's Eſtate,
In Verſe or Proſe we write or chat,
Not Sixpence matter upon what.
'Tis not how well an Author ſays,
But 'tis how much that gathers Praiſe.
T——n, who is himſelf a Wit,
Counts Writers Merits by the Sheet.
Thus each ſhou'd down with all he thinks,
As Boys eat Bread to fill up Chinks.
Kind Sir, I ſhou'd be glad to ſee you,
I hope you're well, ſo God be wi' you,
Was all I thought at firſt to write;
But Things ſince then are alter'd quite:

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Fancies flow in, and Muſe flies high,
So God knows when my Clack will lie!
I muſt, Sir, prattle on as afore,
And beg your Pardon yet this half-hour.
So at pure Barn of loud *Non-Con*,
Where with my Granam I have gone,
When *Lobb* had ſifted all his Text,
And I well hop'd the Pudding next;
Now to apply, has plagu'd me more,
Than all his Villain Cant before.
For your Religion firſt, of her
Your Friends do ſav'ry things aver;
They ſay ſhe's honeſt as your Claret,
Not ſour with Cant, nor ſtum'd with Merit:
Your Chamber is the ſole Retreat
Of Chaplains every *Sunday* Night;
Of Grace no doubt a certain ſign,
When Lay-man herds with Man Divine.
For if their Fame he juſtly great,
Who wou'd no *Popiſh Nuncio* treate
That his is greater *we* muſt grant,
Who will treat Nuncio's Proteſtant.
One ſingle Poſitive weighs more,
You know, than Negatives a ſcore.
In Politicks I hear you're ſtanch,
Directly bent againſt the *French*,
Deny to have your free-born Toe
Dragoon'd into a wooden Shooe,
Are in no Plots, but fairly drive at
The publick Welfare in your private:
And will for *England*'s Glory try,
Turks, *Jews*, and *Jeſuits* to defie,
And keep your Places 'till you die.
For me, whom wand'ring Fortune threw
From what I lov'd, the Town and you,
Let me juſt tell you how my Time is
Paſt in a Country Life.——*Imprimis*,
As ſoon as *Phœbus* Rays inſpect us,
Firſt, Sir, I read, and then I Breakfaſt;

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So on, 'till 'tomfuld God does ſee,
I ſometimes ſtudy, ſometimes eat:
Thus of your Heroes, and brave Boys,
With whom old *Homer* makes ſuch Noiſe,
The greateſt Actions I can find,
Are that they did their Work, and din'd.
The Books of which I'm chiefly fond,
Are ſuch as you have whilome con'd,
That treat of *China's* Civil Law,
And Subjects Rights in *Golconda*,
Of High-way Elephants at *Ceylan*
That rob in Clanns, like Men o'th' *Highland*;
Of Apes that ſtorm or keep a Town,
As well almoſt, as Count *Lauzune*;
Of Unicorns and Alligators,
Elks, Mermaids, Mummies, Witches, Satyrs,
And twenty other ſtranger Matters.
Which though they're Things I've no concern in,
Make all our Grooms admire my Learning.
Criticks I read on other Men,
And Hypers upon them again;
From whoſe Remarks I give Opinion
On twenty Books, yet ne'er look in one.
Then all your Wits that ſtear and ſham,
Down from *Don Quixot* to *Tom. Tram.*;
From whom I Jeſts and Punns purloin,
And ſlily put 'em off for mine:
Fond to be thought a Country Wit,
The reſt----when Fate and you think fit.
Sometimes I climb my Mare, and kick her
To bottled Ale, and neighbouring Vicar:
Sometimes at *Stamford* take a Quart,
----*Squire* Shepherd's *Health*----With all my Heart.
Thus, without much Delight, or Grief,
I fool away an Idle Life,
'Till *Shadwell* from the Town retires,
(Choak'd up with Fame and Sea-coal Fires)

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To bleſs the Wood with peaceful Lyrick;
Then hey for Praiſe and Panegyrick;
Juſtice reſtor'd, and Factions fraud,
And Wreaths round *William*'s glorious Head.

Burleigh, May 14. 1689.

SONG of BASSET.

By Sir George Etheridge.

LET Equipage and Dreſs deſpair,
Since *Baſſet* is come in,
For nothing can oblige the Fair
Like Money and Morine.

If any Counteſs in diſtreſs
She flies not to the Beau,
'Tis only *Cony* can redreſs
Her Grief with a *Roulleau*.

By this bewitching Game betray'd,
Poor Love is bought and ſold:
And that which ſhould be a free Trade,
Is now ingroſs'd by Gold.

Ev'n Senſe is brought into diſgrace,
Where Company is met;
Or ſilent ſtands, or leaves the Place,
While all the Talk's *Baſſet*.

Why, Ladies, will you ſtake your Hearts
Where a plain Cheat is found?
You firſt are rooks out of thoſe Darts
That gave your ſelves the Wound.

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The Time, which should be kindly lent
To Plays and witty Men,
In waiting for a Knave is spent,
Or wishing for a Ten.

Stand in defence of your own Charms,
Throw down this Favorite,
That threatens with his dazling Arms
Your Beauty and your Wit.

What Pity 'tis, those conquering Eyes,
Which all the World subdue,
Should, while the Lover gazing dies,
Be only on *Alpus*.

A PROLOGUE *to* SATYR.

TO that prodigious height of Vice we're grown,
Both in the Court, the Theatre, and Town,
That 'tis of late believ'd, nay fix'd a Rule,
Whoever is not vicious, is a Fool:
Hiss'd at by old and young, despis'd, oppress,
If he be not a Villain like the rest.
Virtue and Truth are lost: Search for good Men,
Among ten Thousand you will scarce find Ten.
Half Wits, conceited, Coxcombs, Cowards, Braves,
Base Flatt'rers, and the endless fry of Knaves,
Fops, Fools, and Pimps, we ev'ry where may find;
And not to meet 'em is to shun Mankind.
The other Sex too, whom we all adore,
When search'd we still find rotten at the Core,
An old dry Bawd, or a young juicy Whore:
Their Love all false, their Virtue but a Name,
And nothing in 'em constant, but their Shame.
What Satyrist then that's honest can sit still,
And unconcern'd see such a Tide of Ill.

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With an impetuous Force o'erflow the Age,
And not ſtrive to reſtrain it with his Rage;
On Sin's vaſt Army ſeize, Wing, Rear, and Van,
And, like impartial Death, not ſpare a Man?
For where, alas! where is that mighty He,
That is from Pride, Deceit, and Envy free,
Or rather is not tainted with all three?
Mankind is criminal, their Acts, their Thoughts;
'Tis Charity to tell 'em of their Faults,
And ſhow their Failings in a faithful Glaſs:
For who wont mend who ſees himſelf an Aſs?
And this Deſign 'tis that employs my Muſe,
That for her daily Theam ſhe's proud to chuſe
A Theam that ſhe'll have daily need to uſe.
Let other Poets flatter, fawn, and write,
To get ſome Guineas and a Dinner by't:
Such mercenary Wretches, ſhould they ſtarve,
They meet a kinder Fate than they deſerve.
But ſhe cou'd ne'er cringe to a Lord for Meat,
Or praiſe a proſperous Villain, tho' he's great:
Quite contrary her Practice ſhall appear,
Unbrib'd, impartial, pointed, and ſevere:
That way my Nature leads, compos'd of Gall,
I muſt write ſharply, or not write at all.
Tho' THYRSIS wings the Air in tow'ring Flights,
And to a wonder Panegyrick writes,
Tho' he is ſtill exalted and ſublime,
Scarce to be match'd by paſt or preſent Time;
Tho' ſmooth and lofty all his Lines appear,
The Thoughts all noble, the Expreſſion clear,
With Judgment, Wit, and Fancy, ſhining ev'ry where;
Yet what Inſtruction can from hence accrue?
'Tis Flatt'ry all; too fulſome to be true.
Urge not, for 'tis to vindicate the Wrong,
It cauſes Emulation in the Young,
A Thirſt to Fame, while ſome high Act they read,
That prompts 'em to the ſame Romantick Deed,

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As if some pow'rful Magick lay in Rhimes,
That made 'em braver than at other times.
'Tis false and fond; Hero's may huff and fight;
But who can merit so as he can write?
To say a Glow-worm is the Morning Star,
And that it may with ease be seen as far,
Were most ridiculous; so far from Truth,
It justly wou'd deserve a sharp Reproof.
That Slave is more to blame, whose hireling Pen
Calls Knaves and Coxcombs wise deserving Men;
Says the rank Bawds are all with Sweetness grac'd,
Courtiers all just, and all Court-Strumpets chaste.
If to be prais'd does give a Man pretence
To Glory, Learning, Honesty and Sense,
Cromwell had much to say in his Defence:
Who, tho' a Tyrant, which all Ills comprize,
Has been extoll'd and lifted to the Skies.
Whilst Living, such was the Applause he gave,
Counted High, Princely, Pious, Just, and Brave;
And with Encomiums waited to his Grave.
Who then wou'd give this for a Poet's Praise,
Which rightly understood does but debase,
And blast the Reputation it wou'd raise?
Hence 'tis, and 'tis a Punishment that's fit,
They are contemn'd and scorn'd by Men of Wit.
'Tis true some Sots may nibble at their Praise,
And think it great to stand i'th' Front of Plays;
Tho' most to that Stupidity are grown,
They wave their Patron's Praise to write their own;
And yet they never fail of their Rewards;
And faith in that I cannot blame the Bards.
If Coxcombs will be Coxcombs, let 'em true;
If they love Flatt'ry let 'em pay for't too.
'Tis one sure Method to convince the Elves,
They spare my Pains, and Satyrize themselves.
In short, nought helps like Satyr to amend,
While in huge Volumes Motley Priests contend,
And let their vain Disputes ne'er have an end;

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They plunge us in thoſe Snares we elſe ſhould ſhun,
Like Tinkers, make ten Holes in mending one.
Our deareſt Friends too, tho' they know our Faults,
For Pity or for Shame conceal their Thoughts;
While we, who ſee our Failings not foreſhid,
Looſely run on in the vain Paths we did.
'Tis Satyr then that is our trueſt Friends;
For none, before they know their Faults, can mend.
That tells us boldly of our fouleſt Crimes,
Reproves ill Manners, and reforms the Times;
How am I then to blame, when all I write
Is honeſt Rage, not Prejudice or Spite?
Truth is my Aim, with Truth I ſhall impeach,
And I'll ſpare none that comes within its reach.
On then, my Muſe, the World before thee lyes,
And laſh the Knaves and Fools that I deſpiſe.

The FORSAKEN MISTRESS:

A Dialogue between PHYLLIS *and* STREPHON.

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.

PHYLLIS:

TELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly?
Does my Love thy Love deſtroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.
Stay, O ſtay, and I will feign
(Though I break my Heart) Diſdain;
But leſt I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll ſhed a Tear.
And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at leaſt, thy Pity move:
Ah! while I ſcorn, vouchſafe to woo,
Methinks you may diſſemble too.

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STREPHON.

Ah! *Phyllis*, that you would contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;
But all your other Charms must fail,
When Kindness ceases to prevail.
Alas! no less than you, I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court, be kind,
One Beauty able to renew
Those Pleasures I enjoy'd in you;
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our Breasts and Veins with fire.
'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
That Heart which scorns your Disdain;
But second Love has still allay,
The Joys grow aged, and decay.
Then blame me not for losing more
Than Love and Beauty can restore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I wou'd, but can no longer love.

The NATURE of WOMEN;

A Translation of Part of the Fourth Eclogue *of* Mantuan.

A SATYR.

Fœmineum servile genus, crudele, superbum.

YE sacred Nymphs of *Lebethra* be by,
While you, *Polymnia*, prompt my Memory;
And all the rest inspire my weaker Tongue,
Lest Woman should complain I do her Wrong.

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WOMAN, that Slave to her own Appetite,
That does in nothing Juſt or Good delight.
In vain would Man preſcribe Laws to the Fool,
Whoſe Cruelty and Pride's her only Rule;
Who ne'er conſiders what is wrong or right,
But all ſhe does is pure Deſign and Spite.
When ſhe ſhou'd Run, ſhe's aptest to ſit ſtill,
Ready to Fly to contradict your Will:
Her Temper ſo extravagant we find;
She hates, or is moſt troubleſomly kind.
Wou'd ſhe be grave, ſhe then looks like a Devil;
And like a Fool, or Whore, when ſhe'd be civil.
Can ſmile or weep, be fooliſh or ſeem wiſe,
Or any thing, ſo ſhe may tyrannize.
What ſhe will now, anon ſhe will not do;
Had rather croſs her ſelf, than not croſs you.
She has a prattling, vain, and double Tongue,
Inconſtant, roving, and loves nothing long:
Imperious, bloody, ſo made up of Paſſion,
She is the very Firebrand of a Nation:
Covetous, wicked, and not fit to truſt;
And covetous to ſpend it on her Luſt.
Her Paſſions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
The heavy Yoke and Burden of Mankind.
Where-e'er ſhe comes, ſhe Strife with her does bring;
Her Life is but one entire Goſſipping;
At which with endleſs Talking drunk ſhe grows,
And round about her Lies and Slanders throws.
When ſhe is young, ſhe whores her ſelf for Sport,
And when ſhe's old, ſhe bawds for her Support;
And in her Bawding no Exception makes,
But a good Price for her own Daughter takes:
Who well inſtructed in her Mother's Tricks,
Make her but Miſtreſs of a Coach and Six,
Of the demureſt Saint ſhe'll turn a Bitch,
Deny you nothing, to be Great and Rich.
Philters and Charms, the Devil himſelf employ,
Rather than not, what ſhe deſires, enjoy.

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She is a Snare, a Shambles, and a Stews;
Her Meat and Sauce she does for Leachery chuse;
And does in Lazineſs delight the more,
Becauſe by that ſhe is provok'd to whore.
Her Beauty and her Tongue ſerve both one end,
Firſt to inſnare, and then betray her Friend.
She may defer the Puniſhment ſhe gives,
But ne'er forget an Injury ſhe receives.
Ungrateful, treach'rous, enviouſly enclin'd:
Wild Beaſts are tam'd, Floods eaſier far confin'd,
Than is her ſtubborn and rebellious Mind.
Sh' exclaims, reproaches one Friend to another,
And ſpares not her own Father or her Mother.
Delights in all the Miſchiefs ſhe can do;
Breaks all the Bonds of Love and Duty too.
Falſe to her Promiſes and her beſt Friends,
Oblig'd by nothing but her own baſe Ends.
Deludes, defames you with her ſubtle Tricks,
'Till ſomething on your Reputation ſticks.
Theſe are her Virtues; and her only Fears
Are that ſhe ſhall not ſet you by the Ears:
'Tis to that purpoſe her falſe Tongue's employ'd;
If whiſp'ring will not do't, ſhe talks aloud:
Will ſpare no Pains to ſpeak in your Diſpraiſe,
And can a Mole-hill to a Mountain raiſe;
Hide Miſchiefs where they are, find 'em where's none,
And as Time ſerves, alter her Looks and Tone.
Would'ſt thou on Quick-ſand for thy ſafety walk?
Converſe with Woman, and believe her Talk.
Would'ſt thou a Serpent in thy Boſom bear?
Then hug the Sorcereſs, entertain her there.
If all her Arts and Induſtry ſhou'd fail
To ruin thee, her Malice wou'd prevail.
If poſſible, thy Senſes ſhe'll ſurpriſe,
And even cuckold thee before thy Eyes;
And yet with Modeſty the fact would paint;
Has at her Beck the Devil and the Saint. [true,
When't ſerves her turn, ſhe'll make things falſe ſeem
And Truths for Falſhoods will impoſe on you;

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And by the Serpent taught, when *Adam* fell,
Has learnt t' out-do the blackeſt Arts of Hell.
Theſe ſad Examples which I here produce
Serve to confirm they will no Crimes refuſe;
And that ſuch Deeds as Cruelty wou'd ſhun,
Have by their Hands, or for their ſakes been done.
Tempted by Bracelets which King *Tullus* wore,
(Beſides an itching which ſhe had to whore)
Tarpeia once the Capitol did ſell
To the proud Foe, by whoſe own Sword ſhe fell;
And for her Treaſon was rewarded well.
Hellen that follow'd the Adulterer,
'Twixt *Greece* and *Troy* fomented laſting War:
For twice five Years the deadly Feud had burn'd,
When conquer'd *Troy* was into Aſhes turn'd.
Semiramis, whoſe Hands in Blood were cloy'd,
With murdering all the Men ſhe had injoy'd,
To ſet her petty Luxuries off the more,
For *Ninus* burn'd, who ſtabb'd th' inceſtuous Whore.
The cruel *Bellides* at Night did ſlay
Th' unhappy Bridegrooms in their Boſoms lay.
But here a Miracle I may declare,
The only Mercy of the Sex we hear,
One of the fifty did her Husband ſpare.
Such are their Mercies which we are to truſt;
So dangerous is a Woman's Hate and Luſt.
Rebecca did with Venſon *Iſaac* treat,
Women ſeem kindeſt when they mean to cheat,
And ſo the poor dim-ſighted Man deceiv'd,
And *Eſau* of the Bleſſing ſhe bereav'd.
Our Mother *Eve*, to pleaſe her liquorish Taſte,
Did out of Paradiſe old *Adam* caſt:
And they'll all help to damn us at the laſt.
Shepherds, I do conjure you by my Love,
And by the Rural Gods of ev'ry Grove,
As you deſire your tender Flocks ſhou'd thrive,
Or you your ſelves in Peace and Safety live,
That theſe looſe Cattle from your Herds you drive.

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Tisiphyle, *Megilla*, and inconstant *Chloris*,
Neæra, *Galatea*, and *Lycoris*?
Let 'em live like the antegardeal Throng,
No more the Subject of my Verse and Songs
On whose Injustice you in vain exclaim'd:
What Woman e'en had Grace to be reclaim'd?
I now grown old, by long Experience wise,
Can set things past, to come before your Eyes,
And from their Cheats can pluck off the Disguise.
If lesser Birds the Eagle's Talons fear,
If Stags those Gins by which they are undone,
If Sheep their Enemy the Wolf avoid,
And Deer the Hounds by which they are destroy'd;
Shepherds, why do you not with Horror fly
From Woman, your more mortal Enemy?
In her the *Crocodile* you may discern;
Of her the *Hyena* may Subtilety learn.
What she intreats you gently with her Eyes,
And to make sport of you, fawns and cries,
Perdition lurks beneath the fair Disguise.
With these Decoys deluded Man she takes,
And to her bountiless Will a Vassal makes.
No Resolution, Virtue, Strength or Power
Trust, to secure thee from a dangerous Whore:
Although in *Persian* Armour thou were clad,
Didst thou come near her, I think, she'd think thee naked;
She has more Champions than e'er *Mahmet* had:
And dangles on her Breast no Lock of Hair,
But what's more fatal than these Serpents were:
Some have kill'd Monsters, others Giants slain,
Some Cities sack'd, and some bestrid the Main;
And pointed Hills have levell'd with the Plain;
Yet all these Heroes have, as Stories tell,
To Woman's Pride and Lust a Trophy fell.
Wise *David*, and his wiser much Son,
And mighty *Sampson* who such Fame had won,
Were all by these base Prostitutes undone:
A Woman's Lust is harder far subdu'd,
Than stubborn Fiends by boistrous Winds made nude.

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The Sword, the Plague, the Rocks and angry Seas,
Are to our Lives more merciful than theſe.
For they, whoſe Looks by Nature kill before,
With Art do ſtrive to make 'em kill the more:
Their Heads are ſhaded, not a Hair awry,
And tempting Curles upon their Foreheads lye;
Whilſt glift'ring Jewels ſet in Gold do grace,
And give a Luſtre to their painted Face:
As brighter Beams upon ſome River play,
And gild its Surface on a Sun-ſhine Day.
When in this order, this exactneſs dreſs'd,
They then conſult what Look becomes 'em beſt;
And round about their Dreſſing-Room they ſtalk,
To ſee what Gate becomes 'em as they walk.
If they are courted, they to Corners fly,
As if they were made up of Modeſty.
But 'tis to give you Opportunity;
Where they ſtill hope, although they bid you go,
You have more Manners than to leave 'em ſo.
And with inviting and laſcivious Eyes,
They grant you faſter than their Tongue denies.
Thus North-weſt Winds, as Naturaliſts rehearſe,
Attract thoſe Clouds which they again diſperſe.
So have we often ſeen ſuch flatt'ring Weather,
When Rain and Sun-ſhine both contend together;
Let me adviſe, I ſay, b' Experience taught,
How to preſerve thee e'er thou yet art caught.
They conquer both by Kindneſs and Diſdain;
Know how to leſſen, how increaſe the Pain.
As ſubtle Surgeons with their Patients deal,
Now apply Cauſtick, and now Balm to heal:
Study to make themſelves, tho' foul, look fair;
In Bed or up, 'tis their continual Care.
See 'em undreſt, the Spectacles will fright,
And poiſon you like Baſiliſks at ſight.
Pomatums, Waſhes, Paints, Perfumes they uſe,
And never think they can be too profuſe. [wear,
Falſe Skins, falſe Shapes, falſe colour'd Locks they
Falſe Smiles, and Looks more falſe than is their Hair,

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Thus they, like Actors 'till the Play is done,
Have nothing on that they can call their own.
Conſult their Glaſſes how to move their Lips,
To thruſt their Breech out, and to ſhake their Hips;
Then look again, and turn their Eyes aſide,
Practiſe to laugh, to fawn, and to deride.
What means their naked Breaſts, that open way
For wand'ring Thoughts to enter at and ſtray,
But to inflame our Hearts into Deſire,
And kindle in our Bloods a wanton Fire.
Theſe are the Dangers which all Youth do run;
Theſe are the Rocks and Gulphs I'd have 'em ſhun.
Thus much we do in learned *Umber* find,
What in his Days he thought of Womankind:
That they were vicious then, we muſt allow,
But we all know they're much leſs vicious now.

Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE *to the Earl of* MIDDLETON.

SINCE Love and Verſe, as well as Wine,
Are briſker where the Sun does ſhine,
'Tis ſomething to loſe two Degrees,
Now Age it ſelf begins to freeze:
Yet this I patiently cou'd bear,
If the rough *Danube's* Beauties were
But only two degrees leſs fair
Than the bright Nymphs of gentle *Thames*,
Who warm me hither with their Beams:
Such Power they have, they can diſpence
Five hundred Miles their Influence.
But Hunger forces Men to eat,
Though no Temptation's in the Meat;
How would the ogling Sparks deſpiſe
The darling Damſel of my Eyes;
Should they behold her at a Play,
As ſhe's trick'd up on Holy-day:

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When the whole Family combine
For publick Pride to make her shine?
Her Locks, which long before lay matted,
Are on this Day comb'd out and plaited:
A Diamond Bodkin in each Tress,
The Badges of her Noblenes.
For ev'ry Stone, as well as she,
Can boast an ancient Pedigree.
These form'd the Jewel erst did grace
The Cap of the first *Grave* o'th' Race,
Prefer'd by *Grassus Marius*,
T'adorn the Handle of her Fan:
And as by old Record appears,
Worn since in *Romanda*'s Years,
Now sparkling in the Frokin's Hair,
No Rocket breaking in the Air
Can with her starry Head compare.
~~Such Troops of Pearl her Arms incumber,~~
She scarce can deal the Cards at *Ombre*.
~~So many Rings each Finger's freight,~~
They tremble with the mighty weight.
The like in *England* ne'er was seen,
Since *Holbein* drew *Hal* and his Queen.
But after these fantastick Flights,
The Lustre's meaner than the Lights.
The Thing that bears this glitt'ring Pomp
Is but a tawdry ill-bred Romp,
Whose brawny Limbs and martial Face
Proclaim her of the *Gothick* Race,
More than the mangled Pageantry
Of all the Fathers Heraldry.
But there's another sort of Creatures,
Whose ruddy Look and Grotesque Features
Are so much out of Nature's way,
You'd think 'em fram'd on other Clay:
No lawful Daughters of old *Adam*.
'Mongst these behold a City Madam,
With Arms in Mittins, Head in Muff,
A dapper Cloak and ev'lasting Ruff:

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No Farce ſo pleaſant as this Maukin,
And the ſoft Sound of *High-Dutch* talking.
Here unattended by the Graces,
The Queen of Love in a ſad Caſe is.
Nature, her active Miniſter,
Neglects Affairs, and will not ſtir;
Thinks it not worth the while to pleaſe,
But when ſhe does it for her Eaſe.
Ev'n I, her moſt devout Adorer,
With wand'ring Thoughts appear before her.
And when I'm making an Oblation,
Am fain to ſpur Imagination
Wish ſome ſham *London* Inclination.
The Bow is bent at *German* Dame,
The Arrow flies at *Engliſh* Game.
Kindneſs, that can Indifference warm,
And blow that Calm into a Storm,
Has in the very tendereſt Hour
Over my Gentleneſs a Power.
True to my Country-women's Charms,
When kiſs'd and preſs'd in foreign Arms.

A Letter from Mr. DRYDEN *to Sir* GEORGE ETHERIDGE.

TO you who live in chill Degree,
As Map informs, of Fifty three,
And do not much for Cold atone,
By bringing thither Fifty one;
Methinks all Climes ſhou'd be alike,
From Tropick ev'n to Pole Antique;
Since you have ſuch a Conſtitution
As no where ſuffers Diminution.
You can be old in grave Debate,
And young in Love-affairs of State.

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And both to Wives and Husbands ſhow
The Vigour of a Plenipo——.
Like mighty Miſſioner you come
Ad Partes Infidelium.
A Work of wondrous Merit ſure,
So far to go, ſo much t'indure:
And all to Preach to *German* Dame,
Where ſound of *Cupid* never came.
Leſs had you done, had you been ſent
As far as *Drake* or *Pinto* went,
For Cloves or Nutmegs to the Line *a*,
Or even for Oranges to *China*.
That had indeed been Charity;
Where Love-ſick Ladies helpleſs lye,
Chapt, and for want of Liquor dry.
But you have made your Zeal appear
Within the Circle of the *Bear*.
What Region of the Earth's ſo dull,
That is not of your Labours full?
Triptolemus, ſo ſung the Nine,
Strew'd Plenty from his Cart Divine,
But ſpite of all theſe Fable-Makers,
He never ſow'd on *Almain* Acres:
No, that was left by Fate's Decree,
To be perform'd and ſung by thee.
Thou break'ſt thro' Forms with as much eaſe
As the *French* King thro' Articles.
In grand Affairs thy Days are ſpent,
In waging weighty Complement,
With ſuch as Monarchs repreſent.
They who ſuch vaſt Fatigues attend,
Want ſome ſoft Minutes to unbend,
To ſhow the World that now and then
Great Miniſters are mortal Men.
Then *Rheniſh* Rummers walk the round,
In Bumpers ev'ry King is crown'd,
Beſides three Holy miter'd Heſſors,
And the whole College of Electors.

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No Health of Potentate is ſunk
That pays to make his Envoy drunk.
Theſe *Dutch* Delights I mention'd laſt,
Suit not I know your *Engliſh* Taſte:
For Wine to leave a Whore or Play
Was ne'er your Excellency's way.
Nor need this Title give Offence,
For here you were your Excellence,
For Gaming, Writing, Speaking, Keeping,
His Excellence for all but Sleeping.
Now if you tope in form, and treat,
'Tis the ſour Sauce to the ſweet Meat,
The Fine you pay for being great.
Nay here's a harder Impoſition,
Which is indeed the Court's Petition,
That ſetting worldly Pomp aſide,
Which Poet has at Font deny'd,
You wou'd be pleas'd in humble way
To write a Trifle call'd a Play.
This truly is a Degradation,
But wou'd oblige the Crown and Nation
Next to your wiſe Negotiation.
If you pretend, as well you may,
Your high Degree; your Friends will ſay
The Duke *St. Agnon* made a Play.
If *Gallick* Wit convince you ſcarce,
His Grace of *Bucks* has made a Farce.
And you, whoſe Comick Wit is Terſe all,
Can hardly fall below Rehearſal.
Then finiſh what you have began;
But ſcribble faſter if you can:
For yet no *George*, to our diſcerning,
Has writ without a ten Years warning.

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Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE's *second Letter to the Lord* MIDDLETON.

FROM hunting Whores, and haunting Play,
And minding nothing elſe all Day;
And all the Night too, you will ſay,
To make grave Legs in formal Fevers,
Converſe with Fools, and write dull Letters;
To go to Bed 'twixt Eight and Nine,
And ſleep away my precious Time,
In ſuch a ſneaking idle Place,
Where Vice and Folly hide their Face,
And in a troubleſome Diſguiſe,
The Wife ſeems honeſt, Husband wiſe.
For Pleaſure here has the ſame Fate
Which does attend Affairs of State,
The Plague of Ceremony infects,
Even in Love, the ſofter Sex;
Who an Eſſential will neglect,
Rather than loſe the leaſt Reſpects
In regular Approach we ſtorm,
And never viſit but in form;
That is, ſending to know before
At what a Clock ſhe'll play the Whore.
The Nymphs are conſtant, Gallants privates,
One ſcarce can gueſs what 'tis they drive at.
This ſeems to me a ſcurvy Faſhion,
Who have been bred in a free Nation,
With Liberty of Speech and Paſſion.
Yet I cannot forbear to ſpark it,
And make the beſt of a bad Market.
Meeting with one by chance kind-hearted,
Who no Preliminaries ſtarted,
I enter'd beyond Expectation
Into a cloſe Negotiation:
Of which hereafter a Relation.

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Humble to Fortune, not her Slave,
I still was pleas'd with what she gave;
And with a firm and cheerful Mind
I steer my Course with ev'ry Wind,
To all the Ports she has design'd.

On the Death of Mr. OLDHAM.

ON the Remains of an old blasted Oak,
Unmindful of himself, *Menalcas* lean'd;
He sought not now in Mast the shade of Trees,
But shunn'd the flowing River's pleasing Bank.
His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass,
Nor feed his Sheep together on the Plain,
Left to themselves they wander'd out at large.
In this lamenting state young *Corydon*
(His Friend and dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

CORYDON.

Thee, have I sought in ev'ry shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place
Where we have us'd to sit and talk of Love,
Why do I find thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent?
What cursed Chance has ruin'd thy cheerful Mind,
And why, alas thou, have Woes unknown to me?
But I would comfort, and not chide my Friend;
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a part.

MENALCAS.

Young *Astrophell* is dead, Dear *Astrophell*,
He that could charm so well his charming Pipe;
To hear whose Lays, Nymphs left their crystal Springs,
The Fawns and Dryades forsook the Woods,
And hearing, all were ravish'd----swiftest Streams
With-held their Course to hear the Heav'nly Sound,
And murmur'd, when by following Waves prest on;

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The following Waves forcing their way to hear,
Oft the fierce Wolf purſuing of the Lamb,
Hungry and wildly certain of his Prey,
Left the Purſuit, rather than loſe the ſound
Of his alluring Pipe. The harmleſs Lamb
Forgot his Nature, and forſook his Fear,
Stood by the Wolf, and liſten'd to the Sound.
He cou'd command a general Peace, and Nature
wou'd obey.

This Youth, this Youth is dead! The ſame Diſeaſe
That carry'd ſweet *Orinda* from the World
Seiz'd upon *Aſtrophell*.—Oh let theſe Tears
Be offer'd to the Memory of my Friend,
And let my Speech give way a while to Tears.

CORYDON.

Weep on, *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
The Tears of all Mankind; general the Loſs,
And general be the Grief. Except by Fame,
I knew him not; but ſurely this is he
Who ſung learn'd * *Colin*'s and great † *Elgon*'s Praiſe;
Dead ere he liv'd, yet have new Life from him.
Did he not mourn lamented ‡ *Bion*'s Death,
In Verſes equal to what *Bion* wrote?

MENALCAS.

Yes this was he, (oh that I ſay he was!)
He that cou'd ſing the Shepherds Deeds ſo well,
Whether to praiſe the good he turn'd his Pen,
Or laſh'd th' egregious Follies of the bad,
In both he did excel,—
His happy Genius bad him take the Pen,
And dictated more faſt than he cou'd write:
Sometimes becoming Negligence adorn'd
His Verſe, and Nature ſhew'd they were her own.
Yet Art he us'd, where Art cou'd uſeful be,
And ſweated not, to be correctly dull.

* *Spencer.* † *Johnſon.* ‡ *Rochester.*

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CORYDON.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer Thread,
Adding Experience to that wondrous fraught
Of youthful Vigour, how wou'd he have wrote!
Equal to mighty * *Pan*'s Immortal Verse;
He that now rules with undisputed sway,
Guide of our Pens, crown'd with eternal Bays.

MENALCAS.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares;
I mourn his Death, the loss of such a Friend:
But for himself he dy'd in the best Hour,
And carry'd with him ev'ry Man's Applause.
Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting Hand,
Nor suffers ought from Envy's canker'd Mind.
Had he known Age, he wou'd have seen the World
Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face;
Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen,
And ignorant Youths who wou'd for Criticks pass,
Had thrown their scornful Jests upon his Verse,
And censur'd what they did not understand.
Such was not my Dear *Astrophell*: He's dead,
And I shall quickly follow him. What's Death,
But an eternal Sleep without a Dream?
Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle Passion.

CORYDON.

See thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
They mourn the Death of *Astrophell* in Tears.
Thy Sheep, return'd from straying, round thee gaze,
And wonder at thy Mourning. Drive 'em home,
And tempt thy troubled Mind with easing Sleep;
To Morrow's chearful Light may give thee Comfort.

* *Dryden.*

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CHEVY-CHASE,

By Order of the Bishop of London.

I.

GOD prosper long our Noble King,
Our Lives and Safeties all,
A woful Hunting once there did
In *Chevy-Chase* befal.

II.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Piercy* took his way;
The Child may rue that is unborn
The Hunting of that Day.

III.

The stout Earl of *Northumberland*
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure in the *Scottish* Woods
Three Summers Days to take;

IV.

The chiefest Harts in *Chevy-Chase*
To kill and bear away.
These Tidings to Earl *Douglas* came,
In *Scotland*, where he lay.

V.

Who sent Earl *Piercy* present word,
He would prevent his Sport:
The *English* Earl, not fearing this,
Did to the Woods resort,

VI.

With Fifteen hundred Bow-men bold,
All chosen Men of Might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their Shafts aright.

VII.

The gallant Grey-hounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow Deer;
On *Monday* they began to hunt,
When Day-light did appear,

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LUCUS CHEVINUS,

Jussu Episcopi Londinensis.

I.

Vivat Rex noster nobilis,
Omnis in tuto sit,
Venatus, olim flebilis,
Chevino Luco fit.

II.

Cane, feras ut abigat,
Percæus abiit,
Vel imbrue elugeat,
Quod hodie accidit.

III.

Comes ille Northumbriæ,
Votum vovit Deo,
Læsus, in sylvis Scotiæ
Habere triduo;

IV.

E primis Cervis Cheviæ,
Cæsos abripere,
Duglasium, hæ notitiæ,
Adibant propere.

V.

Qui ore tenus delegat,
Se Ludum perdere,
At Percæus non hæsitat
Ad sylvas tendere.

VI.

Quingenis ter teliferis,
Virtutis bellicæ,
Qui nôrunt, rebus arduis,
Sagittas mittere.

VII.

Curritur à Vinatica,
Damas propellere,
Dis Lunæ silentio,
Ad rem accingunt se.

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VIII.

And long before High-noon, they had
An hundred fat Bucks ſlain:
Then having din'd, the Drovers went
To rouze them up again.

IX.

The Bow-men muſter'd on the Hills,
Well able to endure;
Their Back-ſides all with ſpecial Care
That Day were guarded ſure.

X.

The Hounds ran ſwiftly through the Woods,
The nimble Deer to take;
And with their Cries the Hills and Dales
An Eccho ſhrill did make.

XI.

Lord *Piercy* to the Quarry went,
To view the tender Deer:
Quoth he, Earl *Douglas* promiſed
This Day to meet me here.

XII.

But if I thought he would not come,
No longer would I ſtay.
With that a brave young Gentleman
Thus to the Earl did ſay:

XIII.

Lo, yonder doth Earl *Douglas* come,
His Men in Armour bright,
Full twenty hundred *Scotiſh* Spears,
All marching in our Sight.

XIV.

All Men of pleaſant *Tividale*,
Faſt by the River *Tweed*.
Then ceaſe your Sport, Earl *Piercy* ſaid,
And take your Bows with ſpeed.

XV.

And now with me, my Country-men,
Your Courage forth advance;
For never was there Champion yet
In *Scotland* or in *France*,

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VIII.

Centúmque Cervi sunt cæsi,
Ante Meridiem,
Tunc redeunt, Cibis impleti,
Ad venationem.

IX.

De monte sagittarii
Apti militia,
Prodiérunt Armarii,
Hodie à Turgore.

X.

Per sylvas celerans Canes,
Ut Cervos capiant;
Ac simul montes, & valles
Latrata resonant.

XI.

Fodinam Comes adiit,
Ferinam visere,
Duglas *minatus est (inquit)*
Hic mecum affore.

XII.

Congressum autem desperans,
Mora non dabitur.
Quo dicto, Tyro Elegans,
Illum alloquitur.

XIII.

En! En Duglasius *eminus!*
Armis cum splendidis,
Bis mille cum militibus,
Visui obviis.

XIV.

Cunctis de valle Tivia,
Ad Ripas Tuesis,
Ludos (ait) intermittite,
Arcubus habitis.

XV.

Et vobis, nunc, O nostrates,
Tollatur animus;
Haud præsto fuit Athletes,
Gallus *vel* Scoticus.

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XVI.

That ever did on Horſe-back come,
But if my hap it were,
I durſt encounter Man for Man,
With him to break a Spear.

XVII.

Earl *Douglas* on a milk-white Steed,
Moſt like a Baron bold,
Rode foremoſt of the Company,
Whoſe Armour ſhone like Gold.

XVIII.

Shew me, he ſaid, whoſe Men you be
That hunt ſo boldly here,
That without my Conſent do chuſe
And kill my fallow Deer.

XIX.

The Man that firſt did Anſwer make
Was noble *Piercy*, he,
Who ſaid, we liſt not to declare,
Nor ſhew whoſe Men we be.

XX.

Yet we will ſpend our deareſt Blood,
The chiefeſt Harts to ſlay.
Then *Douglas* ſwore a ſolemn Oath,
And thus in rage did ſay;

XXI.

E'er thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two ſhall die:
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord *Piercy*, ſo am I.

XXII.

But truſt me, *Piercy*, Pity 'twere,
And great Offence, to kill
Any of theſe our harmleſs Men,
For they have done no Ill.

XXIII.

Let thou and I the Battle try,
And ſet our Men aſide:
Accurſt be he, Lord *Piercy* ſaid,
By whom it is deny'd.

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XVI.

Mihi, Equestris Obvius
Quin postulante re,
Eocum vellem Cominius,
Vi, hasti-ludove.

XVII.

Equisessor **Dugiesium,**
Audax ille Baro,
Prafuit aliis omnibus,
Aurato Clypeo.

XVIII.

Cujates (ait) ostendito,
Hic ausi pellere,
Ac, me invito, impune
Feras Occidere.

XIX.

Qui primus verbum edidit,
Percæus *nomine,*
Qui sumus (ait) non tibimet
Vobis ostendere.

XX.

At sanguinem absumemus,
Cervos destruere.
Juravit, tunc **Dugiesius,**
Dixitque temere;

XXI.

E nobis pereat unus,
Antequam devincar:
Tu Comes es, bene notus,
Egóque tui par.

XXII.

At (si qua fides) est scelus,
(Miserum!) perdere
Ullos, de his insontibus,
Immunes scelere.

XXIII.

Nosmet pugnemus cominus,
Viris absentibus:
Depereat (inquit) **Percæus,**
Hinc adversarius.

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XXIV.

Then ſtept a gallant Squire forth,
Witherington was his Name,
Who ſaid, he would not have it told
To *Henry* our King, for ſhame,

XXV.

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I ſtood looking on:
You be two Earls, ſaid *Witherington*,
And I a Squire alone.

XXVI.

I'll do the beſt that do I may,
While I have pow'r to ſtand;
While I have pow'r to wield my Sword,
I'll fight with Heart and Hand.

XXVII.

Our *Engliſh* Archers bent their Bows,
Their Hearts were good and true;
At the firſt flight of Arrows ſent
Full threeſcore *Scots* they ſlew.

XXVIII.

To drive the Deer with Hound and Horn
Earl *Douglas* had the bent;
A Captain mov'd with mickle Pride,
The Spears to Shivers ſent.

XXIX.

They clos'd full faſt on ev'ry ſide,
No flackneſs there was found,
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay gaſping on the Ground.

XXX.

O Chriſt! it was great Grief to ſee,
And likewiſe for to hear,
The Cries of Men lying in their Gore,
And ſcatter'd here and there.

XXXI.

At laſt theſe two ſtout Earls did meet,
Like Captains of great might;
Like Lions mov'd they laid on load,
And made a cruel Fight.

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XXIV.

Tunc Armiger exiluit,
Witherington *nomine,*
Regem (ait) scire noluit
Hoc, pra dedecore,

XXV.

Quod Dux pugnaverat pede,
Me stante obiter :
Vos duo estis comites,
Ego (ait) Armiger.

XXVI.

Obnixè omne faciam
Dum stare dabitur,
Ac dum vibrare macharam,
A me pugnabitur.

XXVII.

Angligena tendunt Arcus,
Quam Cordatissimi.
Decies sex à missilibus,
Caduntur Scotici.

XXVIII.

Adversus feras sectantes,
Misit Duglasius
Torvum ducem, Dimicantes,
Tractis hastilibus.

XXIX.

Incincti sunt celeriter,
Parum Pigritiæ;
Multúsque jacet belliger
Inanis anima.

XXX.

Pol ! Dolor erat viseros,
Ac etiam audire,
Viros plangentes undique,
Perfusos sanguine.

XXXI.

Comites tandem coibant,
Multo magnanimè.
Instar Leonum feribant,
Truci Certamine.

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XXXII.

They fought until they both did ſweat,
With Swords of temper'd Steel,
Until the Blood, like drops of Rain,
They trickling down did feel.

XXXIII.

Yield thee, Lord *Percy*, *Douglas* ſaid,
In faith I will thee bring
Where thou ſhalt high advanced be,
By *James* our *Scotiſh* King.

XXXIV.

Thy Ranſom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the moſt courageous Knight
That ever I did ſee.

XXXV.

No, *Douglas*, quoth Earl *Percy* then,
Thy Proffer I do ſcorn;
I will not yield to any *Scot*
That ever yet was born.

XXXVI.

With that there came an Arrow keen
Out of an *Engliſh* Bow,
Which ſtruck Earl *Douglas* to the Heart,
A deep and deadly Blow.

XXXVII.

Who never ſpoke more Words than theſe:
Fight on my merry Men all;
For why my Life is at an end,
Lord *Percy* ſees my fall.

XXXVIII.

Then leaving Life, Earl *Percy* took
The dead Man by the Hand,
And ſaid, Earl *Douglas*, for thy Life
Wou'd I had loſt my Land.

XXXIX.

O Chriſt! my very Heart doth bleed
With Sorrow for thy ſake;
For ſure a more renowned Knight
Such miſchance ne'er did take.

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XXXII.

Pugnârunt vel in fudore
Diſtrictis enſibus,
Ac maduerunt Cruore
Æquè ac imbribus.

XXXIII.

Ut dedas (*ait* Duglaſius)
Te ducam ſubito,
Ubi eris præpoſitus
A Rege Jacobo.

XXXIV.

Proh gratis redimam captum,
Et celebrabo te,
Equitem quàm magnificum
Et ſine compare.

XXXV.

Cui Percæus *ait, minime?*
Quod offers, reſpuo;
Nollem unquam me dedere
Viventi Scotico?

XXXVI.

Tunc eſt emiſſus calamus,
Ab arcu Anglico,
Quo fixus eſt Duglaſius,
Heu! tenus corculo.

XXXVII.

Qui verba hæc enumerat,
Viri contendite!
Quòd mi mors mea propinquat,
Spectante Comite.

XXXVIII.

Tum Percæus *Exanimi*
Manum it prendere,
Dicens, cauſa Duglaſii,
Se terras perdere.

XXXIX.

Vel cor (*ait*) *fundit ſanguinem,*
Pro tui gratiâ,
Nam nunquam talem equitem
Cognovit nexia,

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XL.

A Knight amongſt the *Scots* there was
Which ſaw Earl *Douglas* die,
And in his Wrath did vow Revenge
Upon the Earl *Piercy*.

XLI.

Sir *Hugh Montgomery* was he call'd,
Who with a Spear moſt bright,
Well mounted on a gallant Steed,
Ran fiercely through the Fight,

XLII.

And paſt the *Engliſh* Archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl *Piercy*'s Body then
He thruſt his hateful Spear.

XLIII.

With ſuch a vehement Force and Might
He did his Body gore,
The Spear went through the other ſide
A large Cloth-yard and more.

XLIV.

So thus did both theſe Nobles die,
Whoſe Courage none cou'd ſtain.
An *Engliſh* Archer then perceiv'd
The Noble Earl was ſlain:

XLV.

He had a Bow bent in his Hand,
Made of a truſty Tree;
An Arrow of a Cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he:

XLVI.

Againſt Sir *Hugh Montgomery*
So right his Shaft he ſet,
The grey Gooſe-wing that was thereon
In his Heart-Blood was wet.

XLVII.

This Fight did laſt from break of Day,
'Till ſetting of the Sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning Bell
The Battle ſcarce was done.

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XL.

Miles discernens Scoticus,
Duglasium *emori,*
Ut Percæum *mortem ejus*
Devovit ulcisci.

XLI.

Hugo de monte gomeri,
Hasta cum splendidâ,
Movit decursu celeri
Ferox per Agmina.

XLII.

Prateriens sagittarios
Anglos impavidè,
Percæios *Ventriculos*
Foravit Cuspide.

XLIII.

Tanta cum violentiâ
Fodit Corpuscula,
Plus tres pedes per ilia
Transivit hastula.

XLIV.

Sic ceciderunt Comites
Quàm invictissimi.
Quàm sagittario subdit res
Percæum *occidi:*

XLV.

Arcum intensum dexterâ,
Factum insigniter,
Tres pedes longâ spiculâ,
Implevit fortiter.

XLVI.

Hugonem Gomeri versus
Sic telum statuit,
Vel Anserinus calamus
In corde madidit.

XLVII.

Ad vesperam ab Aurorâ,
Duravit pralium,
Octavâ scilicet horâ,
Vix est præcisum.

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XLVIII.

With the Earl *Piercy* there was ſlain
Sir *John* of *Ogerton*,
Sir *Robert Ratcliff*, and Sir *John*,
Sir *James* that bold Baron.

XLIX.

And with Sir *George* and good Sir *James*,
Both Knights of good account,
Good Sir *Ralph Raby* there was ſlain,
Whoſe Proweſs did ſurmount.

L.

For *Witherington* needs muſt I wail,
As one in doleful Dumps;
For when his Legs were ſmitten off,
He fought upon his Stumps.

LI.

And with Earl *Douglas* there was ſlain
Sir *Hugh Montgomery*,
Sir *Charles Currel*, that from the Field
One foot would never fly.

LII.

Sir *Charles Murrel* of *Ratcliff* too,
His Siſter's Son was he;
Sir *David Lamb*, ſo well eſteem'd,
Yet ſaved could not be.

LIII.

And the Lord *Markwel* in like wiſe
Did with Earl *Douglas* die:
Of twenty hundred *Scotiſh* Speare,
Scarce fifty five did fly.

LIV.

Of fifteen hundred *Engliſh* Men,
Went home but fifty three;
The reſt were ſlain in *Chevy-Chaſe*,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

LV.

Next Day did many Widows come,
Their Husbands to bewail,
They waſht their Wounds in briniſh Tears,
But all would not prevail.

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XLVIII.

Cum Percio *eſt peremptus,*
Dominus Ogerton,
Johannes Ratcliffe, Robertus,
Et Jacobus *Baron.*

XLIX.

Jacobus, & Georgius,
Equeſtris ordinis,
Radulphus Raby *Dominus,*
Periit magnanimis,

L.

Pro With'ringtoni *ſit gemitus,*
Ac ſi in triſtibus,
Qui pugnavit de Gamibus,
Truncatis Cruribus.

LI.

Periérunt cum Duglaſio,
Hugo Gomericus,
Carolus Currel *à Campo*
Nunquam diſceſſurus.

LII.

De Ratcliff Muriel Carolus,
Nepos à Sorore;
David Lamb *bene habitus*
Exangui Corpore.

LIII.

Ac etiam Mackwell *Dominus*
Deditus eſt neci,
Vix à duobus millibus,
Fugerunt Sexdecim.

LIV.

E tèr quingenti Anglicis,
Vix tot abiére,
In Lueo *caſſis, caterva*
Sub fagi tegmine.

LV.

A plurimis crux videtur
Lugetur miſerè,
Vulnera tota lacrymis,
Nec prævalueré.

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LVI.

Their Bodies bath'd in purple Blood,
They bore with them away;
They kiſt them dead a thouſand times,
When they were clad in Clay.

LVII.

This News was brought to *Edinburgh*,
Where *Scotland*'s King did reign,
That brave Earl *Douglas* ſuddenly
Was with an Arrow ſlain:

LVIII.

O heavy News, King *James* did ſay,
Scotland can witneſs be,
I have not any Captain more,
Of ſuch account as he.

LIX.

Like Tidings to King *Henry* came,
Within as ſhort a ſpace,
That *Piercy* of *Northumberland*
Was ſlain in *Chevy-Chaſe*.

LX.

Now God be with him, ſaid our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I truſt I have within my Realm
Five hundred good as he.

LXI.

Yet ſhall not *Scot* nor *Scotland* ſay,
But I will Vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl *Piercy*'s ſake.

LXII.

This Vow full well the King perform'd,
After on *Humble-Down*,
In one Day fifty Knights were ſlain,
With Lords of great Renown.

LXIII.

And of the reſt of ſmall account
Did many hundreds die:
Thus ended the Hunting of *Chevy-Chaſe*,
Made by the Earl *Piercy*.

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LVI.

Cruentata Corpuscula,
Secum abstulere,
Millies dederunt Oscula,
Defunctis funere.

LVII.

Fertur apud Edinburghum,
Regnante Jacobo,
Duglasium *subitò casum*
Fuisse jaculo.

LVIII.

O Lamentabile! dixit,
Scotia *sit testis,*
Haud alius Dux superfuit,
Æquali ordinis.

LIX.

Henrico *tradidit Fama,*
Pari intervallo:
Percelum *de* Northumbriâ
Occisum in Luco.

LX.

Quum Rex edixit, valeat,
Rebus sic stantibus,
Spero quod Regnum abundat
Quingenis talibus.

XLI.

Ast sentient nos ulciscentem
Scoti *&* Scotia,
Ac vindictam inferentem
Percei *Gratia.*

LXII.

Quod est à Rege præstitum,
Casis in montibus,
Quinquies denis Militum,
Nec non Baronibus.

LXIII.

Ac de plebe perierunt
Centeni plurimi,
Venatum sic finierunt
Percæi *Domini.*

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LXIV.

God save the King, and bless the Land
In Plenty, Joy, and Peace;
And grant henceforth that foul Debate
'Twixt Noble-Men may cease.

A SONG.

ALL Joy to Mortals! Joy and Mirth
Eternal Io's sing,
The Gods of Love descend to Earth
Their Darts have lost the sting.
The Youth shall now complain no more
Of *Silvia*'s needless scorn,
But she shall Love, if he Adore;
And melt when he shall burn.

II.

The Nymph no longer shall be shy,
But leave the jilting Road;
And *Daphne* now no more shall fly
The wounded panting God!
But all shall be serene and fair,
No sad complaints of Love
Shall fill the gentle whispering Air;
No Ecchoing Sighs the Grove.

III.

Beneath the Shades young *Strephon* lyes,
Of all his Wish possest,
Gazing on *Silvia*'s charming Eyes,
Whose Soul is there confest.
All soft and sweet the Maid appears,
With Looks that know no Art;
And tho' she yield with trembling Fears,
She yields with all her Heart.

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LXIV.

Sit Rex & Grex beatulus
Pace, & Copiâ,
Ac absit à magnatibus,
Malevolentia.

SONG.

AS wretched, vain, and indiscreet
Those Matches I deplore,
Whose Bartering Friends in Counsel meet,
To huddle in a Wedding Sheet
Some miserable Pair that never met before.

Poor Love of no account must be,
Tho' ne'er so fixt and true,
No Merit but in Gold they see,
So Portion and Estate agree,
No matter what the Bride and Bridegroom do.

Curst may all covetous Husbands be
That Wed with such Design,
And Curst they are! For while they ply
Their Wealth, some Lover by the By
Reaps the true Bliss, and digs the richer Mine.

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REMEDY *of* LOVE.

By Mr. EVELYN.

WOuld you be quite cur'd of Love?
From your Miſtreſs's ſight remove.
To the open Fields repair;
Cool'd with Abſence, and with Air,
You will ſoon be eas'd of Care.
Seek out in another Place,
Something fit for your Embrace:
Perhaps in a leſs charming Face
You may find a pleaſing Grace,
Wit, or Motion, Dreſs, or Art,
Thouſand things that may divert
The Torments of your throbbing Heart.
If in this no Eaſe you find,
But conſtant Love ſtill plagues your Mind,
To your former Flame return,
See if ſtill her Eyes do burn
With equal force; you'll find, perchance,
Leſs warmth in ev'ry am'rous Glance:
Seeing oft what we deſire
Makes us leſs and leſs admire,
And will in time put out the Fire.
Viſit her betimes each Morn,
Stand by her when ſhe does adorn
Her Head, perhaps ſome borrow'd Hair,
Some ill-contriv'd, affected Snare,
Lewd Song on Table found, or Pray'r
Nonſenſical, may let you ſee,
That what you thought Divinity
Is but a piece of Puppetry.
If ſtill thy Paſſion does remain,
And unſeen Charms thy Heart inchain,
If ſhe break thy Sleep by Night,
Fly again the Witche's ſight;
Opium take, that may invite

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The gentle God to calm thy Soul;
Peaceful Slumbers Love controul.
Have a care of purling Brooks,
Of silent Groves, and awful Shade,
They but to thy Torment add,
Love does there with ease invade;
No Musick hear, no dying Looks
Behold, read no romantick Books;
Books and Musick turn the Head,
Fools only sing, and Madmen read:
They with false Notions fill the Brain,
Are only fit to entertain
Women, and Fops that are more vain.
Love and Folly still are found
In those to make the deepest Wound,
Who think their Passions to allay,
By giving of them leave to sway
A while; but they like Winter Torrents grow,
And all our Limits overflow.
Never trust thy self alone,
Frequent good Company and Wine.
In gen'rous Wines thy Passion drown,
That will make thee all divine.
Better 'tis to drink to death,
Than sigh and whine away our Breath.
In Friends and Bottles we may find
More Joys than in Womankind.
A far Enjoyment Women pall,
Intolerable Plagues they're all;
Vain, foolish, fond, proud, whimsical,
Dissembling, hypocritical.
Wines by keeping them improve,
And real Friends more firmly love.
If one Vintage proves severe,
We're doubly recompenc'd next Year.
If our dearest Friends we lose,
Others may succeed to those.
Women only, of all things,
Have nothing to assuage their Stings.

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Curs'd is the Man that does pursue
The short-liv'd Pleasures of their Charms;
There is no Hell but in their Arms:
For ever damned, damning Sex adieu.

An ODE *written by Mr.* Abraham Cowley, *for Her Majesty, Queen to King* CHARLES I.

COME *Poesy*, and with thee bring along
A rich and painted throng
Of noblest Words into my Song;
Into my Numbers let them gently flow,
Soft, and smooth, and thick as Snow,
And turn the Numbers 'till they prove
Smooth as the smoothest Sphear above,
And like a Sphear harmoniously move.

II.

Little dost thou, mean Song, the Fortune know
That thou art destin'd to;
Or what thy Stars intend to do.
Among a thousand Songs, but few can be
Born to the Honour promis'd thee;
Urania's self shall thee rehearse,
And a just Blessing to thee give;
Thou in her sweet and tuneful Breath shalt live.

III.

Her pleasing Tongue with thee shall freely play,
Thou on her Lips shalt stray,
And dance upon that rosie way;
What Prince alive, that would not envy thee!
And think thee higher far than he!
And how wilt thou thy Author Crown,
When fair *Urania* shall be known
To sing my Words, when she but speaks her own.

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On VIRTUE.

By Mr. EVELYN.

FAIR Virtue, should I follow thee
I shou'd be naked, and alone,
For thou art not in Company,
And scarce art to be found in one.

Thy Rules are too severe, and cold,
To be embrac'd by vig'rous Youth;
And Fraud and Av'rice arm the old
Against thy Justice and thy Truth.

He who, by light of Reason led,
Instructs himself in thy rough School,
Shall all his Life-time beg his Bread,
And when he dies, be thought a Fool,

Though in himself he's satisfy'd
With a calm Mind and chearful Heart,
The World will call his Virtue Pride,
His holy Life, Design and Art.

The Reign of Vice is absolute,
While good Men vainly strive to rise;
They may declaim, they may dispute,
But shall continue poor, and wise.

Honours and Wealth were made by Fate
To wait on fawning Impudence,
To give insipid Coxcombs weight,
And to supply the want of Sense.

Mighty *Pompey*, whose great Soul
Design'd the Liberty of *Rome*;

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In vain did *Cæsar*'s Arms controul,
And at *Pharsalia* was o'ercome.

His Virtue, constant in Distress,
In *Ptolemy* no Pity bred,
Who barely guided by Success,
Secur'd his Peace with his Friend's Head.

Brutus, whom the Gods ordain'd
To do what *Pompey* would have done,
The gen'rous Motion entertain'd,
And stab'd the Tyrant on his Throne.

This god-like *Brutus*, whose delight
Was Virtue, which he had ador'd,
Haunted by Spectres over Night,
Fell the next Day on his own Sword.

If, when his hope of Vict'ry lost,
This noble *Roman* could exclaim,
Oh Virtue, whom I courted most,
I find she's but an empty Name!

In a degen'rate Age like this,
We with more reason may conclude,
That Fortune will attend on Vice,
Mis'ry on those who dare be good.

The COMPLAINT.

A SONG *to a* Scotch *Tune*.

By Mr. THO. OTWAY.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
No Quiet's in my Mind,
Tho' ne'er cou'd be a happier Swain,
Were *Sylvia* less unkind.

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For when, as long her Chains I've worn,
I ask relief from smart,
She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals, rich in Worldly Store,
May offer heaps of Gold,
But surely I a Heav'n adore,
Too precious to be sold;
Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
For Wealth and not Desert,
And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
I for my Bliss contend,
And plead the Cause of eager Love,
She coldly calls me Friend.
Ah, *Sylvia!* thus in vain you strive
To act a Healer's part,
'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, pensive Bed,
I lay me down to rest,
In hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast,
Her Cruelty all Ease denies,
With some sad Dream I start,
All drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, through the Path I rove
That leads me where she dwells,
Where to the senseless Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart;

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Then vent ten thousand Sighs and moan:
Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

But, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
Renounce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
For ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid,
Will take my injur'd Part,
And curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

A SONG.

NO more will I my Passion hide,
Tho' too presuming it appear,
When long Despair a Heart has try'd,
What other torment can it fear?
Unlov'd of her I would not live,
Nor die till she the Sentence give.

Why shou'd the Fair offended be,
If Virtue charm in Beauty's Dress:
If where so much divine I see,
My open Vows the Saint confess?
Awak'd by wonders in her Eyes,
My former Idols I despise.

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The WISH.

I.

AS Leaves which from the Trees blown down
Are ſcorch'd and ſhrivel'd by the Sun;
Or Lillies which the Virgins crop
Contract their Beauty, die and drop:
So when I on *Dorinda* look,
I ſtrait am with a Lightning ſtrook;
But if I gaze a while and ſtay
I melt inſenſibly away.

II.

But then as ſoft and gentle Showers,
Renew old Life in dying Flowers;
Or Dew ſhed on the Womb of Earth
Does give the Early Bloſſoms birth:
So if *Dorinda* ſheds a Tear
New ſtrength and motion does appear
But if ſhe balmy Kiſſes gives,
My Soul returns again and lives.

III.

Therefore, my Dear, ſince Life and Death
Depend at once upon your Breath;
Since what your Eyes of Life deprive,
Your Kiſſes heal and do revive;
Kill and deſtroy me as you pleaſe,
For only then my Mind's at eaſe,
When your Eyes and Lips contrive,
To make me often Die and Live.

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PROLOGUE,

By Major ASTON.

GEntle Reproofs have long been try'd in vain,
Men but deſpiſe us while we but complain:
Such numbers are concern'd for the wrong ſide,
A weak reſiſtance ſtill provokes their Pride;
And cannot ſtem the fierceneſs of the Tide.
Laughers, Buffoons, with an unthinking Crowd
Of gaudy Fools, impertinent and loud,
Inſult in every corner: Want of Senſe,
Confirm'd with an outlandiſh Impudence,
Among the rude Diſturbers of the Pit,
Have introduc'd ill Breeding, and falſe Wit;
To boaſt their Lewdneſs here young Scourers meet,
And all the vile Companions of a Street,
Keep a perpetual bawling near that Door,
Who beat the Bawd laſt Night, who bilk'd the Whore:
They ſnarl, but neither Fight nor pay a Farthing,
A Play-houſe is become a meer Bear-garden;
Where every one with Inſolence enjoys,
His Liberty and Property of Noiſe.
Should true Senſe, with revengeful Fire, come down,
Our *Sodom* wants Ten Men to ſave the Town:
Each Pariſh is infected: to be clear
We muſt loſe more than when the Plague was here:
While every little Thing perks up ſo ſoon,
That at Fourteen it hectors up and down Town,
With the beſt Cheats and the worſt Whores i'th'
Swears at a Play, who ſhould be whipt at School,
The Foplings muſt in time grow up to rule,
The Faſhion muſt prevail to be a Fool.
Some powerful Muſe, inſpir'd for our defence,
Ariſe, and ſave a little common Senſe:
In ſuch a Cauſe, let thy keen Satyr bite,
Where Indignation bids thy Genius write:

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Mark a bold leading Coxcomb of the Town,
And ſingle out the Beaſt and hunt him down;
Hang up his mangl'd Carcaſs on the Stage,
To fright away the Vermin of the Age.

On the Death of Mr. WALLER.

THO' ne'er ſo Baſe, or never ſo Sublime,
All Human things muſt be the Spoil of Time:
Poet and Heroe with the reſt muſt go;
Their Fame may mount, their Duſt muſt lie as low.
Thus mighty *Waller* is, at laſt, expir'd,
With *Cowley*, from a vicious Age retir'd,
As much Lamented, and as much Admir'd,
Long we enjoy'd him; on his tuneful Tongue
All Ears and Hearts with the ſame Rapture hung,
As his on lovely *Chloris* while ſhe Sung!
His Style does ſo much Strength and Sweetneſs bear,
Hear it but once, and you'd for ever hear!
Various his Subjects, yet they jointly warm,
All Spirit, Life, and every Line a Charm:
Correct throughout, ſo exquiſitely penn'd,
What he had finiſh'd nothing elſe could mend.
Now, in ſoft Notes, like dying Swans, he'd Sing,
Now tow'r aloft, like Eagles on the Wing;
Speak of adventrous Deeds in ſuch a Strain,
As all but *Milton* would attempt in vain;
And only there, where his rap't Muſe does tell
How in th' Ætherial War th' Apoſtate Angels fell.
His Labours, thus, peculiar Glory claim,
As writ with ſomething more than Mortal Flame:
Wit, Judgment, Fancy, and a heat Divine, [ſhine:
Throughout each part, throughout the whole does
Th' Expreſſion clear, the Thought ſublime, and high,
No flutt'ring, but with even wing he glides along
the Sky.

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Here the two bold contending Fleets are found,
The mighty Rivals of the watery Round;
In Smoak and Flame involv'd, they could not Fight
With ſo much Force and Fire as he does Write.
Here *Galatea* mourns; in ſuch ſad Strains
Poor *Philomel* her wretched Fate complains.
Here *Fletcher* and Immortal *Johnſon* ſhine,
Deathleſs, preſerv'd in his Immortal Line.
But where, O mighty Bard, where is that He,
Surviving now, to do the ſame for Thee?
At ſuch a Theam my conſcious Muſe retires,
Unable to attempt thy Praiſe, ſhe ſilently admires.
Whether for Peaceful *Charles*, or Warlike *James*,
His Lyre was Strung, the Muſes deareſt Theams:
Whether of Love's Succeſs, when in the Eyes
Of the kind Nymph the conſcious Glances riſe,
When, bluſhing, ſhe breaths ſhort, and with conſtraint denies;
Whether he paint the Lover's reſtleſs Care,
Or *Sachariſſa*, the diſdainful Fair;
(Relentleſs *Sachariſſa*, Deaf to Love,
The only She his Verſe could never move;
But ſure ſhe ſtopt her Ears, and ſhut her Eyes,
He could not elſe have miſs'd the Heav'nly Prize.)
All this is manag'd with that Strength of Wit,
So happily, ſo ſmoothly, courtly writ,
As nothing but himſelf could e'er have done;
And we no more muſt hope now he (great King of Verſe) is gone.
Nor did Old Age damp the Poetick Flame,
Loaded with Fourſcore Years, 'twas ſtill the ſame.
Some we may ſee, who in their Youth have writ
Good Senſe, at fifty take their leave of Wit,
Chimæra's and incongruous Fables feign,
Tedious, Inſipid, Impudent, and Vain:
But he knew no Decay; the ſacred Fire,
Bright to the laſt, did with himſelf expire.
Such was the Man, whoſe Loſs we now deplore,
Such was the Man, but we ſhould call him more.

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Immortal in himſelf, we need not ſtrive
To keep his ſacred Memory alive.
Juſt, Loyal, Brave, Obliging, Gen'rous, Kind;
The *Engliſh* he has, to the height refin'd, [hind.
And the beſt Standard of it leaves (his Legacy) be-

PROLOGUE, *to the Univerſity of* Oxon, *ſpoken by Mr.* Hart, *at the Acting of the* Silent Woman.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

WHAT *Greece*, when learning flouriſh'd, only knew,
(*Athenian* Judges,) you this day renew.
Here too are Annual Rites to *Pallas* done,
And here Poetick Prizes loſt or won.
Methinks I ſee you, crown'd with Olives ſit,
And ſtrike a ſacred Horrour from the Pit.
A Day of Doom is this of your Decree,
Where even the Beſt are but by Mercy free: [ſee.
A Day which none but ~~*Solmſes* durſt~~ have with'd to
Here they who long have known the uſeful Stage,
Come to be taught themſelves to teach the Age.
As your Commiſſioners our Poets go,
To cultivate the Virtue which you ſow:
In your *Lyceum*, firſt themſelves refin'd,
And delegated thence to Human-kind.
But as Embaſſadors, when long from home,
For new Inſtructions to their Princes come;
So Poets who your Precepts have forgot,
Return, and beg they may be better taught:
Follies and Faults elſewhere by them are ſhown,
But by your Manners they correct their own.
Th' illiterate Writer, Emperick like, applies
To Minds diſeas'd, unſafe, chance Remedies:
The Learn'd in Schools, where Knowledge firſt began,
Studies with Care th' Anatomy of Man;

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Sees Virtue, Vice, and Paſſions in their Cauſe,
And Fame from Science, not from Fortune draws.
So Poetry, which is in *Oxford* made
An Art, in *London* only is a Trade.
There haughty Dunces, whoſe unlearned Pen
Could ne'er ſpell Grammar, would be reading Men.
Such build their Poems the *Lucretian* way,
So many huddled Atoms make a Play;
And if they hit in Order by ſome Chance,
They call that Nature, which is Ignorance.
To ſuch a Fame let mere Town-Wits aſpire,
And their gay Nonſenſe their own Citts admire.
Our Poet, could he find Forgiveneſs here
Would wiſh it rather than a *Plaudit* there.
He owns no Crown from thoſe *Prætorian* Bands,
But knows that Right is in the Senate's Hands.
Not impudent enough to hope your Praiſe,
Low at the Muſes Feet his Wreath he lays,
And where he took it up, reſigns his Bays.
Kings make their Poets whom themſelves think fit,
But 'tis your Suffrage makes authentick Wit.

EPILOGUE, *ſpoken by the ſame.*

Written by Mr. Dryden.

NO poor *Dutch* Peaſant, wing'd with all his Fear,
Flies with more haſte, when the *French* Arms draw near,
Than we with our Poetick Train come down
For refuge hither, from th' infected Town;
Heaven for our Sins this Summer has thought fit
To viſit us with all the Plagues of Wit.
A *French* Troop firſt ſwept all things in its way,
But thoſe hot *Monſieurs* were too quick to ſtay;
Yet, to our Coſt in that ſhort time, we find
They left their Itch of Novelty behind.

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Th' *Italian* Merry-Andrews took their place,
And quite debauch'd the Stage with lewd Grimace;
Inſtead of Wit, and Humours, your Delight
Was there to ſee two Hobby-horſes fight,
Or two *Scaramouchs* with Rush Lance rode in,
And ran a Tilt at Centaure *Arlequin*.
For Love you heard how amorous Aſſes bray'd,
And Cats in Gutters gave their Serenade.
Nature was out of Countenance, and each Day
Some new-born Monſter ſhewn you for a Play.
But when all fail'd, to ſtrike the Stage quite dumb,
Thoſe wicked Engines call'd Machines are come.
Thunder and Lightning now for Wit are play'd,
And ſhortly Scenes in *Lapland* will be laid:
Art Magick is for Poeſy proſeſt,
And Cats and Dogs, and each obſcener Beaſt
To which *Egyptian* Dotards once did bow,
Upon our *Engliſh* Stage are worſhip'd now.
Witchcraft reigns there, and raiſes to Renown
Macbeth, and *Simon Magus* of the Town.
Fletcher's deſpis'd, your *Johnſon* out of Faſhion,
And Wit the only Drug in all the Nation.
In this low Ebb our Wares to you are ſhewn,
By you thoſe Staple Authors worth is known,
For Wit's a Manufacture of your own.
When you, who only can, their Scenes have praiſ'd,
We'll boldly back, and ſay their Price is raiſ'd.

PROLOGUE *to the Univerſity of* Oxford, 1674. *Spoken by Mr.* Hart.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

POets, your Subjects, have their Parts aſſign'd
T'unbend, and to divert their Sov'reign's Mind;
When tir'd with following Nature, you think fit
To ſeek repoſe in the cool Shades of Wit,

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And from the ſweet Retreat, with Joy ſurvey
What reſts, and what is conquer'd, of the way.
Here free your ſelves, from Envy, Cabe and Strife,
You view the various Turns of human Life:
Safe in our Scene, through dangerous Courts you go,
And undebauch'd, the Vice of Cities know.
Your Theories are here to Practice brought,
As in Mechanick Operations wrought;
And Man the little World before you ſet,
As once the Sphere of Chryſtal, ſhew'd the Great.
Bleſt ſure are you above all Mortal kind,
If to your Fortunes you can ſuit your Mind:
Content to ſee, and ſhun, thoſe ills we ſhow,
And Crimes, on Theatres alone, to know:
With joy we bring what our dead Authors writ,
And beg from you the value of their Wit. [Claim
That *Shakeſpear's*, *Fletcher's*, and great *Johnſon's*
May be renew'd from thoſe who gave them fame.
None of our living Poets dare appear,
For Muſes ſo ſevere are worſhipt here;
That conſcious of their Faults they ſhun the Eye,
And as Prophane, from ſacred Places fly,
Rather than ſee th' offended God, and die.
We bring no Imperfections, but our own,
Such Faults as made, are by the Makers ſhown.
And you have been ſo kind, that we may boaſt,
The greateſt Judges ſtill can pardon moſt.
Poets muſt ſtoop, when they would pleaſe our Pit,
Debas'd even to the Level of their Wit.
Diſdaining that, which yet they know, will take,
Hating themſelves, what their Applauſe muſt make:
But when to Praiſe from you they would aſpire
Though they like Eagles mount, your *Jove* is higher.
So far your Knowledge, all their Pow'r tranſcends,
As what *ſhould* be, beyond what *Is*, extends.

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EPILOGUE *ſpoken at* Oxford, *by Mrs.* MARSHALL.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

OFT has our Poet wiſht, this happy Seat
Might prove his fading Muſe's laſt Retreat:
I wonder'd at his Wiſh, but now I find
He ſought for quiet, and content of Mind;
Which noiſeful Towns, and Courts can never know,
And only in the ſhades like Laurels grow.
Youth, e'er it ſees the World, here ſtudies Reſt,
And Age returning thence concludes it beſt.
What wonder if we court that happineſs
Yearly to ſhare, which hourly you poſſeſs,
Teaching ev'n you, (while the vext World we ſhow,)
Your Peace to value more, and better know?
'Tis all we can return for favours paſt,
Whoſe holy Memory ſhall ever laſt,
For Patronage from him whoſe care preſides
O'er every noble Art, and every Science guides:
Bathurſt, a name the learn'd with reverence know,
And ſcarcely more to his own *Virgil* owe.
Whoſe Age enjoys but what his Youth deſerv'd,
To rule thoſe Muſes whom before he ſerv'd:
His Learning, and untainted Manners too
We find (*Athenians*) are deriv'd to you;
Such ancient Hoſpitality there reſts
In yours, as dwelt in the firſt *Grecian* Breaſts;
Whoſe kindneſs was Religion to their Gueſts.
Such Modeſty did to our Sex appear,
As had there been no Laws, we need not fear,
Since each of you was our Protector here.
Converſe ſo chaſt, and ſo ſtrict Virtue ſhown,
As might *Apollo* with the Muſes own.
Till our return we muſt deſpair to find
Judges ſo juſt, ſo knowing, and ſo kind.

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Prologue *to the Univerſity of* Oxford.

Diſcord, and Plots, which have undone our Age,
With the ſame ruin, have o'erwhelm'd the Stage.
Our Houſe has ſuffer'd in the common Woe,
We have been troubled with *Scotch* Rebels too;
Our Brethren are from *Thames* to *Tweed* departed,
And of our Siſters, all the kinder-hearted,
To *Edenborough* gone, or Courcht, or Carted.
With Bonny Bleweap there they act all Night
For *Scotch* half Crown, in *Engliſh* Three-pence hight.
One Nymph, to whom fat Sir *John Falſtaff*'s lean,
There with her ſingle Perſon fills the Scene.
Another, with long uſe, and Age decay'd,
Div'd here old Woman, and roſe there a Maid.
Our Truſty Door-keepers of former time,
There ſtrut and ſwagger in Heroick Rhime:
Tack but a Copper-lace to Drugget Suit,
And there's a Herôe made without diſpute.
And that which was a Capon's Tail before,
Becomes a Plume for *Indian* Emperor.
But all his Subjects, to expreſs the Care
Of Imitation, go, like *Indians*, bare;
Lac'd Linnen there would be a dangerous thing,
It might perhaps a new Rebellion bring;
The *Scot* who wore it, wou'd be choſen King.
But why ſhou'd I theſe Renegades deſcribe,
When you your ſelves have ſeen a ſcwdler Tribe.
Teagues has been here, and to this learned Pit,
With *Iriſh* Action ſlander'd *Engliſh* Wit.
You have beheld ſuch barb'rous *Mac*'s appear,
As merited a ſecond Maſſacre.
Such as like *Cain* were branded with diſgrace,
And had their Country ſtampt upon their Face:
When Stroulers durſt preſume to pick your Purſe,
We humbly thought our broken Troop not worſe.
How ill ſoe'er our Action may deſerve;
Oxford's a Place, where Wit can never ſtarve.

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Prologue *to the University of* Oxford.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THO' Actors cannot much of Learning boast,
Of all who want it, we admire it most,
We love the Praiſes of a learned Pit,
As we remotely are ally'd to Wit.
We ſpeak our Poets Wit, and Trade in Ore,
Like thoſe who touch upon the Golden Shore:
Betwixt our Judges can diſtinction make,
Diſcern how much, and why, our Fooms take.
Mark if the Fools, or Men of Senſe, rejoice,
Whether th' Applauſe be only Sound or Voice.
When our Fop Gallants, or our City Folly
Clap over-loud, it makes us melancholy:
We doubt that Scene which does their wonder raiſe,
And, for their Ignorance contemn their Praiſe.
Judge then, if we who act, and they who write,
Shou'd not be proud of giving you delight.
London likes groſly, but this nicer Pit
Examines, fathoms all the Depths of Wit:
The ready Finger lays on every Blot,
Knows what ſhou'd juſtly pleaſe, and what ſhou'd not.
Nature her ſelf lyes open to your view,
You judge by her what draught of her is true,
Where out-lines Falſe, and Colours ſeem too faint,
Where Bunglers dawb, and where true Poets Paint.
But by the ſacred Genius of this Place,
By every Muſe, by each Domeſtick Grace,
Be kind to Wit, which but endeavours well,
And, where you judge, preſumes not to excel.
Our Poets hither for Adoption come,
As Nations ſu'd to be made free of Rome.
Not in the ſuffragecing Tribes to ſtand,
But in your utmoſt, laſt, provincial Band.

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If his Ambition may thoſe Hopes purſue,
Who with Religion loves your Arts and you,
Oxford to him a dearer Name ſhall be,
Than his own Mother Univerſity.
Thebes did his green, unknowing Youth ingage,
He chuſes *Athens* in his riper Age.

The PROLOGUE *at* Oxford, 1680.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Theſpis, the firſt Profeſſor of our Art,
At Country Wakes, Sung Ballads from a Cart;
To prove this true, if *Larin* be no Treſpaſs,
Dicitur & Plauſtris, vexiſſe Poemata Theſpis.
But *Æſchylus*, ſays *Horace* in ſome Page,
Was the firſt Mountebank that trod the Stage:
Yet *Athens* never knew your learned Spite,
Of toſſing Poets in a *Tennis-Court*:
But 'tis the Talent of our *Engliſh* Nation,
Still to be plotting ſome new Reformation:
And few Years hence, if Anarchy goes on,
Jack Presbyter ſhall here erect his Throne.
Knock out a Tub with Preaching once a Day,
And every Prayer be longer than a Play.
Then all you Heathen Wits ſhall go to pot,
For disbelieving of a Popiſh-plot:
Your Poets ſhall be us'd like Infidels,
And worſt the Author of the *Oxford Bells*:
Nor ſhould we ſcape the Sentence, to depart,
Ev'n in our firſt Original, a Cart.
No Zealous Brother there wou'd want a Stone,
To maul us Cardinals, and pelt Pope *Joan*:
Religion, Learning, Wit, wou'd be ſuppreſt,
Rags of the Whore, and Trappings of the Beaſt:
Scot, Suarez, Tom of Aquin, muſt go down,
As chief Supporters of the Triple Crown;

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And *Ariſtotle's* for deſtruction ripe,
Some ſay he call'd the Soul an Organ-pipe,
Which by ſome little help of Derivation,
Shall then be prov'd a Pipe of Inſpiration.

The Prologue to ALBUMAZAR.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

TO ſay this Comedy pleas'd long ago,
Is not enough to make it paſs you now.
Yet, Gentlemen, your Anceſtors had wit;
When few Men cenſur'd, and when fewer writ.
And *Johnſon* (of thoſe few the beſt) choſe this
As the beſt Model of his Maſter-piece:
Subtle was got by one *Albumazar*,
That Alchymiſt by this Aſtrologer;
Here he was faſhion'd, and we may ſuppoſe,
He lik'd the faſhion well, who wore the Cloaths,
But *Ben* made nobly his, what he did Mould,
What was another's Lead, becomes his Gold:
Like an unrighteous Conqueror he Reigns,
Yet Rules that well, which he unjuſtly Gains.
But this our Age ſuch Authors does afford,
As make whole Plays, and yet ſcarce write one word;
Who in this Anarchy of Wit, rob all;
And what's their Plunder, their Poſſeſſion call.
Who, like bold Padders, ſcorn by Night to prey,
But rob by Sun-ſhine, in the Face of Day.
Nay ſcarce the common Ceremony uſe,
Of Stand Sir, and deliver up your Muſe;
But knock the Poet down, and, with a Grace,
Mount *Pegaſus* before the Owner's Face.
Faith, if you have ſuch Country *Toms* abroad,
'Tis time for all true Men to leave that Road.
Yet it were modeſt, could it but be ſaid
They ſtrip the Living, but theſe rob the Dead;

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Dare with the Mummies of the Masks play,
And make Love to them the Egyptian way;
Or as a Rhiming Author would have said,
Join the Dead Living to the Living Dead.
Such Men in Poetry may claim some Part,
They have the License, tho' they want the Art.
And might, where Theft was prais'd, for Laureats stand
Poets, not of the Head, but of the Hand.
They make the Benefits of others studying,
Much like the Meals of Politick *Jack-Pudding*,
Whose dish to challenge, no Man has the Courage,
'Tis all his own when once h'has spit i'th' Porridge.
But, Gentlemen, you're all concern'd in this,
You are in fault for what they do amiss.
For they their Thefts still undiscover'd think,
And durst not steal, unless you please to wink.
Perhaps, you may award by your Decree,
They shou'd refund, but that can never be.
For should you Letters of Reprisal seal,
These Men write that which no Man else would steal.

Prologue to AVIRAGUS *Reviv'd*:

Spoken by Mr. HART.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WITH sickly Actors and an old House too,
We're match'd with glorious Theatres and new,
And with our Ale-house Scenes, and Cloaths bare worn,
Can neither raise old Plays, nor new adorn.
If all these Ills could not undo us quite,
A brisk *French* Troop is grown your dear delight.
Who with broad bloody Bills call you each day,
To laugh and break your Buttons at their Play.

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Or ſee ſome ſerious Piece, which we preſume
Is fall'n from ſome incomparable Plume;
And therefore, *Meſſieurs*, if you'll do us Grace,
Send Lacquies early to preſerve your Place.
We dare not on your Privilege intrench,
Or ask you why you like 'em? they are *French*.
Therefore ſome go with Courteſie exceeding,
Neither to hear nor ſee, but ſhow their Breeding;
Each Lady ſtriving to out-laugh the reſt;
To make it ſeem they underſtood the Jeſt:
Their Countrymen come in, and nothing pay,
To teach us *Engliſh* where to clap the Play:
Civil *Igad*: Our Hoſpitable Land,
Bears all the Charge for them to underſtand:
Mean time we languiſh, and neglected lye,
Like Wives, while you keep better Company;
And wiſh for our own ſakes, without a Satyr,
You'd leſs good Breeding, or had more good Nature.

Prologue ſpoken the firſt Day of the King's Houſe Acting after the Fire.

Writ by Mr. DRYDEN.

SO ſhipwreckt Paſſengers eſcape to Land,
So look they, when on the bare Beach they ſtand
Dropping and cold, and their firſt fear ſcarce o'er,
Expecting Famine on a Deſart Shore.
From that hard Climate we muſt wait for Bread,
Whence ev'n the Natives, forc'd by hunger, fled,
Our Stage does human Chance preſent to view,
But ne'er before was ſeen ſo ſadly true.
You are chang'd too, and your Pretence to ſee,
Is but a Nobler Name for Charity.
Your own Proviſions furniſh out our Feaſts,
While you the Founders make your ſelves the Gueſts;

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Of all Mankind beſide Fate had ſome Care,
But for poor Wit no portion did prepare,
'Tis left a Rent-Charge to the Brave and Fair.
You cheriſh'd it, and now its fall you mourn,
Which blind unmanner'd Zealots make their ſcorn,
Who think that Fire a Judgment on the Stage,
Which ſpar'd not Temples in its furious Rage.
But as our new built City riſes higher,
So from old Theatres may new aſpire,
Since Fate contrives Magnificence by Fire.
Our Great Metropolis does far ſurpaſs
Whate'er is now, and equals all that was:
Our Wit as far does Foreign Wit excel,
And, like a King, ſhou'd in a Palace dwell.
But we with Golden Hopes are vainly fed,
Talk high, and entertain you in a ſhed:
Your Preſence here (for which we humbly ſue)
Will grace Old Theatres, and build up New.

PROLOGUE *for the Women, when they Acted at the old* Theatre *in* Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WEre none of you, Gallants, e'er driven ſo hard,
As when the poor kind Soul was under guard,
And could not do't at home, in ſome By-ſtreet,
To take a Lodging, and in private meet?
Such is our Caſe, we can't appoint our Houſe,
The Lovers old and wonted Rendezvous:
But hither to this truſty Nook remove,
The worſe the Lodging is, the more the Love.
For much good Paſtime, many a dear ſweet hug
Is ſtol'n in Garrets on the humble Rugg.

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Here's good Accommodation in the Pit,
The Grave demurely in the midſt may ſit.
And ſo the hot *Burgundian* on the Side,
Ply Vizard Mask, and o'er the Benches ſtride:
Here are convenient upper Boxes too,
For thoſe that make the moſt triumphant ſhow,
All that keep Coaches muſt not ſit below.
There Gallants, you betwixt the Acts retire,
And at dull Plays have ſomething to admire:
We who look up, can your Addreſſes mark;
And ſee the Creatures coupled in the Ark:
So we expect the Lovers, Braves, and Wits,
The gaudy Houſe with Scenes, will ſerve for Cits.

A PROLOGUE *ſpoken at the opening of the New Houſe*, March 26, 1674.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

A Plain built Houſe, after ſo long a ſtay,
Will ſend you half unſatisfy'd away;
When, fall'n from your expected Pomp, you find
A bare Convenience only is deſign'd.
You who each Day can Theatres behold,
Like *Nero*'s Palace, ſhining all with Gold,
Our mean ungilded Stage will ſcorn, we fear,
And for the homely Room, diſdain the Chear.
Yet now cheap Druggets to a Mode are grown,
And a plain Suit (ſince we can make but one)
Is better than to be by tarniſh'd gawdry known.
They who are by your Favours wealthy made,
With mighty Sums may carry on the Trade:
We, broken Bankers, half deſtroy'd by Fire,
With our ſmall Stock to humble Roofs retire,
Pity our Loſs, while you their Pomp admire.
For Fame and Honour we no longer ſtrive,
We yield in both, and only beg to live.

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Unable to ſupport their vaſt Expence,
Who build, and treat with ſuch Magnificence;
That like th' ambitious Monarchs of the Age,
They give the Law to our provincial Stage:
Great Neighbours enviouſly promote Exceſs,
While they impoſe their Splendor on the leſs.
But only Fools, and they of vaſt Eſtate,
Th' extremity of Modes will imitate,
The dangling Knee-fringe, and the Bib-Cravat.
Yet if ſome Pride with want may be allow'd,
We in our Plainneſs may be juſtly proud:
Our Royal Maſter will'd it ſhould be ſo,
Whate'er he's pleas'd to own, can need no ſhow:
That ſacred Name gives Ornament and Grace,
And, like his Stamp, makes baſeſt Metals paſs.
'Twere Folly now a ſtately Pile to raiſe,
To build a Play-houſe while you throw down Plays.
Whilſt Scenes, Machines, and empty *Opera*'s reign,
And for the Pencil you the Pen diſdain.
While Troops of famiſh'd *Frenchmen* hither drive,
And laugh at thoſe upon whoſe Alms they live:
Old *Engliſh* Authors vaniſh, and give place
To theſe new Conqu'rors of the *Norman* Race;
Mete tamely than your Fathers you ſubmit,
You're now grown Vaſſals to 'em in your Wit:
Mark, when they play, how our fine Fops advance
The mighty Merits of theſe Men of *France*,
Keep time, cry *Ben*, and humour the Cadence:
Well, pleaſe your ſelves, but ſure 'tis underſtood,
That *French* Machines have ne'er done *England* good:
I wou'd not propheſie our Houſes Fate:
But while vain Shows and Scenes you over-rate,
'Tis to be fear'd-----
That as a Fire the former Houſe o'erthrew,
Machines and Tempeſts will deſtroy the new.

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EPILOGUE, *by the same Author.*

THough what our Prologue said was sadly true,
Yet, Gentlemen, our homely House is new,
A Charm that seldom fails with, wicked, you.
A Country Lip may have the Velvet touch,
Tho' she's no Lady, you may think her such,
A strong Imagination may do much.
But you, loud Sirs, who tho' your Curls look big,
Criticks in plume and white vallancy Wig,
Who lolling on our foremost Benches sit,
And still charge first, (the true forlorn of Wit)
Whose favours, like the Sun, warm where you foul,
Yet you, like him, have neither Heat nor Soul;
So may your Hats your Foretops never prefs,
Untouch'd your Ribbons, sacred be your dress;
So may you slowly to old Age advance,
And have the Excuse of Youth for Ignorance,
So may Pox corner full of Noise remain,
And drive far off the dull attentive Train;
So may your Midnight Scowrings happy prove,
And Morning Batt'ries force your way to love;
So may not *France* your warlike Hands recal,
But leave you by each others Swords to fall:
As you come here to ruffle Vizard Punk,
When sober, rail, and roar when you are drunk.
But to the Wits we can some Merit plead,
And urge what by themselves has oft been said:
Our House relieves the Ladies from the flights
Of ill-pav'd Streets, and long dark Winter Nights;
The *Flanders* Horses from a cold bleak Road,
Where Beaus in Furs dare scarcely look abroad.
The Audience from worn Plays and Fustian Stuff
Of Rhime, more nauseous than three Boys in Buff,
Though in their House the Poets Heads appear,
We hope we may presume their Wits are here.

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The beſt which they reſerv'd they now will play,
For, like kind Cuckolds, tho' w' have not the way
To pleaſe, we'll find you ables Men who may.
If they ſhou'd fail, for laſt recruits we breed
A Troop of friſking Monſieurs to ſucceed:
(You know the *French* ſure Cards at time of need.)

An EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WERE you but half ſo wiſe as y'are ſevere,
Our youthful Poet ſhou'd not need to fear:
To his green Years your Cenſures you would fair,
Not blaſt the Bloſſom, but expect the Fruit.
The Sex that beſt does pleaſure underſtand,
Will always chuſe to err on t'other hand.
They check not him that's awkard in delight,
But clap the young Rogue's Cheek, and ſet him right.
Thus heart'nd well and fleſh'd upon his Prey,
The Youth may prove a Man another Day.
Your *Ben* and *Fletcher* in their firſt young flights,
Did no *Volpone*, no *Arbaces* write.
But hopp'd about, and ſhort Excurſions made
From Bough to Bough, as if they were afraid,
And each were guilty of ſome *ſlighted Maid*.
Shakeſpear's own Muſe her *Pericles* firſt bore,
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:
'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good Play,
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Chriſtmas-day*.
A ſlender Poet muſt have time to grow,
And ſpread and burniſh as his Brothers do.
Who ſtill looks lean, ſure with ſome Pox is curſt,
But no Man can be *Falſtaff* fat at firſt.
Then damn not, but indulge his ſtew'd Eſſays,
Encourage him, and bloat him up with Praiſe.
That he may get more bulk before he dies,
He's not yet fed enough for Sacrifice.
Perhaps if now your Grace you will not grudge,
He may grow up to write, and you to judge.

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An Epilogue for the King's Houſe.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

WE act by fits and ſtarts, like drowning Men,
But juſt peep up, and then pop down again.
Let thoſe who call us wicked, change their Senſe,
For never Men liv'd more on Providence.
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half ſo poor,
Nor broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore.
Not Courts, nor Courtiers living on the Rents
Of the three laſt ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if *Pharaoh* could Divine,
He might have ſpar'd his Dream of ſeven lean Kine,
And chang'd his Viſion for the Muſes Nine.
The *Omen*, that they ſay portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from *Play-houſe* Earth:
Pent there ſince our laſt Fire, and *Lilly* ſays,
Foreſhews our change of State, and thin *Third-days*.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printer's Preſs would ſuffer more.
Their Pamphleteers each Day their Venom ſpit,
They thrive by Treaſon, and we ſtarve by Wit.
Confeſs the truth, which of you has not laid [*Looking above.*
Four farthings out to buy the *Hatfield* Maid?
Or which is duller yet, and more wou'd ſpite us,
Democritus his Wars with *Heraclitus*.
Such are the Authors who have run us down,
And exercis'd you Criticks of the Town.
Yet theſe are Pearls to your *Lampooning* Rhimes,
Y' abuſe your ſelves more dully than the Times.
Scandal, the Glory of the *Engliſh* Nation,
Is worn to Rags, and ſcribbled out of Faſhion.
Such harmleſs Thruſts, as if, like Fencers wiſe,
They had agreed their Play before their Prize:
Faith, they may hang their Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis juſt like Children when they box with Pillows.

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Then put an end to Civil Wars for ſhame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her as he can,
The Satisfaction of a Gentleman.

Prologue to the Princeſs of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

LAdies! (I hope there's none behind to hear,)
I long to whiſper ſomething in your Ear:
A Secret, which does much my Mind perplex,
There's Treaſon in the Play againſt our Sex.
A Man that's falſe to Love, that vows and cheats,
And kiſſes every living thing he meets!
A Rogue in Mode, I dare not ſpeak too broad,
One that does ſomething to the very Bawd.
Out on him, Traytor, for a filthy Beaſt,
Nay, and he's like the pack of all the reſt;
None of 'em ſtick at mark: They all deceive,
Some few has chang'd the Text, I half believe,
There *Adam* cozen'd our poor Grandame *Eve*.
To hide their Faults they rap out Oaths and fear:
Now tho' we lye, we're too well bred to ſwear.
So we compound for half the Sin we owe,
But Men are dipt for Soul and Body too.
And when found out excuſe themſelves, Pox cant 'em,
With Latin ſtuff, *perjuria ridet Amantum*.
I'm not Book learn'd, to know that word in vogue,
But I ſuſpect 'tis Latin for a Rogue.
I'm ſure I never heard that Scritch-owl hollow'd
In my poor Ears, but Separation follow'd.
How can ſuch perjur'd Villains e'er be ſaved,
Achitophel's not half ſo falſe to *David*.
With Vows and ſoft Expreſſions to allure,
They ſtand, like Foremen of a Shop, demure:
No ſooner out of ſight, but they are gadding,
And for the next new Face ride our a padding.

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Yet, by their Favour when they have been kiſſing,
We can perceive the ready Mony miſſing:
Well! we may rail, but 'tis as good e'en wink,
Something we find, and ſomething they will ſink.
But ſince they're at renouncing, 'tis our Parts,
To trump their Diamonds, and they trump our Hearts.

Epilogue to the Princeſs of CLEVES.

Written by Mr. Dryden.

A Qualm of Conſcience brings me back again
To make amends to you beſpatter'd Men!
We Women love like Cats, that hide their Joys,
By growling, ſqualing, and a hideous Noiſe.
I rail'd at wild young Sparks, but without lying,
Never was Man worſe thought on for high-flying
The Prodigal of Love gives each her Part,
And ſquandring ſhows, at leaſt, a noble Heart.
I've heard of Men, who in ſome lewd Lampoon,
Have hir'd a Friend, to make their Valour known.
That Accuſation ſtraight, this queſtion brings,
What is the Man that does ſuch naughty things?
The Spaniel Lover, like a ſneaking Fop,
Lies at our Feet: He's ſcarce worth taking up.
'Tis true, ſuch Hero's in a Play go far,
But Chamber Practice is not like the Bar.
When Men ſuch vile, ſuch feint Petitions make,
We fear to give, becauſe they fear to take;
Since Modeſty's the Virtue of our kind,
Pray let it be to our own Sex confin'd.
When Men uſurp it from the Female Nation,
'Tis but a Work of Supererogation.-------
We ſhow'd a Princeſs in the Play. 'Tis true,
Who gave her *Ceſar* more than all his due.
Told her own Faults; but I ſhou'd much abhor,
To chuſe a Husband for my Confeſſor.

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You see what Fate follow'd the Saint-like Fool,
For telling Tales from out the Nuptial School.
Our Play a merry Comedy had prov'd,
Had she confess'd as much to him she lov'd.
True *Presbyterian*-Wives, the *means* wou'd try,
But damn'd Confessing is flat Popery.

The FABLE *of the* POT *and* KETTLE, *as it was told by Colonel* Titus *the Night before he Kiss'd the King's Hand.*

AS down the Torrent of an angry Flood,
An Earthen Pot, and a Brass Kettle flow'd;
The heavy Caldron, sinking and distress'd
By his own Weight, and the fierce Waves oppress'd,
Slily bespoke the lighter Vessel's aid;
And to the Earthen Pitcher friendly said,
Come, Brother, why should we divided lose
The Strength of Union, and our selves expose
To the Insults of this poor paltry Stream,
Which with United Forces we can stem?
Tho' different heretofore have been our Parts,
The common Danger reconciles our Hearts;
Here, lend me thy kind Arm to break the Flood.
The Pitcher this New Friendship understood,
And made this Answer; Tho' I wish for Ease
And Safety, this Alliance does not please;
Such different Natures never will agree,
Your Constitution is too rough for me;
If by the Waves I against you am tost,
Of you to me, I equally am lost;
And fear more Mischief from your hardned side,
Than from the Shores, the Billows, or the Tide:
I calmer Days, and ebbing Waves attend,
Rather than buoy you up, and serve your end,
To perish by the *Rigor* of my Friend.

CYNISCA: *Or, the Fourteenth* Idyllium *of* Theocritus *imitated.*

By W. Bowles, *Fellow of Kings-Coll.* Cambr.

THYONICUS. ÆSCHINES.

OH, how does my dear *Æſchines!* Oh how!
Some Care, my Friend, ſits heavy on thy Brow.

ÆSCHINES.

Cyniſca, Friend, has ſhown the Fiend confeſt,
And Peace and Joy are baniſh'd from my Breaſt.

THYONICUS.

Hence this wild Look, and this diſtracted Air,
Staring your Eyes, your Face o'ergrown with Hair.
Juſt ſuch a *Roſie-Crucian* here arriv'd,
Some new Enthuſiaſt ſure, or Flood reviv'd;
With ſuch a Mien he came, with ſuch a Grace,
So long his Beard, ſo dry, ſo pale his Face.

ÆSCHINES.

You, Sir, are merry; but alas! I find
No Cure, no Eaſe, to my diſtemper'd Mind.
I rave, am by a thouſand Furies toſt,
And call in vain my Reaſon in my Paſſion loſt.

THYONICUS.

I always knew you jealous and ſevere;
But does *Cyniſca's* Falſhood plain appear?

ÆSCHINES.

'Twas my ill fate, or chance, ſome Friends to treat
With richeſt Wines, the Board was crown'd with choiceſt Meat;
But fair *Cyniſca* moſt adorn'd the Feaſt,
In all the Charms of Art and Nature dreſt.
Cyniſca all our raviſh'd Senſes fed,
We gaz'd, and we ador'd the lovely Maid:
With Wine and Beauty all our Hearts were fir'd,
And fair *Cyniſca* ſtill new Joys inſpir'd.

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Now Healths we drank, and as the Glaſſes came,
(Such was the Law) each did his Miſtreſs names:
Charming *Orinda* too at laſt was preſt
To name the Lover in her Favour bleſt.
A Woman, ſure, ſhe hop'd might be excus'd!
The more they urg'd her, ſhe the more refus'd.
Refus'd, oh Friend, and I her Lover by!
Gueſs if my Rage, with Wine enflam'd, grew high.
Silent ſhe ſat, and with her Eyes deny'd;
Lycus is handſom, tall, and young, they cry'd:
When *Lycus* Name but touch'd her guilty Soul,
How down her Cheeks the liquid Globes did roul!
Confus'd her Look, while Shame and Guilt apace
Shifted the whole Complexion of her Face.
Gods! with what rage was my rack'd Soul ſurpriz'd!
My Curſe, my Ruin, am I then deſpis'd?
Ingrateful and inhuman thou! begone,
Go hug the Man whoſe Abſence you bemoan:
No more will I, deluded by your Charms,
Cheriſh an abſent Miſtreſs in my Arms.
Swiftly, as Swallows to their Neſt, ſhe fled,
When unfletch'd Young Iye gaping, and unfed.
Swiftly ſhe fled, with my Embraces cloy'd;
Lycus ſhe long had lov'd, and long enjoy'd.
A publick Jeſt, and known to all alas!
(The Cuckold laſt perceives his own Diſgrace)
Yet once a Friend accus'd the guilty Maid,
And to my Ears th' unheard of News convey'd:
For I, a much abus'd, deluded Sot,
The matter ne'er examin'd, or forgot.
Now, undiſturb'd, unrival'd *Lycus* reigns,
Enjoys his Conqueſt, and derides my Pains.
Two Months are paſt, ſince unregarded I
In a deſerted Bed, and hopeleſs Iye.
Long with the mighty Pain oppreſt, I ſtrove;
But ah! what Remedy for injur'd Love!
In vain I ſtruggle with the fierce Diſeaſe,
The fatal Poiſon does my Vitals ſeize.

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Yet *Damon* did from Travel find Relief,
And Abſence ſoon remov'd the raging Grief.
In Fires like mine ſucceſsleſs *Damon* burn'd,
Diſeas'd he parted, and he ſound return'd.
I too th' uncertain Remedy will try,
And to leſs cruel Seas and Rocks will fly.

THYONICUS.

For *Flanders* then, ſince you're reſolv'd, prepare;
Flanders, the Scene of Glory and of War!
Or, if a better Choice and nobler Fire
Does greater Arms, and greater Thoughts inſpire,
Hungarian Rebels, and unchriſtian Foes,
('Tis a vaſt Field of Honour, Friend,) oppoſe.
By God-like *Poland* born, and *Lorrain* ſoon
The Croſs ſhall triumph o'er the waning Moon.
There you the cruel Ravage may admire;
And *Auſtria*, deſolate by Barb'rous Fire,
May curſe the dire Effects of civil Rage;
Oh in what Ills Religion can engage!
There ſure with Horror your diverted Mind
Some Truce may with this ſmaller Paſſion find.

ÆSCHINES.

Cyniſca, oh unkind! farewel, I go,
By thee condemn'd to diſtant Countries; know,
I go, where Honour, and where Dangers call,
From a leſs barb'rous Foe to tempt a nobler Fall.

Written May 23, 1684.

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PROTEUS: Being the Fourth *Eclogue* of *Sannazarius*.

Inscribed to Ferdinand *of* Arragon, *Duke of* Calabria, *Son of* Frederick *King of* Naples.

By W. Bowles, *Fellow of King's-College*, Cambr.

NOW first with bolder Sails I tempt the Main,
Parthenope deserves a loftier strain;
To fair *Parthenope*, O Nymphs, we must,
And our dear Country's Honour, now be just.
O then ye Nymphs, who in these Floods delight,
Indulge one Labour, and direct my Flight.
But thou, great hope of thy illustrious Line,
Thy Country's Pride, sprung from a Race divine,
Whether o'er *Pyrenaan* Frosts thou go,
And Mountains cover'd with eternal Snow,
And the wild Tempests of the warring Sky
Prefer to the best Plains of *Italy*;
Or envious *Iber* does our hopes oppose,
Return, and happy make thy Peoples Vows:
Tho' *Arragon*, thy *Arragon*, with-hold,
And *Tagus* rowling o'er a Bed of Gold
With all his Liquid Wealth would buy thy stay,
Return, and our wish'd Happiness no more delay!
For, if the God that fills my Breast, foreknow,
Parthenope shall to thy Scepter bow;
Parthenope, usurp'd by foreign sway,
Shall with new Joy her rightful Prince obey.
Oh! may swift Time the happy Period bring,
And I loud *Paans* to thy Triumph sing!
Mean while a lower Muse indulgent view,
Which I, the first, with bold design and new,

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Leaving th' *Arcadian* Fields, and vocal Plain,
In triumph bring down to thy ſubject Main;
And on the neighb'ring Rocks and ſounding Shore,
A newer Scene preſent, and untry'd Seas explore.
What Port, what Sea, ſo diſtant can be found,
Which *Proteus* has not bleſt with heav'nly ſound?
Him *Praſidamus* and *Melanthius* knew,
Nor all the God appear'd to mortal view;
On great *Minerva*'s Rock the God appear'd,
And charm'd with Verſe Divine his monſtrous Herd.
While *Phabus* ſunk with the declining Day,
And all around delighted Dolphins play.
For lo! he ſung——
How Earth's bold Sons, by wild Ambition fir'd,
Defy'd the Gods, and to Celeſtial Thrones aſpir'd.
Typhœus firſt, with lifted Mountains arm'd,
Led on the furious Van, and Heav'n it ſelf alarm'd.
Now *Prochytè* among the Stars he threw,
And from their Baſes torn huge Iſlands flew,
And ſhook th' Ætherial Orbs: The Pow'rs above
Then firſt knew fear; not ſo Almighty *Jove:*
He with red Lightning arm'd, and winged Fire,
Replung'd the Rebels in their native Mire.
All Nature with the dreadful Rout reſounds,
They fled, and bath'd in *Baian* Springs their burning Wounds.
On the ſcorch'd Earth the Footſteps ſtill remain,
And ſulph'rous Springs a fiery Taſte retain.
He ſung *Alcides*, and his noble Toil,
His glorious Triumph, and his wond'rous * Pile,
Which does the Fury of the Waves ſuſtain,
Confine the *Lucrine*, and repel the Main.
Next the *Cumaan* Cave and Grove relates,
Where anxious Mortals throng'd to learn their Fates:

* *The* Herculean *Way rais'd by* Hercules *in his Return from* Spain.

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The raving † Virgin, and her fatal Page,
Her more than mortal Sounds, and ſacred Rage;
And that ſad Vale, unviſited by Day,
Where bury'd in eternal Night * *Cimmerians* lay.
But thee, § *Pauſilypus*, he gently blames,
And ſweetly mourns thy inauſpicious Flames,
Concern'd for lovely *Neſis*, ah too late!
Oh ſtay, raſh Man! Why doſt thou urge her Fate?
She, wretched Maid, thy loath'd Embrace to ſhun,
Does to ſteep Rocks and Waves leſs cruel run:
Not the dire Proſpect can retard her Flight,
Or gaping Monſters from beneath affright.
Oh ſtay! and reach no more with greedy Hands,
See! to a Rock transform'd thy *Neſis* ſtands.
She, who ſo ſwift, with the firſt Dawn of Day
Rang'd o'er the Woods, and chas'd the flying Prey:
See! her wing'd Feet their wonted ſpeed refuſe,
And her ſtiff Joints their nimble Motion loſe.
Oh *Panope*, and all the Nymphs below,
To ſo much Beauty juſt Compaſſion ſhow!
If Pity can affect your happy State,
O viſit *Neſis*, and lament her Fate!

He ſung how once the beauteous ‡ *Syren* ſway'd,
And mighty Kingdoms the fair Nymph obey'd;
Deſcribes the lofty Tomb, which all adore:
Then tells, how looſing from their Native Shore,
By all the Gods conducted, and their Fate,
|| *Eubœans* founded that auſpicious State.
Then ſung the riſing Walls and Tow'rs, whoſe height
Is loſt in Clouds, and tires the fainting ſight.
What mighty Piles from the capacious Bay,
And hidden Pipes th' obedient Springs convey:
And that proud *Pharos*, whoſe auſpicious Light
Informs glad Sailers, and directs their Sight.

† *Sibyl.* * *Plac'd by ſome near* Naples. § Pauſilypus *and* Neſis *are the Names of two* Promontories *near* Naples. ‡ Parthenope. || *A Colony of* Eubœans *from* Chalcis, *built* Cume *and* Naples.

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And how beneath the gentle *Sarno* flows,
In Verſe as ſmooth as that, and high as thoſe.
He told, and ſweetly rais'd his Voice divine,
How * *Meliſæus*, lov'd by all the Nine,
Immortal *Virgil* ſaw; the God-like Shade
Bequeath'd that Pipe, which ſo divinely play'd.
Lycoris flying from her Lovers Arms,
And *Daphne*'s Fate, and young *Alexis* Charms.
Led by the Muſe †, he mounts the ſtarry Skies,
And all the ſhining Orbs above deſcries.
Why ſhou'd I ſpeak of *Syrens*, or relate
Their treach'rous Songs, and the pleas'd Sailer's Fate?
Or, how in mournful Strains he did recount
The dire Eruptions of the burning || Mount,
When with ſwift Ruin, and a dreadful Sound,
Vaſt Floods of liquid Fire o'erwhelm'd the Country round.
Laſt Battles, and their various Chance, he ſings
The great Events of War, and Fate of Kings;
And thee, ‡ whom *Italy* bewails, the beſt,
By Fortune's Rage, and angry Gods oppreſt,
Stript of thy Kingdoms, and compell'd to fly,
And on uncertain Hope and *Gallick* Faith relye.
Oh Treachery of human Pow'r! forlorn,
And laſt by Death condemn'd to a precarious Urn.
How vain is Man! and in what depth of Night
The dark Decrees of Fate are hid from mortal ſight!
Cou'dſt thou, who potent Kingdoms didſt command,
Not find a Tomb but in a foreign Land!
Yet mourn not, happy Shade, thy cruel Fate;
The loſs is light of that ſuperfluous State.
Nature provides for all a common Grave,
The laſt Retreat of the diſtreſs'd and brave.

* Pontanus *a* Neopolitan *Poet.* † *His Poem call'd* Urania. || Veſuvius. ‡ Frederick *King of* Naples. *See* Guicciardine.

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Thus he
From the first Ages and Heroick Times,
Deduc'd in order his mysterious Rhimes.
Charm'd by his Song, the Billows ceas'd to roar,
And loud Applauses rung along the Shoar:
'Till the pale Moon advanc'd her beauteous Head,
And all the Gods sunk to their watry Bed.

A SONG.

By Sir George Etheridge.

YE happy Swains, whose Hearts are free
From Love's Imperial Chain,
Take warning and be taught by me,
T' avoid th' inchanting Pain.
Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,
Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,
To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,
To human Quiet Love.

II.

Fly the fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,
The Snake's beneath the Flow'rs;
Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,
That tasted Quiet more?
How faithless is the Lover's Joy!
How constant is their Care!
The Kind with Falshood do destroy,
The Cruel with Despair.

A SONG.

By Mr. J. H.

IN *Chloris* all soft Charms agree,
Inchanting Humour, pow'rful Wit,

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Beauty from Affectation free,
And for eternal Empire fit.
Where-e'er she goes, Love waits her Eyes,
The Women envy, Men adore;
But did she less the Triumph prize,
She would deserve the Conquest more.

II.

The Pomp of Love so much prevails,
She begs, what none else wou'd deny her,
Makes such Advances with her Eyes,
The Hope she gives prevents Desire;
Catches at ev'ry trifling Heart,
Seems warm with ev'ry glimm'ring Flame,
The common Prey so deads the Dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble Game.

III.

I cou'd lye Ages at her Feet,
Adore her, careless of my Pain,
With tender Vows her Rigours meet,
Despair, Love on, and not complain.
My Passion, from all change secure,
No Favours raise, no Frown controuls,
I any Torment can endure,
But hoping with a Crowd of Fools.

SAPPHO's ODE from *Longinus*.

By Mr. W. BOWLES.

THE Gods are not more blest than he,
Who fixing his glad Eyes on thee,
With thy bright Rays his Senses chears,
And drinks with ever thirsty Ears.
The charming Musick of thy Tongue,
Does ever hear, and ever long;
That foes with more than human Grace,
Sweet Smiles adorn thy Angel Face.

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II.

But when with kinder Beams you ſhine,
And ſo appear much more Divine,
My feeble Senſe and dazl'd Sight
No more ſupport the glorious Light,
And the fierce Torrent of Delight,
Oh! then I feel my Life decay,
My raviſh'd Soul then flies away,
Then Faintneſs does my Limbs ſurpriſe,
And Darkneſs ſwims before my Eyes.

III.

Then my Tongue fails, and from my Brow
The liquid Drops in ſilence flow,
Then wand'ring Fires run through my Blood,
And Cold binds up the ſtupid Flood;
All pale and breathleſs then I lye,
I ſigh, I tremble, and I die.

The Thirteenth ODE *of the Fourth Book of* HORACE.

LYCE, the Gods have heard my Pray'r,
Lyce the Proud, the Charming, and the Fair,
Lyce is old! tho' wanton ſtill, and gay,
You laugh, and ſing, and play.
Now Beauty fails, with Wine you'd raiſe Deſire,
And with your trembling Voice wou'd fan our dying Fire.

II.

In vain! for Love long ſince forſook [Look;
Thy ſnowy Hair, thy falling Teeth, and wither'ring
He *Chia*'s blooming Face
Adorns with ev'ry Grace,
Her Wit, her Eyes, her ev'ry Glance are Darts,
That with reſiſtleſs force invade our Hearts.

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III.

Not all your Art, nor all your Dreſs,
(Tho' grown to a ridiculous exceſs,
Tho' you by Lovers Spoils made fine,
In richeſt Silks and Jewels ſhine,
And with their borrow'd Light
Surprize the dazl'd Sight,)
Can your fled Youth recall, recall one Day
Which flying Time on his ſwift Wings has born away.

IV.

Ah! where are all thy Beauties fled! [Maid!
Where all the Charms that ſo adorn'd the tender
Ah! where the nameleſs Graces that were ſeen
In all thy Motions, and thy Mien!
What now, oh! what is of that *Lyce* left,
By which I once was of my Senſe and of my Soul be-

V. [reft!

Of her, who with my *Cynara* ſtrove,
And ſhar'd my doubtful Love!
Yet Fate, and the laſt unrelenting Hour,
Seiz'd her gay Youth, and pluck'd the ſpringing
But angry Heav'n has reſerv'd thee, [Flow'r.
That you with Rage might ſee,
With Rage might ſee your Beauties fading Glory fly,
And your ſhort Youth, and tyrannous Pow'r before
you die.

VI.

That your inſulting Lovers might return:
Pride for your Pride, and with retorted Scorn
Glut their Revenge, and ſatiate all their Pain;
With cruel Pleaſure, and with ſharp diſdain,
Might laugh, to ſee that Fire which once ſo burn'd,
Shot ſuch reſiſtleſs Flames, to Aſhes turn'd.

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The GROVE.

By the Earl of Roſcommon.

AH happy Grove! dark and ſecure Retreat
Of ſacred Silence, Reſt's Eternal Seat;
How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
Suits with the chaſte Retirements of a Maid!
Oh! if kind Heav'n had been ſo much my Friend,
To make my Fate upon my Choice depend;
All my Ambition I would here confine,
And only this *Elyzium* ſhould be mine.
Fond Men by Paſſion wilfully betray'd,
Adore thoſe Idols which their Fancy made;
Purchaſing Riches, wish our Time and Care,
We loſe our Freedom in a gilded Snare;
And having all, all to our ſelves refuſe,
Oppreſt with Bleſſings which we fear to uſe.
Fame is at beſt but an inconſtant good,
Vain are the boaſted Titles of our Blood;
We ſooneſt loſe what we moſt highly prize,
And with our Youth our ſhort-liv'd Beauty dies.
In vain our Fields and Flocks increaſe our ſtore,
If our Abundance makes us wiſh for more;
How happy is the harmleſs Country Maid,
Who rich by Nature ſcorns ſuperfluous Aid!
Whoſe modeſt Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
But like her Soul preſerve the native White;
Whoſe little ſtore her well-taught Mind does pleaſe,
Nor pinch'd with want, nor cloy'd with wanton eaſe,
Who free from Storms, which on the great ones fall,
Makes but few Wiſhes, and enjoys them all;
No Care but Love can diſcompoſe her Breaſt,
Love, of all Cares the ſweeteſt and the beſt;
Whilſt on ſweet Graſs her bleating Charge does lye,
Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
Not one on whom or Gods or Men impoſe,
But one whom Love has for this Lover choſe,

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Under ſome fav'rite Myrtle's ſhady Boughs,
They ſpeak their Paſſions in repeated Vows,
And whilſt a Bluſh confeſſes how ſhe burns,
His faithful Heart makes as ſincere Returns!
Thus in the Arms of Love and Peace they lye,
And whilſt they live, their Flames can never die.

PROLOGUE *to his* ROYAL HIGHNESS, *upon his firſt Appearance at the Duke's Theatre, ſince his Return from* Scotland, 1682.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

IN thoſe cold Regions which no Summers chear,
Where brooding Darkneſs covers half the Year,
To hollow Caves the ſhiv'ring Natives go;
Bears range abroad, and hunt in Tracks of Snow:
But when the tedious Twilight wears away,
And Stars grow paler at th' approach of Day,
The longing Crowds to frozen Mountains run;
Happy who firſt can ſee the glimm'ring Sun!
The ſurly ſalvage Off-ſpring diſappear,
And curſe the bright Succeſſor of the Year.
Yet, though rough Bears in Covert ſeek Defence,
White Foxes ſtay, with ſeeming Innocence:
That crafty Kind with Day-light can diſpence.
Still we are throng'd ſo full with *Reynard*'s Race,
That Loyal Subjects ſcarce can find a place:
Thus modeſt Truth is caſt behind the Crowd:
Truth ſpeaks too low; Hypocriſie too lowd.
Let 'em be firſt, to flatter in Succeſs;
Duty can ſtay, but Guilt has need to preſs.
Once, when true Zeal the Sons of God did call,
To make their ſolemn Shew at Heav'n's *Whitehall*,
The fawning Devil appear'd among the reſt,
And made as good a Courtier as the beſt.

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The Friends of *Job*, who rail'd at him before,
Came Cap in hand when he had three times more.
Yet, late Repentance may, perhaps, be true;
Kings can forgive, if Rebels can but sue:
A Tyrant's Pow'r in Rigour is expreſt;
The Father yearns in the true Prince's Breaſt.
We grant, an o'ergrown Whig no Grace can mend;
But moſt are Babes, that know not they offend.
The Crowd, to reſtleſs Motion ſtill enclin'd,
Are Clouds, that rack according to the Wind.
Driv'n by their Chiefs they ſtorms of Hailſtones pour:
Then mourn, and ſoften to a ſilent Show'r.
O welcome, to this much offending Land,
The Prince that brings Forgiveneſs in his hand!
Thus Angels on glad Meſſages appear:
Their firſt Salute commands us not to fear:
Thus Heav'n, that cou'd conſtrain us to obey,
(With Rev'rence if we might preſume to ſay,)
Seems to relax the Rights of ſov'reign Sway:
Permits to Man the choice of Good and Ill,
And makes us Happy by our own Free-will.

The SALISBURY GHOST.

A Brewer of Salisbury *having Buried his firſt Wife, upon the Marriage of a ſecond was over-perſwaded to wrong the Children of the former, by converting the Settlements upon her Iſſue to the Advantage of the latter. This the firſt Wife takes ill, and gets leave of* Satan *to walk, as they call it, for the relief of her injur'd Children. Her Applications to her Husband were fruitleſs, as one that at the ſame time had lying by his ſide a Mother-in-Law, that is to ſay, a Devil that was able to deal with a Devil. Thereupon ſhe goes to an honeſt Godly Maiden Gentlewoman in the City, and frights her into the Solicitation of her*

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Cauſe. The Virgin takes to her Aſſiſtance a Miniſter or two of her Acquaintance, by whoſe Advice, you may be ſure, ſhe prov'd ſo ſucceſsful in her Negotiation, that all Differences between the Husband and his Conjugal Ghoſt were reconcil'd, and the Apparition departed in Peace. Which being an Accident ſo remarkable, was thought to be a proper Subject for the enſuing BALLAD.

I'LL tell you a Story, if it be true,
But look you to that, I am ſure it is new,
And only in *Salisbury* known to a few.
Which no body can deny.

Some Sages have written, as we do find,
That Spirits departed are monſtrous kind
To Friends and Relations left behind.
Which, &c.

That this is no Tale I ſhall you tell,
A Lady there died, Men thought her in Hell,
I mean in the Grave, as ſome expound well.
Which, &c.

Now as the Devil a Hunting did go,
For the Devil goes oft a Hunting you know,
In a Thicket he heard a ſound of much Woe.
Which, &c.

It was an a Lady that wept, and her weeping
Made *Satan* go from liſt'ning to peeping.
Quoth he, What Slave hath this Lady in keeping?
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe, if of Woman you came,
Pity my caſe, and I'll tell you the ſame.
Quoth the Devil, Be quick in your Story, fair Dame.
Which, &c.

Quoth ſhe, I left two Children behind,
To whom their Father is very unkind;
If I cou'd but appear, I ſhou'd change his Mind.
Which, &c.

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Fair Dame, quoth the Devil, are these all your wants?
So she told him her Name, her Uncles and Aunts,
All whom he knew well, for they were no Saints.
Which, &c.

Then she told him how many Sweethearts she had,
How many were good, and how many were bad;
The Devil began to think her stark mad.
Which, &c.

And so she went on with the cause of the squabble,
Beelzebub scratch'd, and was in great trouble,
For he thought it would prove a two hours Babble.
Which, &c.

He would have been gone, but well I wist,
She caught him fast by the Lilly black Fist;
Nay then, quoth the Devil, e'en do what you list.
Which, &c.

Now when she was free, to Earth she flew,
And came with a vengeance, to give her her due,
Then snap went the Lock, and the Candles burnt blue.
Which, &c.

Quoth she, Will you give my Children their Land?
Her Husband sweat, you must understand,
For he did not think her so near at hand.
Which, &c.

But having recover'd Heart of Grace,
Quoth he, You Jade, come again in this Place,
And *Faustus*'s Chamber-pot flies in thy Face.
Which, &c.

When she could not prevail by means so foul,
She sought other ways his Mind to controul,
So she went to a Maid, a very good Soul.
Which, &c.

In the Name of the Father, and so she went on,
Most gracious Madam, what would you have done?
I'll do it, although you'd have me a Nun.
Which, &c.

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Then go to my Husband, and bid him do right
Unto my two Children, or elſe by this Light
I'll rattle his Curtain-Rings every Night.
Which, &c.

Tell him I'll hear no more of his Reaſons,
I'll ſit on his Bed, and read him ſuch Leſſons,
As never were heard at Mr. *Mompeſſon*'s.
Which, &c.

So away went the Virgin, and flew like a Bird,
And told the Spirit's Husband every Word,
At which he replied, I care not a T---
Which, &c.

For when ſhe was Incarnate, quoth he,
She was as much Devil as e'er ſhe could be,
And then I fear'd her no more than a Flea.
Which, &c.

Good Sir, quoth ſhe, conſider my plight,
I am not able to keep outright
Three waking Miniſters every Night,
Which, &c.

When the Gentleman heard her Ditty ſo ſad,
Compaſſion ſtraight his Fury allay'd,
And unto the Boys the Land was convey'd.
Which, &c.

When the Land as I ſaid was convey'd to the Boys,
The Virgin went home again to rejoice,
And away went the Spirit with a tuneable Voice,
Which no body can deny.

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The Beginning of a PASTORAL *on the Death of His Late* MAJESTY.

Written by Mr. OTWAY.

WHat Horror's this that dwells upon the Plain,
And thus disturbs the Shepherd's peaceful Reign?
A dismal Sound breaks through the yielding Air,
Forewarning us some dreadful Storm is near.
The bleating Flocks in wild confusion stray,
The early Larks forsake their wand'ring way,
And cease to welcome in the new-born Day.
Each Nymph, possest with a distracted Fear,
Disorder'd hangs her loose dishevell'd Hair.
Diseases with their strong Convulsions reign;
And Deities, not known before to Pain,
Are now with Apoplectick Seizures slain:
Hence flow our Sorrows, hence increase our Fears,
Each humble Plant does drop her silver Tears.
Ye tender Lambs stray not so fast away,
To weep and mourn let us together stay:
O'er all the Universe let it be spread,
That now the Shepherd of the Flock is dead.
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone, ah gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal Sleep.

Begin, *Dametas*, let thy Numbers fly
Aloft, where the safe Milky Way does lye;
Mopsus, who *Daphnis* to the Stars did sing,
Shall join with you, and hither waft our King.
Play gently on your Reeds a mournful strain,
And tell in Notes thro' all th' *Arcadian* Plain,
The Royal *Pan*, the Shepherd of the Sheep,
He, who to leave his Flock did dying weep,
Is gone! is gone! ne'er to return from Death's eternal Sleep.

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Of NATURE'S CHANGES.

From Lucretius, Lib. V.

By Sir Robert Howard.

SINCE *Earth*, and *Water*, more dilated *Air*,
And active *Fire*, mixt Nature's Parts appear;
These all new form'd, and to Destruction brought;
Why of the World may not the like be thought?
Reason presents this Maxim to our view,
What in each Part, that in the Whole is true:
And therefore when you see, spring up and fall,
Nature's great Parts, conclude the like of all:
Know Heav'n and Earth on the same Laws depend,
In time thy both began, in time shall end.
But *Memmius*, not t'assume what some deny;
The Proof, on plain Experience shall rely:
I'll shew, these Elements to Change are prone;
Rise in new Shapes, continue long in none.
Then first of *Earth*; conclude that all must fail,
Which diff'ring Parts fermenting, can exhale:
Much the reflected Rays extract from thence;
And from their burning Heat no less th' expence.
The Dust and Smoak in flying Clouds appear,
Which boistrous Winds disperse through liquid Air.
Some parts dissolve, and flow away in Rain,
And from their Banks, the rapid Rivers gain.
A Diminution, nothing e'er escapes;
Which new Existence gives to other Shapes:
Plants, Minerals, and Concretes, owe their Birth,
And Animals their growth, in part, to *Earth*:
Then since from this, their Beings first did spring,
Time, all to this, their common Grave does bring.
In these Examples, not to mention more,
Nature does *Earth* consume, and *Earth* restore.

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The Springs, the Rivers, and the Seas are found,
For *Earth's* Supply, with Waters to abound;
Renew'd, and flowing in continual round.
Left theſe, increaſing, ſhould at laſt prevail;
The mighty Ocean, fiercer Winds aſſail:
Vaſt Shoals of Atoms thence away they bear,
And raiſing them aloft, transform to Air.
Much is extracted by the pow'rful Sun,
More does in ſubterranean Channels run:
In *Earth* it firſt, exceſſive Saltneſs ſpends;
Then to our Springs and Rivers heads aſcends:
Theſe in the fruitful Valleys turn and wind,
And ſtill to new Productions are inclin'd.

And next of *Air*; which in its vaſt extent,
In Changes infinite, each hour, is ſpent:
For *Air's* wide Ocean ſtill requiring more,
Fill'd with Effluviums, ſhould it not reſtore
The periſh'd Shapes, *Time's* Ruines to repair,
Long ſince had all things been diſſolv'd to *Air*.
From others Loſs, its Being it receives;
To theſe again its changing Subſtance leaves:
So true it is, that Nature ebbs and flows;
And one Part periſhing, another grows.

The *Sun* the fountain of the glorious Rays,
Inſtead of vaniſh'd Light, new Light diſplays.
The Brightneſs of the flying Minute paſt,
Is now obſcur'd, and to new forms does haſte. [near,
From hence it comes, that when black Clouds draw
And baniſh'd Sun-ſhine ſtrait does diſappear,
The Earth's o'erſhadow'd, as the Storms are driv'n,
And Rays new darted, are requir'd from Heav'n.
Viſion would ceaſe, (ſo ſoon would Light expire)
Without Recruits of bright Ethetial Fire,
In our inferiour and ſulphureous Light,
Of Lamps and Tapers chaſing ſhades of Night,
Continu'd Fuel feeds the trembling Flame
Which gives the Light, nor is that Light the ſame
Of Sun, of Moon, of Stars, ne'er think it ſtrange
That they are not ſecure from final Change.

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When what ſo late did ſmile, this inſtant dies,
And new born Light ſtill ſhines to mortal Eyes.
Thus we obſerve hard Rocks in time decay'd;
The marble Monuments, for Heroes made,
And ſtately Tow'rs in humble Ruins laid.
Do Gods their Images from Age ſecure?
Or force their Temples always to endure?
Thus when you ſee old Rocks from Mountains fall,
By this conclude their ſure Original;
For were they from Eternity ſo plac'd,
No Chance could ruine them, no Time could waſte.
Next raiſe your Eyes to Earth-ſurrounding Spheare,
From which (ſay ſome) ſprings all that now appears,
To which at laſt their vaniſh'd Parts aſcend;
Theſe as they're form'd, to Diſſolution tend:
For all things muſt in ſuch proportion ceaſe,
As they to other Beings give Increaſe.
But then if no Beginning do's appear,
Of Heav'n and Earth, but both Eternal were;
Before the *Theban* War was e'er proclaim'd,
Or fatal Siege of *Troy* by *Homer* fam'd,
Why did not far more ancient Poets ſing
What Revolutions elder times did bring?
Such Men, ſuch Acts, how in Oblivion drown'd,
As with immortal Fame might well be crown'd?
No great Antiquity the World has prov'd;
Eternity from this ſeems far remov'd:
All Arts and Science elſe, would long ago
Have reach'd Perfection, not now daily grow.
No ancient Sailers, e'er like ours did ſteer:
No ſuch harmonious Muſick charm'd the Ear.
This nature of the World, not Ages paſt
Was brought to Light, retarded for the laſt.
And theſe Diſcoveries ordain'd by Fate
To foreign Climes, I with the firſt tranſlate.
But ſtill if no Beginning you believe,
And ſay, 'tis eaſier for us to conceive
Such Conflagrations from Sulphureous pow'r,
As totally did Human Race devour:

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Or gen'ral Earth-quakes did the World confound,
Or all in mighty Deluges was drown'd;
This force of Argument you then increaſe,
That Heav'n and Earth in future time muſt ceaſe.
For when ſuch dreadful Danger threatned All,
Though Nature then eſcap'd a total Fall,
Grant but the Cauſe increas'd, and 'twill not fail,
As did the leſs, o'er all things to prevail.
What ſhews we cannot endleſs Life enjoy,
But ſenſe of Ills which others did deſtroy?
If you the World's Duration would extend
To all Eternity, you muſt defend,
Its ſolid Subſtance is ſo firmly bound,
No Penetration can it ever wound:
(Minuteſt Atoms, 'tis confeſs'd, are ſo,
But not the Compound which from theſe did grow)
Or that 'tis Immaterial you muſt prove,
And what no forcing Agent can remove:
Or elſe you muſt all ambient Space deny,
To which it may diſſolv'd and ruin'd fly:
(Thus, Univerſal claims Eternal's Place,
Becauſe it ne'er can paſs t' External Space)
But neither is this various Globe ſo fix'd,
(For much Vacuity is intermix'd)
Nor is it void of Matter, nor can be
From threatning Pow'r of Penetration free;
And Pow'rs unknown, from boundleſs ambient ſpace,
This preſent State of Nature may deface:
With dreadful Huricanes they may invade,
And turn to *Chaos* all that e'er was made;
Or by ſome other means, beyond the reach
Of Man's Conception, make the fatal Breach.
Nor wants there ſpace beyond the Spheres of Heav'n,
To which the ruin'd Parts may then be driv'n:
When e'er theſe Elements their Manſions leave,
That vaſt Abyſs lyes open to receive.
From hence to their Beginning you're directed,
What Magick Charms have always ſo protected,

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That when the finite Parts expiring lye,
The whole Eternal Ages ſhould defie?
Then ſince the World's great Parts at once engage,
And Civil Wars in its Dominions rage,
We may foreſee their Strife ſo long depending,
At laſt in general Subverſion ending.
Rivers and Seas conſum'd, fierce Fires may burn,
Till all their Aſhes meet in Earth's great Urn.
Even now they ſtrive the Victory to gain;
But ſtill the Ocean does the Fight maintain,
And ſwell'd with Rivers, hopes by Forces try'd,
To drown the reſt, and ſole in Triumph ride.
This to prevent, the ſwift exhauſting Wind,
And radiant Sun 'gainſt liquid Force are join'd.
Thus equal in Appearance, long they mov'd,
Each others Strength in mighty Wars they prov'd,
At laſt the Fire, 'tis ſaid, did win the Field:
And Earth did once, o'erwhelm'd with Waters, yield.
Long ſince when *Phaeton*, led by vain Deſire,
To drive the Sun's great Chariot did aſpire,
'Twas then the World was hazarded by fire.
With head-ſtrong force the winged Horſes flew;
O'er Earth and Heav'n the burning Planet drew.
What then had been the Fate of all things here,
If angry *Jove*, the daring Charioteer
Had not diſmounted, by ſwift Lightning's ſtroke,
And ſo at once the flaming Progreſs broke?
Thus *Phaeton* ſlain was falling to the Ground,
And furious Horſes dragg'd the Chariot round,
When great *Apollo* reaſſum'd the Chair;
Reſtor'd the Sun that rov'd throughout the Air;
With dext'rous force reclaim'd his raging Steeds,
And to this Hour in annual Courſe proceeds.
Greek Poets thus, the Truth with Lyes confound;
To waking Men, like wandring dreams they ſound:
But though to grace their Morals, they romance,
True fires did then from Eaſt to Weſt advance.
Such Magazines of Sulphur Earth contains,
That if ſome ſtronger Agent not reſtrains,

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The Fuel all inflam'd, and raging high,
Will ne'er be quench'd till all in Ruins lye.
The Water too did, as our Authors tell,
In Ages past, to such proportion swell,
That spacious Empires wholly were destroy'd:
The Ocean then had Sov'raign right enjoy'd;
But that some greater Being soon arose,
From infinite Space, t'o'ercome th'invading Foes.
Bright Heav'ns then triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd Showrs,
And falling Floods proclaim'd prevailing Pow'rs.

ELEGY XI. LIB. V. De Trist.

OVID *complains of his three Years Banishment.*

COndemn'd to *Pontus*, tir'd with endless toil,
Since Banish'd *Ovid* left his native Soil,
Thrice has the frozen *Ister* flood, and thrice
The *Euxine* Sea been cover'd o'er with Ice.
Ten tedious Years of Siege the *Trojans* bore.
But count my Sorrow, I have suffer'd more:
For me alone old *Cronus* stops his Glass,
For Years like Ages slowly seem to pass:
Long Days diminish not my nightly Care,
Both Night and Day their equal Portion share.
The course of Nature sure is chang'd with me,
And all is endless, as my Misery.
Do Time and Heav'n their common motion keep,
Or are the Fates, that spin my Thread, a-sleep?
In *Euxine Pontus* here I hide my Face,
How good the Name! but oh how bad the Place!
The People round about us threaten War,
Who live by Spoils, and Thieves or Pyrates are:

No

No living Thing can here Protection have,
Nay ſcarce the dead are quiet in their Grave,
For here are Birds as well as Men of prey,
That ſwiftly ſnatch unſeen the Limbs away.
Darts are flung at us by the neighb'ring foe,
Which oftentimes we gather as we go.
He who dares Plough (but few there are who dare)
Muſt arm himſelf as if he went to War.
The Shepherd puts his Helmet on to keep,
Not from the Wolves, but Enemies, his Sheep:
While mournfully he tunes his rural Muſe,
One Eye the Shepherd and his Sheep purſues.
The Caſtle which the ſafeſt place ſhou'd be
Within, from cruel tumults is not free.
Oft dire contentions put me in a fright,
The rude Inhabitants with *Græcians* fight.
In one abode amongſt a barb'rous rout
I live, but when they pleaſe they thruſt me out:
My hatred to theſe Brutes takes from my fear,
For they are like the Beaſts whoſe Skins they wear.
Ev'n thoſe who as we think were born in *Greece*,
Wrap themſelves up in Rugs and *Perſian* Frize;
They eaſily each other underſtand,
But I alas am forc'd to ſpeak by hand!
Ev'n to theſe Men (if I may call 'em ſo)
Who neither what is right or reaſon know,
I a Barbarian am; hard fate to ſee
When I ſpeak Latin, how they laugh at me!
Perhaps they falſly add to my Diſgrace,
Or call me wretched Exile to my Face.
Beſides the cruel Sword 'gainſt Nature's Laws,
Cuts off the Innocent without a Cauſe.
The Market-place by lawleſs Arms poſſeſt,
Has Slaughter-houſes both for Man and Beaſt.
Now, O ye fates, 'tis time to ſtop my Breath,
And ſhorten my Misfortunes by my Death.
How hard my Sentence is to live among
A Cut-throat, barb'rous, and unruly Throng;

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But to leave you, my Friends, a harder Doom,
Though baniſh'd here, I left my Heart at *Rome*,
Alas I left it where I cannot come!
To be forbid the City, I confeſs,
That were but juſt, my Crime deſerves no leſs.
A Place ſo diſtant from my native Air,
Is more than I deſerve, or long can bear.
Why do I mourn! The Fate I here attend
Is a leſs Grief than *Caſar* to offend!

Upon the late Ingenious Tranſlation of PERE SIMON's *Critical Hiſtory.*

By H. D. *Eſq;*

OF all Heavens Judgments, that was ſure the [worſt,
When our bold Fathers were at *Babel* curſt:
Man, to whoſe race this glorious Orb was giv'n,
Nature's lov'd Darling, and the Joy of Heav'n,
Whoſe pow'rful Voice the ſubject World obey'd,
And Gods were pleas'd with the Diſcourſe he made,
He who before did ev'ry Form excel,
Beneath the moſt ignoble Creature fell:
Ev'ry vile Beaſt thro' the wide Earth can rove,
And, where the Senſe invites, declare his Love:
Sounds Inarticulate move thro' all the Race;
And one ſhort Language ſerves for ev'ry place:
But, ſuch a Price did that Preſumption coſt,
That half our Lives in trifling Words are loſt.
Nor can their utmoſt Force and Power, expreſs
The Soul's Ideas in their native Dreſs.
Knowledge, that godlike Ornament of the Mind,
To the ſmall ſpot, where it is born's confin'd.
But he, brave Youth, the toilſom Fate repeals,
While his learn'd Pen myſterious Truth reveals.
So did, of old, the cloven Tongues deſcend;
And Heav'ns Commands to ev'ry Ear extend.

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And 'twas but juſt that all th' aſtoniſh'd throng
Shou'd underſtand the *Galileans* Tongue.
God's ſacred Law was for all *Iſrael* made;
And, in plain terms, to ev'ry Tribe diſplay'd.
On Marble Pillars, his Almighty Hands
In Letters large, writ the divine Commands:
But ſcarce they were ſo much in pieces broke,
When *Moſes* Wrath the People did provoke,
As has the ſacred Cowl been torn and rent,
T' explain what the All-wiſe Dictator meant.
But now, t'our *Egypt* the great Prophet's come;
And Eloquent *Aaron* tells the joyful Doom.
From the worſt Slavery at laſt we're freed,
And ſhall no more, with ſtripes from error, bleed;
The learned *Simon* has th' hard task ſubdu'd;
And holy Tables the third time renew'd.
Sinai be bleſs'd where was receiv'd the Law,
That ought to keep the Rebel World in awe;
And bleſs'd be he that taught us to invoke
God's awful Name, as God to *Moſes* ſpoke.
Nor do's he merit leſs, who cou'd ſo well
From foreign Language his great Dictates tell:
In our cold Clime the pregnant Soul lay hid;
No virtual Power mov'd the prolifick Seed,
Till his kind genial Heat preſerv'd it warm;
And to Perfection wrought the noble Form.
Never did yet arrive ſo vaſt a Store
Of ſolid Learning on the *Britiſh* Shore:
T' export it thence has been the greateſt Trade;
But he, at laſt, a full return has made.
Raiſe up, ye tuneful Bards, your Voices raiſe,
And crown his Head with never-dying Praiſe:
And all ye *Nimrod*'s mighty Sons rejoice,
While ev'ry Workman knows the Builder's Voice.
In *Shinar*'s Plain the lofty Tow'r may riſe,
Till its vaſt Head ſuſtain the bending Skies:
In its own Nature Truth is ſo Divine,
No ſacred Pow'rs oppoſe this great Deſign;

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So dark a Veil obscur'd her rev'rend Head,
The wiseſt Trav'lers knew not where to tread,
Blind Zeal and mad Enthuſiaſts ſhew'd the way,
While wand'ring Meteors led their Eyes aſtray;
Thro' the dark Maze, without a Clue, they ran;
And, at laſt, ended where they firſt began:
But now at laſt we're brought ſo near her Throne,
At the next ſtep the glorious Crown's our own.

HORTI ARLINGTONIANI. Ad Clariſſimum Dominum, *Henricum*, Comitem *Arlingtoniæ*, &c.

Magnificæ propter ſalutem & amita Jacobi
Manie, quæ faciunt commercia duplicis aulæ,
Ac Ducis ac Divi nomen cognomine tuetur,
Surgunt colliblipti ſuccinctæ palatia muſis:
Quæ poſita ad Zephyrum radiis ſol ignovus annis,
Illuſtrat moriente die, naſcente ſalutat.
Eximiam, interea, molem, mirantur omnes,
Vulguſque, Proceresque: caducos plorat honores
Aulicus, & rerum faſtigia lubrica damnat.
Fœlicemque vocat Dominum, cui tempora vita
Labuntur varias aulæ incanduſſe procellas.
Et quamvis procul haud abſint tum plebis iniquæ
Improba garrulitas, tum clamen, & ambitus aulæ,
Circumfuſa quies, & pax incognita magnis.
Hic placidè regnant; & verum ſimplice cultu,
Propoſitique tenax virtus, & pectus honeſtum.
Namque ubi prima diem ſpargens Aurora vocavit,
Et matutina ſudant ſub roribus herba,
Nulla volans fumante viam rota turbine verſat,
Crebra pulvis ſovitur nec verberat ungula glebas:
Hinc procul imbelles perſultant pabula Damæ,
Atque piâ placidos curant dulcedine fœtus;
Inde, loquax ripas & aqueſa cubilia linquens.

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Fertur Anas, medijs irrorans orbora pennis.
Vos Q Pieridas molli testudine Musæ,
Dicite pulchricomis depictum floribus hortum:
Nullus abest cui dulcis honos, quum mille pererrant
Formosæ Veneres, phasetráque Cupido tuetur.
Non illum Attalici floreta, aut Thessala Tempe
Exuperant; quamquam hæc qui fingunt omnia, Vates
Mendaci sublime ferant ad sydera cantu.
Arcaque in medio est multum spectabilis horto,
Ordinibus variis pulcrum obducta, tuentum
Lætificans oculos ac dona latentia prodens:
Nempe hæc per spatia florès transmittit iniqua
Distinctos variis maculis, & suave rubentes.
Non illic viola, neque candida lilia desunt:
Parva loquor: quicquid nostro Deus invidet orbi,
Hic viget, & quicquid tepidi vicinia solis
Latior Hesperiæ edunit germen in arvis.
Qualia sæpe tuus moriens floreta Cupido
Conjugis æterno junxit devinctus amore;
Te solam cupiens, in Te pulcherrima Psyche
Arsit, & heu propriis fixit præcordia telis!
Nec sine nomine erant myrteta, nec aurea Poma;
Qua quoniam cælebs nascuntur plurima vallo
Et brumas indocta pati nimbosque ruentes,
Nec fas hic teneros ramorum effundere fœtus:
Protinus hybernis claudentur ab æthere tectis,
Spirantesque premunt animas, ne poma cadunca
Vel glacies hadus, teneras vel frigora myrtos:
Tum vero, astute in medijs, fistula alta relinquunt,
Scilicet, & tutas de cortice trudere gemmas,
Inque novos soles audent se credere, molles
Ut captent Zephyros impune, ac lumen amicum.
Nec Te prætereum, tenebris qua dives opacis
Sylva vires, vento motis peramabilis umbris:
Hic magnus labor ille & inextricabilis error,
Per quem mille viis errantem Thesea duxit,
Ah nimis infœlix per sola sequentia virgo!
Securi hic tenero ludunt in gramine amantes;

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Nec reperire viam curans, ubi lumina veſper
Deficiente die accendit; ſed longius ipſam
Hic ſecum placidè cupiunt conſumere noctem:
Dum ſuper arboreos modulans Luſcinia ramos,
Dulce melos iterat, teneroſque invitat amores.

Quinetiam extremo ſurgit conterminus horto
Mons felix, albis quem circum Geſſamis ornat
Floribus, ac latas dat prætereuntibus umbras.
Hunc ſuper aſcendit turbâ comitante virum Rex
Auguſtus, Proceresque caput ſuperominet omnes;
Atque pedem properans graditur, veſtigia volvens
Grandia, nec ſera meminit decedere nocti.
Omnibus ante oculos divini ruris imago,
Et ſincera quies operum, rerumque nitaſcit
Incorruptus honos, & neſcia fallere vita.

Nec non hic ſolus placidi ſuper ardua montis,
Clare Comes, tecum meditaris, mente ſerenâ
Munera Dadalea naturæ; animoſque recedit
In loca ſacra, fugitque procul contagia mundi.
Deſpicere unde queas miſeros, paſſimque videre
Mortales, vitæ ſubeuntes mille pericla;
Continuò inter ſe niti præſtante labore,
Divitiis inhiare & habenas ſumere rerum;
Deturbare throno Regem, magnaſque alienas
Fortunas ambire, ac nigris fervere curis.
Dum Tu, Magne Comes, minimâ ſine parte doloris,
Proſpicis ex alto viridantes gramine ſaltus:
Undique conſtuxam hinc turbam, lautiſque crepantes
Sub pedibus cochleas, teneras queis fibula dives
Connectit ſoleas, gemmis imitantibus ignes:
Inde lacus luſtras, puroque canalia vivo
Lucida, magnificam neque lumen vincat ad aulam.

Inter Purpureos, Regi gratiſſimus, Patres,
O Dium, fidumque Caput, venerabile gentis
Præſidium! O magnos jamdudum exute labores!
Sæpius hic tecum placido ſpatieris in horto,
Traducens faciles, ſed non inglorius annos;
Et vitam ſtudiis florentem nobilis Oti!

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Dum timor omnis abeſt, curaque incendia luctus,
Nec Tibi vel telis audet fortuna nocere,
Vel ſtruere inſidias canis. Tibi libera tranſis
Tempora, & accedis tantum non hoſpes ad aulam.
O felix animi, Quem non ratione relictâ,
Spes elata trahit laudumque arrecta cupido;
Nec miſerè inſomnes cozunt diſperdere noctes!
At ſecura quies, anima divina voluptas,
Mitiaque emeritam ſolantur fata ſenectam.
Unica Regali connubit filia ſtirpi,
Anglia quas habuit pulchris pralata puellis.
Qua poſcis meliora Deos? qua pondere vaſto
Corruit uſta domus, flamma ſecura minacis
Ecce ſtat, & tantis major meliorque ruinis!
Scilicet hanc rerum alma Parens, ut vidit ab alta
Nube Venus; circum divini colla Mariti
Fuſa ſuper, roſeoque arridens ſuaviter ore,
Sic Divum alloquitur: Noſtros delectat ocellos
Pulchra domus, ſævis olim conſumpta favillis:
En hujus (ſi fata ſinant) celebrabitur Hæres
Herois divina, & me digniſſima cura!
Pallas & hoc poſcit; (proprio favet illa Miniſtro,)
Qui Divam colit, ac ſimiles aſſurgit ad artes.
Vincitur illecebris Deus; & jubet omine læto
Stare diu, longoſque domum ſupereſſe per annos.

SONG.

GO tell *Amynta* gentle Swain,
I wou'd not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful Voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine;
To Souls oppreſs'd and dumb with Grief,
The Gods ordain this kind Relief;
That Muſick ſhou'd in Sounds convey,
What dying Lovers dare not ſay.

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II.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps ſhe'll give,
But Love on Pity cannot live.
Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
And Love with Love is only paid.
Tell her my Pains ſo faſt encreaſe,
That ſoon they will be paſt redreſs;
But ah! the Wretch that ſpeechleſs lyes,
Attends but Death to cloſe his Eyes.

On the KING'S-HOUSE *now Building at* WINCHESTER.

AS ſoon as mild *Auguſtus* cou'd aſſuage
A bloody civil Wars licentious Rage,
He made the Bleſſing that He gave increaſe,
By teaching *Rome* the ſofter Arts of Peace.
The Sacred Temples wanting due repair,
Had firſt their Wounds heal'd with a pious Care,
Nor ceas'd his Labour, 'till proud *Rome* out-vy'd
In Glory all the ſubject World beſide.
Thus *Charles* in Peace returning to our Iſle,
With Building did his regal Cares beguile.
London almoſt conſum'd, but to a Name,
He reſcues from the fierce devouring Flame;
Its hoſtile Rage the burning Town enjoy'd,
For he reſtor'd as faſt as that deſtroy'd:
'Twas quickly burnt, and quickly built again,
The double Wonder of his Halcyon Reign.
Of *Windſor* Caſtle (his below'd Retreat
From this vaſt City troubleſomely great,)
'Twas *Denham** only with ſucceſs cou'd write,
The Nation's Glory and the King's Delight.
On *Wincheſter* my Muſe her Song beſtows,
She that ſmall Tribute to her Country owes.

* *In his Coopers Hill.*

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To *Winchester* let *Charles* be ever kind,
The youngeſt Labour of his fertile Mind.
Here ancient Kings the *Britiſh* Scepter ſway'd,
And all Kings ſince have always been obey'd.
Rebellion here cou'd ne'er erect a Throne,
For *Charles* that Bleſſing was reſerv'd alone.
Let not the ſtately Fabrick you decree,
An Immature, abortive Palace be,
But may it grow the Miſtreſs of your Heart,
And the full Heir of *Wrens* ſtupendous Art.
The happy Spot on which its Soveraign dwells,
With a juſt Pride above the City ſwells,
That like a loyal Subject choſe to lye
Beneath his Feet with humble Modeſty.
Faſt by a Reverend Church extends its Wings,
And pays due Homage to the beſt of Kings.
Nature, like Law, a Monarch will create
He's ſcituated Head of Church, and State.
The graceful Temple that delights his Eye,
(Luxurious Toil of former Piety)
Has vanquiſh'd envious Times devouring Rage,
And, like Religion, ſtronger grows by Age.
It ſtems the Torrent of the flowing Years,
Yet gay as Youth the ſacred Pile appears.
Of its great Riſe we no Records have known,
It has out-liv'd all mem'ry but its own.
The monumental Marbles us aſſure,
It gave the *Daniſh* Monarchs Sepulture.
Here Death himſelf inthrones the crowned Head,
For every Tomb's a Palace to the Dead.
But now my Muſe, nay rather all the Nine,
In a full Chorus of Applauſes join,
Of your great *Wickam*,
Wickam whoſe Name can mighty Thoughts infuſe,
But naught can eaſe the travail of my Muſe,
Preſs'd with her Load, her feeble Strength decays,
And ſhe's deliver'd of abortive Praiſe.

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Here he for Youth erects a Nursery *
The great Coheiress of his Piety; [trace,
Where they through various Tongues coy knowledge
This is the Barrier of their learned Race,
From which they start, and all along the way
They to their God, and for their Sovereign pray,
And from their Infancies are taught t'obey.
Oh! may they never vex the quiet Nation,
And turn Apostates to their Education.
When with these Objects *Charles* has fill'd his Sight,
Still fresh provoke his seeing Appetite.
A healthy Country opening to his view,
The chearful Pleasures of his Eyes renew. [speed,
On neighbouring Plains the Coursers wing'd with
Contend for Plate, the glorious Victors Meed.
Over the Course they rather fly than run,
In a wide Circle like the radiant Sun.
Then fresh Delights they for their Prince prepare,
And Hawks (the swift-wing'd Coursers of the Air,)
The trembling Bird with fatal haste pursue,
And seize the Quarry in their Masters view. [found,
Till like my Muse, tir'd with the Game they've
They stoop for ease, and pitch upon the Ground.

To a LADY, (*whom he never saw, nor had any Description of*) *to prove he Loves her.*

By a Person of Quality.

BRightest of Virgins! whose high Race and Name
Bespeaks you worthy of the noblest Flame,
Arms you with Power Divine, that can dispense
Its Influence beyond the reach of Sense;
Making us frame of you, as Heaven above,
Idea's of our Ignorance and Love.

* *The Coll. near* Winchester, *and new Coll. in* Oxon.

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Disdain not, fairest, such Devotions then
As the best Worshippers offer to Heav'n.
Nor think 'em feign'd, since things above do grow
(Concealed and distant) more admir'd below.
Absence creates Esteem, and makes that fire
(Which the Suns near approaches quench) aspire,
While those who do enjoy perpetual Rays, [Days.
Curse those bright Beams that crown our Halcyon
Know then, my Passion Real is and Great,
Not such as from dull Sense derives its heat,
But Sympathy; that Royal Law that binds
In a close Union things of different Kinds,
That secret charm of Nature which inspires
The whole Creation with harmonious Fires,
Heads *Cupid*'s Arrows, guides his roving Bow,
Extends its Empire o'er all things below.
Since then you know I love, how much, and how;
If of my Passion you still disallow,
Know then the Lot is cast, the Gods approve
The Fates Decree, and have pronounc'd, I Love.

SONG by the same Hand.

SOme Brag of their *Chloris*, and some of their *Phyllis*,
Some cry up their *Celia*'s and bright *Amaryllis*:
Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
And Goddesses frame from the Washbowl and Tub;
But away with these fictions, and counterfeit Folly,
There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my [*Dolly*,
I cannot describe nor her Beauty nor Wit,
Like *Manna* to each she's the relishing Bit;
She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
And still with fresh Pleasure does hoist up your Sail.
Nay had you a surfeit took of all others,
One Look of my *Doll* strait your Stomach recovers.
But when I consider her Humour and Feature,
I'm apt to suspect she's inclin'd to the Creature.

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What contrary Winds in my Breaſt then ariſe, [priſe?
What Hopes, and what Fear, and what Doubt do ſur-
What Storms do I feel of Trouble and Care,
While my Wiſhes themſelves at variance are?
For ſometimes I wiſh her more Cruel, leſs Fair,
But then I ſhould either not Love, or Deſpair:
I'd have her to Love too, not Amorous be,
I'd have her be coy, but kinder to me.
But ſhould ſhe in me this Humour diſcover,
She'd quickly diſcard her Impertinent Lover.

A SONG.

BEneath a cool Shade, where ſome here have been,
Convenient for Lovers, moſt pleaſant and green;
Alexis and *Chloris* lay preſſing ſoft Flowers,
With Kiſſing and Loving they paſt the dull Hours.
She cloſe in his Arms with her Head on his Breaſt,
And fainting with Pleaſure; you gueſs at the reſt:
She bluſht and ſhe ſigh'd with a Joy beyond meaſure,
All raviſht with Billing and dying with Pleaſure.

But while thus in Tranſports extended they lay,
A handſom young Shepherd was paſſing that way!
She ſaw him and cry'd------Oh *Alexis*, betray'd!
Oh what have you done------you have ruin'd a Maid;
But the Shepherd being modeſt diſcreetly paſt by,
And left 'em again at their leiſure to die.
And often they languiſh'd with Joy beyond meaſure,
All Raviſht with Billing and dying with Pleaſure.

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On the Death of MELANTHA.

WEEP, all you Virgins, meet o'er this ſad Hearſe,
And you, great Goddeſs of Immortal Verſe:
Come here a while and Mourn:
Weave not with roſie Crowns your Hair,
Let Tears be all the Gems you wear,
And ſhed them plentifully on this Urn.
For 'tis *Melantha*, 'tis that lovely Fair,
That lyes beneath this weeping Marble here.

But wou'd you know, why ſhe has took her flight
Into the Boſom of eternal Night,
Before her Beauties ſcarce had ſhew'd their Light,
Hark, and lament her Fate;
As the young God of Love one Day
Sate on a Rock at play,
And wantonly let fly his Darts
Among the Nymphs and Shepherds Hearts,
Melantha by unhappy chance came by.
Love jeſting cry'd, I'll make her prove
The Godhead, ſhe contemn'd, of Love.
In ſcorn ſhe bad him ſtrike and did his ſhaft defie,
While the Boy ſlightly threw a Dart
To wound, but not deſtroy, her Heart.
But greedy Death, fond of this beauteous Prey,
Caught the ſwift Arrow as it flew,
And added to't his own Strength too,
Which made ſo deep a Wound, that, as ſhe lay,
In ſilent Sighs ſhe breath'd her Soul away.
Then all the little Gods begun to weep,
Oh let your Sighs with theirs due meaſure keep:
For fair *Melantha* ſhe is dead,
Her Beauteous Soul to Death's dark Empire's fled.
Flora, the Bounteous Goddeſs of the Plains,
Who in freſh Groves, and ſweeteſt Meadows reigns.

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Hearing the fair *Melantha* dead,
Brought all her Odorous Wealth to ſpread
Over the Grave where ſhe was laid.
Then ſtraight the Infant Spring began to fade,
And all the Fields where ſhe did keep,
And fold her bleating Flocks of Sheep,
Their influence loſt, with her fair Eyes, decay'd;
For fair *Melantha*, by whoſe cruel Pride
So many ſad deſpairing Swains had dy'd,
Felt Love at laſt, but Death ſhe rather choſe
Than own ſhe lov'd, or the hid flame diſcloſe.

Speak, Muſes, for you hold immortal State
With Gods, and know the Myſteries of Fate,
You all, whatever's paſt or preſent, ſee,
And read th' unwritten Pages o'er
Of times great Chronicle before.
Events, and time, had writ what fate reſolv'd ſhou'd be.
Tell me, what Beauty is, whoſe force controuls
Reaſon and Power, and over Mankind rules:
Kings ſtoop to Beauty, and the Crowns they wear
Shine not with ſo much Luſtre, as the Fair.
Beauty a larger Empire do's command
Than the great Monarch of the Seas and Land.
She can the coldeſt Anchorits inflame,
Cool Tyrants rage, and ſtroke their Paſſions tame,
She can call Youth to her forſaken ſear
In wither'd Veins, and give new Life and Heat.
She can ſubdue the Fierce, the Proud, and Strong,
Give Courage to the weak, the fearful and the young.
Beauty, the only Deity we know,
With fear and awe we to her Altars go, [ſtow.
And there our pureſt Zeal of Prayers, and Vows, be-
Sure then it only ſeems to die,
And when it leaves us, mounts above
To the eternal Roof of *Jove*,
To be a Conſtellation and inrich the Sky.
But ſhou'd I ſearch the ſpangled Sphear
For Metamorphos'd Beauty there,

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Nothing of *Helen* now is ſeen,
Nor the fair *Egyptian* Queen:
Or thou, whoſe Eyes were Conſtellations here,
Oh then thy Fate we can't enough deplore
With thee thy Beauty dy'd and 'tis no more.
Then let us give *Melantha*'s Fate its due;
Strew *Cypreſs* on her Hearſe, and wreaths of Yew,
For fair *Melantha*, poor *Melantha*'s dead,
Her ſighing Soul to death's eternal Empire's fled.

To the NIGHTINGALE coming in the Spring.

To invite Chloe *from the Tumults of the Town to the Innocent Retreat in the Country.*

Written by a Perſon of Quality in 1680.

LIttle Songſter, who do'ſt bring
Joy and Muſick to the Spring,
Welcome to our grateful Swains,
And the Nymphs, that grace the Plains.
How the Youths thy Abſence mourn?
What their Joy at thy return?
For their Mirth and Sports are done
All the year that thou art gone,
But at thy approach, their Joys
Take new date from thy dear Voice.
Every Shepherd chuſes then
Some fair Nymph for *Valentine*,
While the Maid with equal Love
Do's the happy Choice approve:
Underneath ſome Shade he ſits,
Where ſoft ſilence Love begets;

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And in artleſs Sighs he bears
Untaught Paſſion to her Ears.
No deceit is in his Tongue,
Nor ſhe fears, nor ſuffers Wrong;
But each others Faith believe,
And each hour their Loves revive.
Often have I wiſht to be,
Happy *Damon*, bleſt as thee,
Not that I for *Sylvia* pine,
Sylvia, who is only thine,
But that *Chloe* cannot be
Kind, as *Sylvia* is to thee.
Thou, dear Bird, whoſe Voice may find
Charms perhaps to make her kind,
Bear a Meſſage to her Breaſt,
And make me happy as the reſt.
In the * Place where Tumult dwells,
Treaſons luxk, Ambition ſwells,
Pride erects her monſtrous Head,
And Perjury ſwears the guiltleſs, dead,
Pow'r oppreſſes, Envy pines,
Friends betray, and Fraud deſigns,
Fears and Jealouſie ſurpriſe
Reſt and ſlumber from our Eyes,
And where Vice all Ill contains,
And in gloomy Glory reigns;
Where the Loyal, Brave and Juſt
Are Victims to Phanatick Luſt,
Where the noble *Straffords* Blood
Calls from Heaven Revenge aloud,
In this place there lives a Maid,
Bright as Nature ever made,
Fair beyond dull Beauties Name
Can expreſs her lovely frame.
In her charming Eyes reſide
Love, Diſdain, Deſire, and Pride.
Such, we know not which to call,
But has the excellence of all.

* London *in the Plot-time.*

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The first Blushes of the Day
Or the new-blown Rose in *May*.
Or the rich *Sidonian* die
Wrought for Eastern Majesty,
Is not gayer than the Red
Nature on her Cheeks has spread.
Her soft Lips still feed new Wishes
Of a thousand fancy'd kisses.
Gently swelling, plump and round,
With young Smiles and Graces crown'd;
Her round Breasts are whiter far
Than the backs of Ermins are,
Or the wanton Breast of *Jove*,
When a Swan for *Leda*'s Love.
Eyes that charm when e'er they Dart,
And never miss the destin'd Heart.
Wou'dst thou have me tell thee more,
And describe her Beauties o'er;
I perhaps might make a Rape
On my *Mea*'s naked shape:
Therefore fly, you'll quickly see
By this Picture which is she.
Tell her the loud Winds are Dumb,
Winter's past, and Spring is come.
The delightful Spring! that rains
Sweets and Plenty o'er the Plains.
And with shady Garlands crown'd
All the Woods and Groves resound.
If she see the winged Quire
Chuse this Season to retire
To the shelter of the Grove,
'Tis by Instinct (say) of Love.
If she see the Herds and Flocks
Wanton round the Meads and Rocks,
Thus their wishing Males to move,
'Tis the Instinct (say) of Love.
If she see the Bull among
Crowds of Females sleek and young,

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Fight his Rival of the Drove,
'Tis by Inſtinct (ſay) of Love.
If ſhe ſee the blooming Vines,
In their Seaſon, fold their Twines
Round the Oak that near her grows,
Say, 'tis Nature mixt their Boughs:
Then if Inſtinct theſe do move,
We by reaſon ought to Love.
Tell the Fair one, every Day
Youth and Beauty ſteal away,
And within a little ſpace
Will deſtroy her charming Face.
Every grace and ſmile, that lyes
Languiſhing in Lips and Eyes,
Firſt he'll make his Prey, and then
Leave to Death what do's remain:
Who old Time does only ſend
To begin what he muſt end.
If ſhe ask, what hour and place,
Where and when, Time wounds the Face?
Say, it is not in the Night,
Nor when Day renews her Light,
In the Morning, or at Noon
Or at Evening when alone,
Or when entertained at home,
Or abroad this hour will come;
But ſwift time is always by,
Firſt to perfect, then deſtroy.
And in vain you ſeek a cure
Since his Wounds are every hour:
Bid her view *Aurelia*'s Brow,
Naked of her Glories now,
Yet ſhe once cou'd charm the Throng,
Conquering with her Eyes and Tongue.
Now, only's left this weak relief,
(To ſupport her Years and Grief,)
When ſhe cou'd ſhe us'd her Prime,
And enjoy'd the Fruits of time.

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And where-ever she profest
Love, or Hate, she kill'd, or blest:
While the neighbouring Plains were fill'd
With their Names she lov'd and kill'd.
Oh, when Youth and Beauty's past,
That poor pleasure that do's last
Is to think they were admir'd,
And by every Youth desir'd,
While the Dotage of each Swain
She return'd with Scorn again.
Oh then let my *Chloe* know,
When her Youth is faded so,
And a race of Nymphs appears,
Gay and sprightly in their Years,
Proud and wanton in their Loves,
While the Shepherds of the Groves
Strive with Presents who shall share
Most the favours of the Fair;
And her self she do's behold
Like *Aurelia* now grown old,
Sighing to herself she'll say
I was once ador'd, as they!
Yet with Pleasure think, that she
Lov'd and was belov'd by me.
Therefore bid her haste and prove,
While she may, the Joys of Love.
I will lead her to a Soil
Where perpetual Summers smile,
Without *Autumn* which bereaves
Faireſt Cedars of their Leaves;
Where she shall behold the Meads
Ever green, the Groves with Shades:
Lasting Flow'rs the Banks shall wear,
And Birds shall warble all the Year.
Where the rustick Swain do's owe
Nothing to the Spade and Plow.
For their Harvest, Nature's care
Without toil relieves 'em there.

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And no differing Seasons bring
Changes to the constant Spring.
In the Morn she shall awake
With the noise the Shepherds make,
Cheering, with the eccho'ing Sounds
Of their Horns, the eager Hounds.
Nymphs, as well as Shepherds too,
In these Groves the Chase pursue.
While at their Backs their flowing Hair
Loosely wantons in the Air;
Gilded Quivers on their Thighs,
With Darts less fatal than their Eyes.
Each the others sloth do's blame,
While they seek the Hart for game.
Who, poor Fool, his Feet employs,
And thro' Woods and Dales he flies,
Over Plains and Rivers bounds,
And out-flies the Winds and Hounds.
When perhaps some Nymph, whose Eyes
Makes both Men and Beast her Prize,
Swifter than *Camilla*'s Pace
Soon o'er-takes the winged race,
And with one bright Glance she wounds,
And his fancy'd hope confounds.
Who, reflecting his faint Eyes
On her Face, with pleasure dies.
When the Sports are done, they rest
Underneath some Shade, and feast
On sweet Beds of Violets crown'd
With sweet Roses on the Ground.
Where they Garlands weave, and Poses
Of Green Mirtle, Pinks and Roses:
For which grace the raviſht Swains
Pay soft Kisses for their Pains.
Thus they Dally till the Light
Falls behind the Scene of Night.

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An ELEGY.

Written by Mr. W. O.

DAMON *and* THYRSIS.

DAMON.

WElcome, dear *Thyrſis*, far above
The ſweeteſt Emphaſis of Love.
More welcome than the faireſt Dame
That ever croſt this awful Plain,
With all her tender Virgin Train.

THYRSIS.

I thank thee, Shepherd, for thy Love;
But how canſt thou ſo ſoon remove
The Paſſion which inrag'd thy Breaſt,
And kept thy better Part from reſt?

DAMON.

Believe me, *Thyrſis*, for 'tis true,
They that Love long are but few.
I pip'd, I ſung, I liv'd in pain,
In hope the Shepherdeſs to gain;
Now vain my ſute, in vain I cry,
I ſigh in vain, unhappy me,
Condemn'd to ſuch a Deſtiny
Only to ſee the once lov'd Deity.

THYRSIS.

Tell me, *Damon*, prithee do,
Who's this Nymph that grieves thee ſo:
By great *Pan*'s all ſacred Name,
The wildeſt Heart for thee I'll tame.

DAMON.

Oh my Friend! ſhe's gone too far,
Thou can'ſt not reach the charming Fair:
She's fled into the wiſht for place,
Where Love is acted o'er in every grace.

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THYRSIS.

What's her Name? I can't contain,
My Blood runs ſwift in every Vein.
I'll ravage all the Woods and Groves,
Th' intreguing Court for billing Loves:
No Pains nor Toil for thee I'll ſpare,
Come-----let me know the cruel Fair.

DAMON.

Phyllis, the Glory of our Iſle,
Who charm'd my Soul with every Smile,
Ah ſhe! the lovely torturing Maid
Has now my Heart, my all, betray'd;
And my adoring Love with ſcorn repaid.
Unhappy Swain! dejected and forlorn,
Ah me! how ſadly am I left alone,
To envy thoſe tranſporting Charms
She yields up to my happy Rival's Arms.

THYRSIS.

I'll go-----

DAMON.

Stay, Shepherd, 'tis in vain to try
To diſappoint the Nuptial Tie.
No, no, ſhe's gone to make my Rival bleſt,
And left her Image only in my Breaſt.
Henceforth in Lovers Tales let it be ſaid,
That thy poor Friend, thy *Damon*, dy'd a Maid,
While no one part of me remains with her,
But conſtant Wiſhes and this humble Pray'r.
Faireſt of Nymphs-----
May all your Glories, like the youthful Sun,
Beam forth and in their pureſt Luſtre burn.
May all your Days be as a Day of Bliſs,
And all your Sorrows cloſe ſtill with a Kiſs;
Happy the God, that ſuccour'd your Deſire,
And ſet the Hymenean Lamp on Fire:
May he, in whole bleſt Arms you ſlumb'ring lye,
Be ſenſible of the vaſt envyed Joy,
While I who loſt you lay me down and dye.

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THE

Court-Prospect:

A

POEM.

BY

Mr. *CHARLES HOPKINS.*

Printed in the Year MDCCXVI.

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To Her GRACE the

Dutcheſs of *Ormond.*

MADAM,

THAT Your Grace has been pleas'd to ſpeak favourably of what I have already Writ, is Encouragement ſufficient for a Poet to Boaſt of to the World, and to Embolden him to Dedicate to your Grace. But I have more particular, both Obligations, and Excuſes; Your Illuſtrious Conſort's Family, having been the conſtant Patrons of ours, which now depreſs'd by the late Wars, and the chief Pillar of it fal'n, muſt depend for Support on the firſt Founders. Thus the Thanks for paſt Favours are only Petitions for more; as ſome Men pay off old Debts in hopes to run deeper in for new. I dare not hope the enſuing Eſſay can Merit Your Grace's Approbation; let it (if poſſible) pleaſe others; if it meets with your Pardon, it will abundantly ſatisfie the Ambition of

Your GRACE's

Moſt Devoted, moſt Humble Servant,

Charles Hopkins.

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TO THE
READER.

SOME *Writers perhaps may expect the Thanks, and Favour of the Nobility, after Attempting their Praiſe; but I am rather afraid of having incurr'd their Diſpleaſure; They whom I have mention'd (I doubt) may with more reaſon find fault with me, than they whom I have omitted; for it is better not to be drawn at all, than to be drawn imperfectly, and lamely. The Poet however has the ſame Excuſe with the Painter; That Art cannot equal Nature, nor the Pencil, nor the Pen, preſent a Copy that comes up to her Original.*

The Buſineſs of a Poet is to Pleaſe; and he is very unhappy who gives Offence where he deſigns Acknowledgments, or Reſpects. The whole Body of the Nobility of England, *would be a boundleſs Subject; Painters own they find it more difficult to give a true and lively Air and Poſture to a Picture; to place the Legs, and duly proportion all the Parts, than to draw the Face, and take the Likeneſs; but this Piece was only intended for an Half Length, and that too is only a Rough Draught, and in Miniature. Though the following Lines may want an Excuſe with the Criticks; I will not deſpair of Pardon from the Nobles to whom it was deſign'd; and if I have fail'd in deſcribing their Greatneſs, I have at the ſame time given them an Opportunity of ſhewing their Goodneſs.*

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THE COURT-PROSPECT.

ABOVE that Bridge, which lofty Turrets crown,
Joining two Cities; of it self a Town;
As far as fair *Augusta*'s Buildings reach,
Bent, like a Bow along a Peaceful Beach;
Her gilded Spires the Royal Palace show,
Tow'ring to Clouds, and fix'd in Floods below.
The Silver *Thames* washes her Sacred sides,
And pays her Prince her Tributary Tides.
Thither all Nations of the Earth resort,
Not only *England*'s now, but *Europe*'s Court.
Bless'd in the Warriors which its Walls contain,
Bless'd most in *William*'s Residence and Reign.
Where in his Royal Robes, and Regal State,
He meditates, and dictates *Europe*'s Fate;
His Heroes, and his Nobles standing round,
Better by them, than his Gold Circle Crown'd.
O! could I represent that glorious show;
You whose great Deeds form Poets, tell me how.
But left my Muse (which much I fear) should faint,
What *Dryden* will not Write, let *Dahel* Paint.
Haste then, and spread abroad thy Canvass Sheets,
Wide as the full-blown Sails that wing our Fleets.
Paint *William* first on an Imperial Throne,
Large share of Earth, and all the Seas his own;

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O'er Land, and Ocean, let his Realms extend,
And like his Fame, his Empire never end.
Give him that Look, which Monarchs ought to have,
Give him that awful Look, which Nature gave.
Mix Majesty with Mildness; while he shows
Dear to his Friends, and dreadful to his Foes.
Seat him surrounded by his *British* Peers,
And make them seem his Strength, as he is theirs.
No Poet here dares sing the noble Tribe,
Which you can better draw, than he describe.
You can plant each in his peculiar Place,
Give each the noblest Features in his Face,
Each has his Charms, and all some certain Grace.

Let *England*'s Chancellor the foremost stand,
That is his due, whose Laws support the Land;
Who governs, influenc'd by his Soveraign Lord,
And holds the Balance, as the King the Sword.

Give the Good *Shrewsbury* the second Seat,
In Trust, in Secrecy, and Council, great.

Great as the best, will the Great *Ormond* seem,
But in the Field, thou must delineate him;
Born with auspicious Stars, and happy Fate,
But more in Merit, than in Fortune, Great.
On higher things he bends his nobler Aim,
And in fierce Wars, has sought, and purchas'd Fame.

Here; could my grateful willing Muse have sung,
Sweet as *Cham* flows, where first her Harp was strung;
Here, *Sommerset*, should she thy Praise proclaim,
And give thee what thou giv'st our *Cambridge*, Fame.

Let youthful *Grafton* there his Station find,
Grown Man in Body now, but more in Mind.
His Looks are in the Mother's Beauty dress't,
And all the Father has inform'd his Breast.
Why wilt thou then to distant Shores convey
Our hopes in thee? Why trust the faithless Sea?
Why view the Changing Climates of the Earth,
And bless all Realms but that which gave thee Birth?
Thy Country, lovely Youth, thy Stay demands,
And fears to venture thee in Foreign Lands;

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All thou haſt ſeen, and all thou goeſt to ſee,
Will not improve, but be improv'd in thee.
A manly Beauty is in *Dev'nſhire* ſeen,
And true Nobility in *Dorſet*'s Mien.
But here, great Artiſt, is thy Skill confin'd,
Thou can'ſt not Paint his nobler Muſe, and Mind.
No Pen, the Praiſe he merits can indite;
Himſelf, to repreſent himſelf, muſt write.
Next let young *Burlington* receive his Fleece,
Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace.
Happy in Fortune, Perſon, and in Parts,
Himſelf, not wanting them, promoting Arts.
With him let *Kingſton* be for ever join'd,
Alike in Quality, alike in Mind.
For Court, or Camp, for Love, or Glory fit,
Poſſeſſing both, both patronizing Wit.
Hither, let *Montague* the Treaſures bring,
Which, while he offers, let his Muſes ſing.
The Patron of the reſt ſo juſtly grown,
Who ſerv'd ſo well a Nation with his own.
Who ſeated on the ſacred Mountain's brow,
Inſpires, and cheriſhes the Train below.
Draw *Ruſſel* yonder, order'd to maintain
The Power and Honour of the *Britiſh* Main.
Wrap him in curling Smoak, and circling Flames,
Yet unconcern'd, as on his Sovereign's *Thames*.
While his loud Canon thunders thro' the Deep,
Make Seas attention give, and ſilence keep.
Then as he Coaſts the *Mauritanian* Shores,
Paint pale the Faces of th' aſtoniſh'd *Moors*.
Whence *England* gives ſurrounding Nations Law,
And from the Centre keeps the World in awe.
No more let Poets name inconſtant Seas,
For *Neptune* knows his Sovereign, and obeys.
Fled from that fatal Field, the watry Plain,
No Foe dares venture, there, our Force again.
Fierce *Gallia* challenges to *Belgian* Fields,
But ſtill her choſen Plain ſmall Harveſt yields.

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The Warlike *Cutts* the welcome tidings brings,
The true brave Servant of the best of Kings.
Cutts, whose known Worth no Herald need Proclaim,
His Wounds, and his own Verse can speak his Fame.
The dreadful News moves WILLIAM with delight,
Gladly he hears, and gladly hastes to Fight.
Leaving his faithful Substitutes behind,
He trusts himself to his own Seas, and Wind.
The Royal Fleet a thousand Heroe's grace,
And *Mars* in Triumph rides o'er *Neptune*'s Face.
Now out of Sight of Land, they plow the Main,
And in some rowling Tides make Land again.
Now sight of hostile Tents their Valour warms,
And each encourages his Mate to Arms.
Fancy can scarce so swift and eager Run,
Their Lines are drawn, and the Camp-work is done,
The Word is giv'n, and Battel is begun.
They who have seen an Ocean lash its Shore,
When Billows tumble, and begin to roar,
When from all Quarters, Clouds and Tempests fly,
And from despairing Sailors hide the Sky;
Such as have seen those Elements at War,
May guess what well-disputed Battles are.

Description of a Battel.

Hark! 'tis at hand, Drums beat, and Trumpets sound,
The Horsemen mount, the mounted Horses bound;
The Soldiers leap transported from the Ground.
When such Harmonious Sounds invite to Arms,
'Tis sure that Valiant Men feel secret Charms:
Such WILLIAM's is, when from his foaming Horse
He views the Foe, rejoycing at their Force.
Never so full of Spirit and Delight,
Never so pleas'd, as when prepar'd to Fight.
Paint him then yonder spurring from afar,
Giving the Charge, guiding the Raging War;

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Paint to the Field, Party on Party sent;
Himself not waiting for the vast Event,
Now, mingled in the War engage the whole,
And of his Martial Troops make him the Soul.
Now, from all Parts, Death and Destruction fly,
The Cries of grappling Squadrons rend the Sky,
Mars rages, and the rolling War runs high.
Here, Horses rear at Horses, Chest to Chest,
There, desperate Men encounter, Breast to Breast.
Here, trampled under Foot, fal'n Soldiers groan,
For Help they call, but with unpitied Moan,
For every one now minds himself alone.
The Cannons roar, and flaming Balls fly round,
Men fall, and die, and hardly feel the Wound.
Stones from the Ground that nourish'd them are tost,
And all the Fashion of the Field is lost.
Mortars shoot flaming Meteors thro' the Air,
And such as have not seen them fly, would fear
The Stars dissolv'd, and the last Judgment near.
Death thro' the broken Battel makes a Lane,
And Horror and Confusion fill the Plain.
Horses in Troops without their Riders run,
Wild as were those of old that drew the Sun:
Madly they drag their Reins, and champ their Bit,
And bear down all before them whom they meet;
Sol's Offspring, and their Masters Fate, the same,
All lost, like him, in Thunder, Smoak and Flame.
As Seamen fear, yet struggle with a Storm,
The Soldiers start, at what themselves perform.
Paint then a Fear in every Face, and make
Even *William* fear;——but fear for *Ormond*'s sake:
Ormond who spurr'd amidst the Thundring War,
But to his Soveraign's Sorrow spurr'd too far.
Dismounted; make him ev'n in falling great,
Wounded, half dying, yet despising Fate.
Make WILLIAM view him with excess of Grief,
And strive, but strive in vain to send Relief.
Till Heav'n inspires his very Foes to save
A Life, as strangely Fortunate, as Brave

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Who for that Life, may to more Praise aſpire,
Than if the Day had been their own intire.
Proud of their Prize, more furious than before,
Make them preſs on; make *Engliſh* Fury more.
Make ſhatter'd Squadrons rally on the Plain;
And make enrag'd Battalions charge again.
Again, make Horſes beat the ſuff'ring Ground,
And toſs with reſtleſs Hoofs the Duſt around.
Again, their Riders couch their ready Lance,
And ſpurring them to warmth and foam advance;
Foam, which your Pencil need not owe to chance.
Make Sheets of Flame from ſmoaking *Culverins* fly,
And Clouds of mounting Smoak obſcure the Sky.
Now draw beneath the Dying, and the Dead,
And Deluges of Blood in Battel ſhed,
O'erflowing *Flanders* in her Waters ſtead.
And now let Clouds like feeble Curtains fall,
Protecting thoſe that live, and hiding all.
Caſt the black Veil of Night about the Slain,
Covering the purple Horrour of the Plain,
And now, with ſolid Darkneſs, ſhut the Scene.

As Tempeſts make the Skies ſerene and clear,
As Thunder ſerves to purifie the Air;
On Rain as Sunſhine, Storms on Calms attend,
Peace is War's neceſſary certain end.

Deſcription of the Goddeſs of Peace, and her Palace.

Pardon the Muſe, if here ſhe cannot hold;
The ſight of her own Goddeſs makes her bold.
She comes----o'er Fields of ſtanding Corn ſhe walks,
Not cruſh'd the tender Ears, nor bent the Stalks.
Her March attended with a numerous Train,
Yet with ſuch Diſcipline that none complain.
Graſs ſprings where-e'er ſhe goes; the flow'ry Mead
Receives new Flow'rs, where ſhe vouchſafes to tread.

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Her blooming Beauties, teeming Earth displays,
The Lovers Myrtle, and the Poets Bays,
From every touch of her a Perfume flows,
The lovely Hyacinth, the blushing Rose,
And spreading Jessamin fresh Sweets disclose.
Thick Palaces, as she approaches, rise,
And Royal Piles amaze Beholders Eyes.
Built on a suddain, they the sight confound,
And seem to start as from enchanted Ground.
None, this or that can her Apartment call,
For she promisc'ously resides in all.
At Home in every one, and all she keeps
Silent, but Splendider than that of Sleep's.
Her spacious Halls with useless Arms are hung,
With Arrows broken, and with Bows unstrung.
No Murmurs thro' her numerous Train are heard,
She knows no Danger, and her Court no Guard.
Secure as Shades, as Skies unclouded, bright,
As Active, yet as noiseless, as the Light.
No Widows here their Husbands Deaths deplore,
None hear the Drum, or thundring Cannon Roar.
Only Love Sighs, which serves to Lull her more.
Plenty her best-lov'd Favourite duly waits,
And Pleasure enters at her Palace-Gates;
Roses, and Myrtles mingled, make her Bed,
And heaps of Flow'rs support her sacred Head.
Inspir'd by her, the Muse around her sings,
And *Cupids* Fan her with expanded Wings.
No Grief or anxious Cares her Peace molest,
She folds her Arms above her quiet Breast,
Delightful are her Dreams, and soft her Rest.
All at her rise their Adoration pay,
The *Persians* worship less the springing Day.
Sweet is her Temper, easie is her Mien,
Not the least Frown in all her Aspect seen,
But gracious as our late lamented Queen.
Nor are her Blessings to her Court confin'd,
But flow thro' Nobles to the lab'ring Hind.

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All they can wiſh her own Domeſticks ſhare,
Beſtowing ſtill, yet has ſhe ſtill to ſpare.
The grateful Soil the jocund Peaſants plow,
And with a certainty of Reaping ſow.
Not now, as heretofore with Fears perplext,
Tilling theſe Fields, and Armies in the next.
Now Spring comes on;------
And Night and Day in equal meaſures run,
And mounting Larks ſalute the Morning Sun.
Then rip'ning Fruits the loaded Trees adorn,
And laughing Fields are crown'd with lofty Corn.
The Summer, ſo accuſtom'd to Alarms,
Wonders, ſhe hears no more the Sounds of Arms.
No Trumpets Eccho thro' the ſpacious Plain,
Nor Earth-born Brethren by themſelves are ſlain.
The Sun ſhines freely thro' the flow'ry Field,
And ſuffers no Reflection from the Shield.
Men, to the Date of Nature draw their Breath,
For nothing now, but Sickneſs, cauſes Death.
Secure the Merchants Trade abroad for Gain,
And Sailors unmoleſted ſweep the Main.
Unrowling Waves ſteal ſoftly to the Shore,
They know their Sovereign, and they fear to roar.
The conſcious Winds within their Caverns keep,
Like them, the Seas are huſh'd, and ſeem aſleep,
And Halcyon Peace broods o'er the boundleſs Deep.
How are theſe Bleſſings thus diſpens'd and giv'n?
To us from WILLIAM, and to him from Heav'n.
Delight in Blood let other Heroes boaſt;
Our Eaſe and Safety pleaſe our Monarch moſt.
For that he fought, for that was all his Care,
He places all his Pomp and Glory there.
Hail! Peace of all things in confuſion hurl'd,
Hail! thou Reſtorer of the Chriſtian World.
Thou, to the World, art Heav'ns chief Bleſſing giv'n,
And thou haſt render'd back the World to Heav'n.
Thus in old times, at our bleſs'd Saviour's Birth,
An univerſal Calm was known on Earth.

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GOD to his SON did the first Gift assign,
And lets the second Miracle be thine.
How shall we thank thee for thy Royal Toil,
Thou Strength, and Glory of the *British* Isle.
What Trophies shall thy grateful Subjects raise?
And what ambitious Poets sing thy Praise?
Thy Greatness surely is the Stars design,
Thy Hands, our noblest Palaces refine,
On all our Metals, all the Stamp is thine.
Draw his Triumphant Entry, *Dahel*, draw
Him and his Allies Free------
And all the rest of the whole World in awe.
But see! all Peaceable our Heroe comes,
No Sound of Trumpet, nor Alarm of Drums.
Long kept from Rest, by no inglorious Foes,
He goes to take, what he has brought, Repose.
His softer Triumphs then prepare to Grace,
Prepare a Train fit to attend on Peace.
Chuse them from all that breath the *British* Air,
And, like the Goddess whom they wait on, fair.
Make Beauteous *Grafton* with the first Advance,
Charming at every Step, with every Glance.
Sweet as her Temper, Paint her Heavenly Face;
Draw her but like, you give your Piece a Grace.
Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For so his *Venus* fam'd *Apelles* drew.
But hold------to make her most divinely Fair,
Consult her self, you'll find all Beauty there.
Whom shall we think on now? there's scarce beside
Any that can compare with her, but *Hide*.
Hide, who like her has Beauties without blame,
Hide, who like her is every Poet's Theme.
Hide, by all Eyes admir'd, all Hearts ador'd,
Courteous to all, kind only to her Lord.
Hide, who so many powerful Charms commands,
As will not shame the Piece where *Grafton* stands.
And now, to make thy lasting Fame renown'd,
Let all be with Illustrious *Ormond* crown'd.

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Sum all in her, that's fair, and good, and great,
Place her in Beauty's, and in Virtue's Seat.
Paint Sweetness in her Eyes, at once, and Awe,
And make her Looks give Languishing, and Law.
O! if my Muse to her wish'd height could climb,
Sweet as her Subject, as her Theme, sublime,
The Noble *Ormond* should engross her Praise,
Great *Ormond*'s Name should sanctifie her Layes.
Hers, and her most illustrious Consort's Blood,
Takes pleasure still like Heav'n in doing Good.
Ormond, to whom fair Lots on Earth are giv'n,
Ormond; who has her Seat secur'd in Heav'n.
Stop here—— tho' others may attract the Sight,
Your Pencil, and my Pen——
Dare not attempt to do so many right.
Who strives to Sing a Patron or a Friend,
Tho' he omit some whom he should commend,
Cannot be thought in justice to offend——
And now you've finish'd so renown'd a Piece,
Boast safely——challenge either *Rome* or *Greece*.

The End of the SECOND PART.

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